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THE CHÂTEAUX OF THE LOIRE

FIRST PAPER: CHINON—CHENONCEAUX—LUYNES

BY RICHARD WHITEING

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OUR breakfast at the modest hotel at Chinon was particularly enjoyable. To be fair, this imports no very great praise of the hotel. Even provincial France is losing the secret of the French *cuisine bourgeoise*. They cook in the provinces now much as they cook in Paris, and this again implies no compliment to the capital. It is all done wholesale. The myriads are too eager and too hungry for the labors of the old alchemist of the kitchen brooding over his crucible. But our coffee was served on the terraced bank of the Vienne. There was plenty of foliage between us and the sun, still rather uncomfortably near its meridian, though on the right side for the wayfarer. The day was glorious; the breakfast was a breakfast in one of the most beautiful towns of old Touraine; and old Touraine has the richest remains of those historic châteaux of the Loire which I had come to see.

Touraine—roughly, the present department of the Indre-et-Loire—is old France in a very peculiar sense. It is one great battle-field of the long struggle against the foreigner that shaped the national life. The hundred years' war with England is but a circumstance of its history. Before that there was fierce fighting with the early Plantagenets, Henry II and his worthless sons, particularly with that one of the lion heart and the leopard spirit in his cruelty and lust of blood. And before that again Fulk Nerra, chief of one of the Norman hordes, gave endless trouble to the distracted state.

The wonder is that the perfect peace, the mellowed prosperity of the Touraine of to-day, could ever have survived the shock of it, even in the tiniest germ. When the more regular armies, English or French, had reaped their harvest of devastation, there was a sort of gleaning of the field of horror by the banditti of deserters, by the homeless peasants, by the wild beasts. France was rapidly becoming a wilderness

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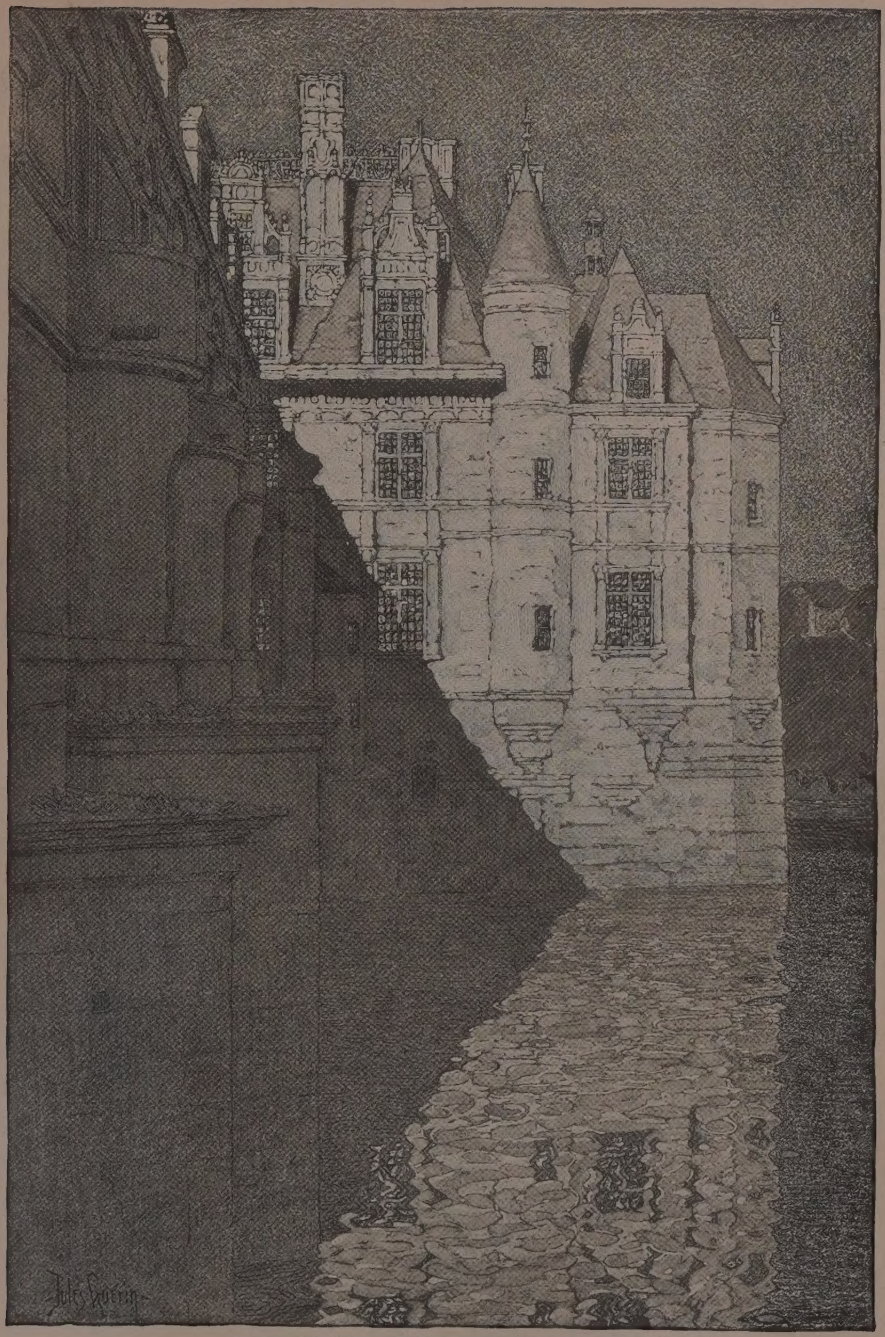
and a place of skulls. But this is not exactly a thing to think of "between the pear and the cheese," so I gladly pass on.

The first glimpse of the old château of Chinon made amends for all. We soon came to where it stood in the sunshine, on its massed hills, with the more modernized part of the town sloping from its feet to the river. The gray ruins, the white villas, were beautifully brought together by foliage and flowers, and in particular by a great band of green and purple between the base of the battlements and the roofs below. The whole composition was mirrored in a thousand shimmering reflections in the clear stream. It was the peace of a strong thing with no power of reversion to the terrors of its past—an old mastiff with his teeth drawn by age, now warranted quiet in the caresses of a child. This was the first and the nearer aspect. A later one, between hill and hill within the battlements, disclosed the man-traps of the old fighting time. Little murderous valleys, half hillside and half wall, showed where, on the great banqueting-days of death, the besiegers often must have lain helpless in a perfect battue of bolt and arrow and rolling fragment of rock from above. Chinon, of course, sometimes got the worst of it, and changed hands, but, as a rule, only at a fearful cost.

The labyrinthine plan of the fortress is matched by the plan of the old town. It grew, if ever town did. The older part of it still has funny little winding ways, exactly like those in a maze, and ending in the blank obstruction of a cul-de-sac. Some streets of fairer promise for a straight line suddenly turn abruptly to right or left, and keep up the play of hide-and-seek until they bring you back to your starting-point. And the narrowness of them, and now and then the marvelous beauty of the detail in gabled Gothic, and diapered fronts, and overhanging stories—as in the Rue Jean Jacques or in the Grand Carroi! There are shops where aged men still potter at metal-work as their fathers may have done five centuries ago. In the gloom of these vaulted interiors you might still expect to find, among the scrap-iron, the fragment of a corselet, the head or haft of a partizan. Nothing is changed, except that they make kettles and stew-pans now where once they made tools of war. In other interiors of much the same kind, and rich in Gothic detail, the mild-mannered burgess at his dominoes and glass of beer has replaced the man-at-arms, English, French, or Burgundian, according to the turn of mastery. Rabelais may once have been of that earlier company, for a house of his is in this town, as in two or three others of the province. But the connection is closest here: he was born in Chinon, and a statue commemorates the event. And here are the gateways through which the jovial blades from the garrison clattered forth to their evening drink, like cattle to the trough, after the day's turn of duty on the bastions. Little is changed in one point of view; much in another. What was once legalized rapine is now settled and ordered life. Nothing can be more tranquil in suggestion than the river-front in its glory of evening light and color reflected in the stream.

Great historical figures flit phantom-wise across the scene at Chinon. For many years it was a stronghold of the English invaders, dominating all Touraine. The king that compassed the murder of Becket died here almost the death of a dog, for as soon as the breath was out of him his body was left naked on the ground. It was a prison of Prince Arthur until John, that wickedest of all the wicked uncles of fact or fable, took him to Falaise to find a grave. Later the gracious Joan of Arc touches at Chinon on her way to Orléans and Reims. It is one of the decisive stages of her great pilgrimage of patriotism and faith. Joan met her chosen king there, picking him out from where he stood purposely hidden in a crowd of courtiers. She walked straight up to him, with a cry equivalent to "Thou art the man." The hall in which this passed, in the glare of fifty torches, now stands open to the sky, a crumbling ruin; but you have only to shut your eyes to see the whole tremendous scene in perfect vision.

In the town below they still show you the little square—it is named after her—in which she alighted from her tall war-horse, with the rim of the well for a stepping-stone. It is another scene of fancy that will be a possession of the race forever. She was accompanied by the escort with which she had ridden across France, a knight, a squire, two sergeants at arms, an archer, and the royal messenger who had borne the summons. They were in no hurry to admit her to the castle. She was first



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CHENONCEAUX, SHOWING THE CHAPEL TO THE RIGHT (VIEWED FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE CHER)

taken to the house of a *bonne femme*,—or, as we should say, a woman of repute,—with whom she was to lodge until she was favored with her audience of the king whose throne and country she was going to save. Local archæology is still busy with the question of the site of the good woman's house. What a scene once more—the heads at the windows, the crowd in the square, the mere rabble of it taking its cue from the court in the time-honored way. Half of them were disposed to mock at her mission, and even many of the quieter sort were on the fence, awaiting developments. "Is *that* the Maid?" hiccuped a drunken rascal, hardly able to sit his horse, his generous nature expanding in blasphemies at the idea of such a savior for France in her agony. "So near thy end, yet so ready to outrage thy God!" retorted Joan, ever ready with her answer. Within an hour he had tumbled from his seat in an attempt to ford the river, and there was an end of him. A death by cold water for one of his fellowship was fate's touch of irony for the wind-up. With this, and with the identification of the disguised king, for sign and portent, the court grew more respectful. Joan was now lodged in the castle, in the keeping of a "noble dame." From the terrace of her secluded tower of Coudray, you may see the long stretch of glorious landscape, much as it was seen by her. Another turreted building hard by was the chapel where she passed most of her time in ecstasies of prayer. Then came Orléans, Reims, Paris, Compiègne, and, in due course, Rouen and the martyr's crown.

Chinon is feudality, or, still more specifically, the middle age—the castle, the great house, the dominating fact of the settlement; the village, even the township, a something secondary and dependent nestling at its feet. It is the king's place, for peace or for war. No one can doubt which ranks first. The royal stronghold is the first cause of all the rest, a something mysteriously potent in suggestion, not to say celestial, on its perch in the sky. Yet to its lordly inmates it must have seemed something less than a seat of the gods. They lived pretty much as the people lived below them—in the hugger-mugger, the dirt, the discomfort of an epoch which knew but few of the amenities of life. In that ruder age, for all the make-believe of the missals, the gentry generally went naked to their slumbers, and the poor never stripped at all. We should hear of it if we housed casuals so in our day. The titled guest, the knight on his travels, was perfectly content with a shake-down on the straw in the great hall. The turret-chamber at Carnarvon, in which the first Prince of Wales was born, is but a pantry *in excelsis*, approached, if my memory serves me rightly, by a breakneck turret stair. The wind must have roared up that stair on mother and babe, and through the slits in the walls that let the light in and the smoke and the arrows out. The table manners were piteous. Fingers, which notoriously were made before forks, were freely used. The guests cleared their trenchers, or the mere table that served before that highly fanciful invention, by throwing their refuse to the dogs beneath. Even in the full tide of the Renascence the greatest ladies did most of their journeys on horseback, through the rain, the dust, or the mire of the open country, and came draggletailed to their journey's end.

But the Renascence made a mighty change, for all that. Chenonceaux, no great distance from Chinon as the crow flies, might be another planet for the difference in the outlook on life. Let us go there now, just because we want it for the comparison, not because it is exactly the next stage in a circular tour. For such a tour, the obvious course would be Blois as a center for Chambord, Beauregard, Cheverny, Chaumont; and Tours as a center for Amboise, Chenonceaux, Loches, Luynes, Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, and Chinon.

Chenonceaux is the Renascence in its perfection, or, if it has a rival, that rival is Blois alone. There is the supreme interest of Touraine; it is the French part of the movement in a nutshell, the Renascence as a thing you may almost cover with your hat. And the Renascence is a sudden suffusion of dazzling light in a realm of darkness. Suddenly, to a world that has almost lost touch with the greatest epochs of the human spirit, comes the new revelation of Greece and Rome. We can have no idea of the intoxication of it in its transforming effect on arts, politics, the import of life. Every notable age has some new thing of this sort to walk by, and peoples rank in it by their prominence as bearers of the torch.

Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AN AFTER-DINNER STORY AT CHENONCEAUX IN THE OLDEN TIME
(SHOWING THE MEDICI MANTELPIECE)

Italy had this felicity in the first instance, France in the next, and, at first, independently and on its own account. They scratched the soil and came upon a buried world. Every collector of manuscripts, medals, statuary, bearing on that glorious past regarded himself as a greater than one adding to the map of the skies. They were all Greeks now,—the Italians had long been, after a fashion, Romans,—and they reveled in the thought of the majesty of their new secret of life. We may faintly imagine the fullness of their self-satisfaction by recalling our own feelings when steam and electricity burst on the century which has just closed. But the earlier triumphs lay in the discovery not merely of a new realm of nature, but of a new law of life. The certitude of the attainment of a good thing that would be good forever was the note of the movement. It was light and air in the figurative sense as in the literal. Everything was changed—the dwellings by the later châteaux of Touraine, some of them, in relation to the means and opportunities of the time, built with the feverish haste of a world's fair. The rude fortress homes were torn down to make way for structures that were stately palaces, in the first place, with every commodity of civilized living, and strongholds only in the second. France, which possesses the finest Gothic remains in the world, only tolerates them at the best, and rarely pays them the homage of imitation in any modern work. The new church or library or palace of state is still classic in feeling, as that style was interpreted by the Renascence. The ancients, could they come back, might reject it with a cry of "no child of mine," but it would still offer its filial homage to Greece and Rome.

The outer change was only a sign of what was passing within. With the sole exception of Greece in her great day, the mind has never known such a sense of plenitude of possession. The women chatted in four or five languages, one, and sometimes two of them, classic. Queen "Margot" drew up replies to ambassadors in Latin. Beatrice d'Este could talk high politics with the best, and in set orations. Her sister Isabella went beyond them all in acquirements and in gifts. But it was too often all mind. Character was generally left out of the reckoning: you can't have everything. "Sweet maid, be clever, let who will be good," might have been their form of the saying. With few exceptions, these wonders of the time were the abortions of the excessive development of one faculty. The world had hardly ever known such a union of talent and depravity of heart. They had dropped morality, in humble imitation of the new heaven of classic revelation. The age was a sort of highest possible of human wickedness in men and women, in statesmen, soldiers, and even writers. Poor Savonarola was crushed in the attempt to stop a world rolling at full speed to the pit.

Chenonceaux was one of the earliest châteaux that represented the new spirit. It was built on the site of the old feudal fortress, in a sort of freak of the sense of opportunity. It was meant to give room and verge enough to a generation bent on having a good time in hall and bower. It was still a fortress of a kind, but this only as an afterthought. In the main it was a palace for sport and festival. It might have stood on dry land; it preferred to bridge a river. There was no want of space in other directions, but this seemed best as a stroke of constructive impudence. The architect, at the bidding of Diana of Poitiers, jumped the Cher as a school-boy would have jumped a brook. The huge arches never carried anything of use to mankind at large, not even a right of way. At first most of them had no superstructure, and the bridge might have been called "Diana's folly." But she knew what she was about. She was a mighty man-subduer, with a heart as cold as the stone of her new dwelling, and a face and form kept beautiful forever by the studious avoidance of every pang. A wonderful creature withal, for she contrived to die in her bed, though she crossed the path of Catherine de' Medici. She ruled a king by the usual methods, and by studious deference to him kept him her obedient, humble servant to the day of his death. She inspired one of the greatest sculptors of her time in his creation of a Venus that rivaled the antique. She was one of the mightiest land-grabbers of history, adding château to château with a purpose that never faltered, and by methods of smooth, unemotional persistence that never failed. She started with everything against her in that epoch of the worship of youth when she began her siege of the heart of the Dauphin of France. She was a widow, and

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

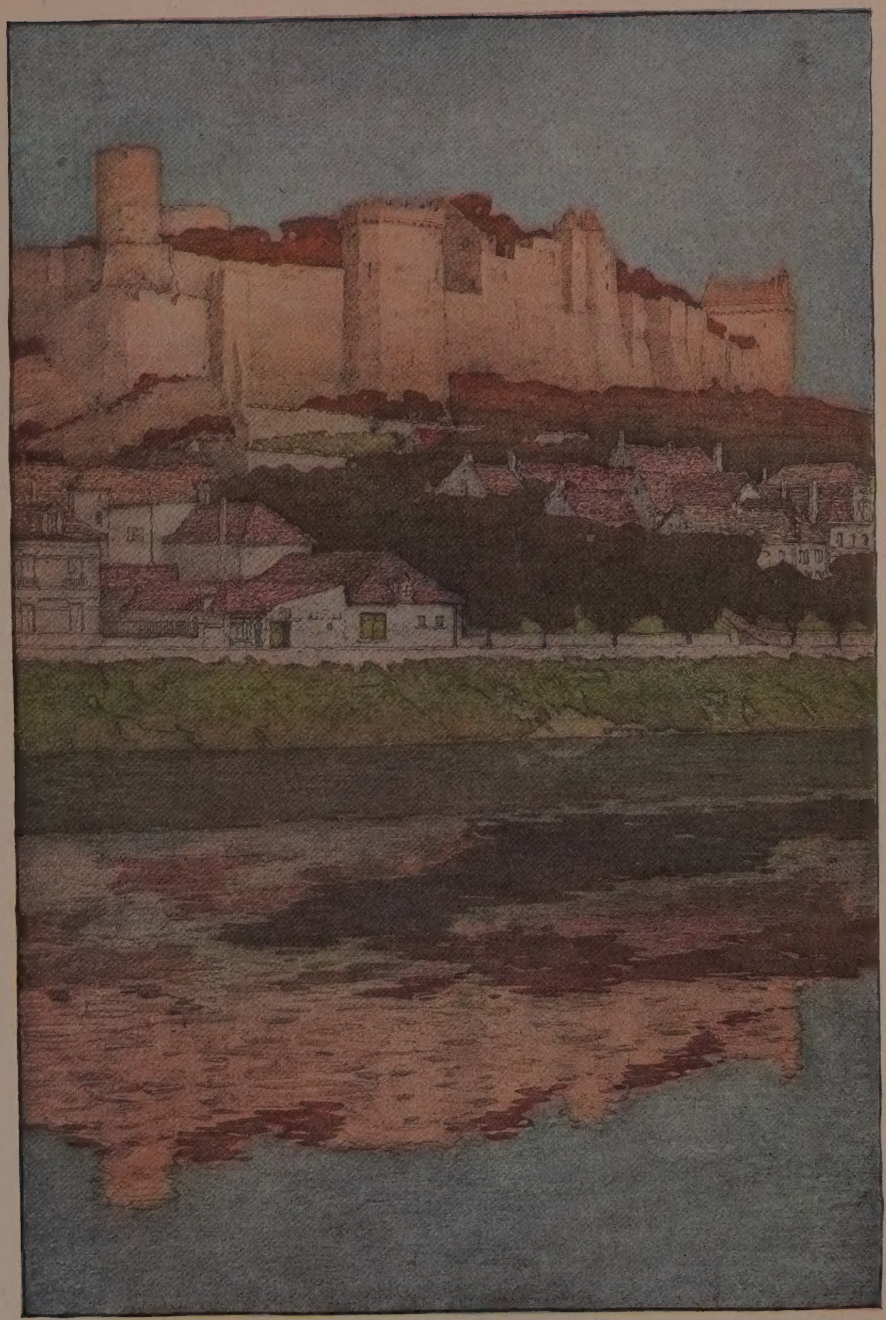
CHENONCEAUX, LOOKING UP-STREAM FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE CHER

a widow with a family, yet she knew no pause in her triumphant career till she had married and dowered them all and provided herself with a choice of palaces for her old age. She never made an enemy, nor—which was quite as much to the purpose—a friend who was not likely to be of use. She died in the sanctity of faultless manners and an unruffled brow. Her heart of ice kept her a Venus to the last. Had her prototype been anything but a goddess, Diana might have given her points in the wise avoidance of the ravages of temperament.

Chenonceaux and Azay-le-Rideau are among the earliest of the great Renascence buildings of France. They belong to a time when the style had a native originality of its own, and sprang up on French soil with little assistance from Italy. Seen in the glowing light of morning, the grand mass of the château, including the later part that spans the stream, seems to figure the glorious dawn of modern art. The originality of its conception has never been wholly lost. The Bohiers, who were the first builders, gave much that Francis, with his more slavish copy of Italian models, could never have supplied. Chenonceaux is a great building, greatly designed, daring, fantastic, original, and yet with an underlying simplicity. It synchronized with the determination of the French monarchy to treat its function as mainly the opportunity for a good time. It was gay even under Catherine de' Medici. Mary Stuart and her booby husband, the second Francis, made a triumphant entry there. Louis XIV strutted through its halls. It has a history of varied and distinguished human occupancy right down to our own epoch. M. Grévy, when president of the republic, used to visit there as a guest of the Pelouzes; and, it is said, was not displeased to sleep in the bed of Francis I. M. Wilson, his son-in-law, and a member of the family of his hosts, used to combine there a taste for archaic glories with a strict attention to business of a purely modern cast. He had a telephone that ran from the château to the Bourse. His ardor for this more commercial pursuit cost the aged president his chances of a second term. The wire from Chenonceaux, and the company-promoting circulars dated from the Élysée in town, were too much; and the old man who had lost the power of governing his family was considered unworthy of longer governing France. Mme. Pelouze pulled the place about most distressingly, and made alterations in it that were in despicable taste. There was something characteristic in the entire incident of this tenancy. To such, or their like, the châteaux must all come, where they are not specially reserved by the state. They are costly to keep up; there is little popular enthusiasm about them as historic glories, for nothing can ever repair the breach of Revolutionary France with its past. In this state of things, naturally, the modern founder of a family has his chance. Sometimes he buys for residential purposes, and preserves with reverent care. Sometimes it is for speculation, and then a whole gallery of historic portraits goes to the hammer. Sometimes, again, the last in the long line of owners is little better than a boarding-house keeper, hanging on to a desperate investment while waiting for the American millionaire. Nothing could be better than the right sort of private occupancy for such houses, nothing worse than the wrong. The more even temperature of fortune is found in ownership by the state.

Luynes is another of the châteaux in private keeping. Here the owner is still a Duc de Luynes—a harmony of past and present sufficiently rare in France to merit passing notice. He makes the most of his rights, however, and does not keep up any pretense of maintaining his house for the benefit of the public. The servants show you but little, and they drawl out their scanty information in a monotone which is the perfunctory carried to the proportions of an art. Happily, there is much to see that neither they nor their master can hide.

The château is placed on a great hill that dominates the landscape for miles, and it has a beautiful old town at its feet. Moreover, it is reached on foot by an ancient terraced stairway that repays the toil of the ascent. It should be seen with its big towers massed strongly against the sky. It looks a stronghold, and nothing else; and one can hardly carry back the mind to a time when it must have seemed, by comparison with the sheer hulks in stone of the feudal period, a "commodious modern residence replete with every comfort." But these things are relative. How may posterity estimate our best in this line from the standpoint of more fastidious tastes? The



From a color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHINON

windows seem all too few, and too narrow at that—a manifest compromise between the keeping out of missiles and the admission of sunshine. Some of the great connecting curtains of wall are without an aperture. Still, the dwelling, as distinct from the fortress, asserts itself in the interior of the building. The chief court, with its fifteenth-century façade, is a stately scheme of beauty, without a thought of defense. The town nestles below in the usual way, with belts of foliage between the foot of the castle and the roofs of the houses. It is a fine poem in weather-worn timber and stone, its market-place a great sweep of roof with quaint, formless props—they are hardly to be called pillars—to keep the mass in its place. Here, as I pass, a man is shoeing a horse, with a supplementary craftsman working a whisk to keep off the flies. The place seems fast asleep even in the daytime. But this may be illusory, for evidently it manages to supply all the wants of life in its own way. It makes no fuss about it; that is all. Touraine is an object-lesson in the art of taking the increasing purpose of the ages quietly and without the show of zeal. This, however, may be only a triumph of deportment. Something has been done, beyond question. The approach to Luynes from Tours is by a steam tram-car, a circumstance that might be discouraging but for the fact that the contrivance nearly jolts the life out of you. The road by the river-bank bears traces of villa residences, but the Loire sets everything right. Yet here, as in some other parts of its course, the waters are swallowed up by the sands. The distracted stream loses and finds itself incessantly amid these banks, some of them veritable islands crowned with vegetation. The outhouses on the hillside are hewn out of the solid rock, and are an accredited survival of the cave-dwellings. The color-scheme is of great beauty. The red and gold of the sands, the blue of the scanty river, the white and green of the villas and gardens, are perfect in their harmony. When the car stops to take a belated angler back to Tours, the message is perfect peace.

THE WALL-STREET PLAN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

"THEY got a great way o' doin' things down to Wall street," remarked Sam Panway, after his return from a six months' visit to his nephew in New York.

"What 's the matter with Chicago?" asked Oliver Babbitt.

"Well," replied Panway, reflectively, "they got a blame good school on La Salle street, but the college is down to Wall street."

"Once in a while a Chicago man turns Wall street up on end," suggested Babbitt.

"Sure," said Panway; "that 's what I 'm sayin'. Livin' in Illinois, I 've been on La Salle street more 'n I have on Wall street, an' you bet they got a right smart school up to Chicago. Why, there 's fellers that has studied on La Salle street an' then gone to New York an' took the degrees right away from fellers that was studyin' in Wall street all their lives. Then there 's others that 's gone down to Wall street in

private cars an' come back to La Salle street to ask the loan of a dime, jest like there 's fellers gone up to La Salle street from here an' come back with nothin' in their clo'es but pawn-tickets. It 's all in havin' a thorough trainin'. If you don't study in the prim'ry grade, you 're goin' to be dropped out o' the high school; an' if you try college after only lookin' at the covers o' the high-school books, you ain't goin' to hang on long enough to really say you was there. The trouble with most folks is they think they know it all when they ain't more 'n half read the lessons in the first book, an' off they go to the 'way-up school an' plank down their tuition fees an' lose 'em. That 's fool business. Don't you never put up the fees till you 're sure you can stay with the class, for they take you at your word at the start, an' rebates is out o' their line. 'Is steel goin' up?' says the teacher. 'Yes,' says you. 'You lose,' says the teacher. An' most likely that settles you right on your first lesson. Oh, they got a great way o' doin' things down to Wall street."

"I 've been thinking of going there," remarked Babbitt, ignoring the lesson that lay in Panway's homely description of speculative and financial methods. Babbitt was a young man who had recently received a small inheritance and was looking for a chance to make a fortune out of it without any great amount of personal effort. He had a high opinion of his own smartness and ability,—which was not shared by his neighbors,—and he could not see why he should not do as others had done. Newspaper stories of wonderful financial successes had fired his imagination to such an extent that he had neither time nor inclination to think of the failures. "I really think I ought to go to New York and look the ground over," he added.

"Don't you do it," advised Panway. "It costs money to even wink at the ground down there."

"I 'm going to try either New York or Chicago," asserted Babbitt, with determination.

"Now, look a-here, Oliver," said Panway, earnestly; "if you 're dead set to try the game, why don't you give your friends an' neighbors a chance at your money? What 's the use o' handin' it out to a lot o' strangers? We need it more 'n they do."

"No chance here," returned Babbitt, smiling at the thought that any one in Danby was smart enough to get his money away from him.

"Oh, that ain't the trouble," Panway declared. "There 's plenty o' chances, only we ain't learned how to work 'em. Now, down to New York I was watchin' those Wall-street fellers all the time, like I been watchin' the La Salle-street fellers when I was up to Chicago every little while. I was studyin' their ways an' readin' what was said of 'em in the papers an' magazines. There ain't any deal worked that ain't writ up by the smart boys that can tell you all about it after it 's over. I ain't sayin' I 'm ready for college yet, but I got enough o' the general rules so 's I ought to be able to make a showin' in the prim'ry grade. We got a chance right here, only folks don't know it."

Babbitt was impressed. It was quite possible that this old fellow, who seemed so unsophisticated, had picked up some valuable "pointers." His air of countrified innocence appealed to the wise ones as something refreshing, and Babbitt knew that many of the La Salle-street brokers liked to talk to him when he made his occasional visits to Chicago. No doubt it had been the same in New York. And he was wiser than he looked. So Babbitt inquired, with much interest, where "a chance" was to be found in such an insignificant little place as Danby, Illinois.

"In mush," said Panway; for in such contemptuous fashion he always referred to the product of a breakfast-food plant that was one of the town's principal industries.

"But mush is n't listed anywhere," protested Babbitt. "There 's steel and copper and wheat and corn, but no mush. Why, Dave Magee has n't even made a stock company of his concern: he owns it all."

"You got the La Salle-street idee, Oliver," said Panway, wearily. "You want to monkey with some other feller's game, but down to Wall street the big an' wise ones make their own game. We don't need to have the stock listed, Oliver: that 's the old way, while the new way is to tackle undeveloped industries. Up to Chicago they got monkeyin' with listed stocks so hard once they had to close their old stock exchange till the machinery could cool off so 's it was safe to touch the market. We don't want to bust La Salle street the first thing."

"But mush is of no real importance," urged Babbitt.

"Sure it ain't," returned Panway; "an' that 's what makes it safe. When you try to fool with wheat an' things that folks has got to have—why, the whole country is ag'in' you. We ain't lookin' for a scrap with the whole United States. Some folks has won out that way, but more of 'em have n't. Why, a feller with two banks behind him went into it once an' busted both banks; an' another feller went into pork, an' they was three years diggin' him out. Up to the Chicago school they 're always monkeyin' with the buzz-saw, an' those that don't get cut grows to be mighty smart; but down to the New York college they work the buzz-saw themselves—I mean, the big ones do. There 's a big chance in Dave Magee's mush-factory, if it was only worked right. Folks is crazy over mush these days. One feller advertises the best there is in wheat, an' another the best that 's in corn; but Magee's corn-wheat gives them the best that 's in both. You got the housewives solid when they find that out, so all we got to do is to buy Magee out, make a stock company of it, an' sell the stock so 's to get money to advertise. Ye see, Oliver, 'stead o' goin' to Wall street, I 'm plannin' to bring Wall street to Danby. It 's a lot safer."

"How can we get enough money?" asked Babbitt, impressed, but still doubtful.

"Start a bank," replied Panway, and this was so bold a scheme that it made Babbitt gasp. "You can always borrow from a feller if you can fix it so that he don't know he 's lendin'. The big folks learned that long ago. Ain't there always a bank that figures in the big deals? Sure there is. The way to get money that ain't gen'rally in reach is through a bank. You can borrow from the bank or get the bank to invest. A bank 's got to invest its money some way, ain't it? An' we only need it while we 're promotin' the company."

That settled the matter for Babbitt. Panway's wise talk and many references to the methods and deals of Wall street and La Salle street convinced him that the old man had really hit upon a big thing. He agreed to put fifteen thousand dollars into the capital of the bank, which would leave him a little something to invest in the other enterprise. Panway said they would make the total capital thirty-five thousand dollars, and he would put in five thousand dollars himself, which would give the two of them virtual control.

"I did n't know you had five thousand dollars," remarked Babbitt.

"Neither did I," replied Panway; "but I got to have that for organizin' the bank. That 's the reg'lar way o' promotin' on both streets. All you got to do is to leave it to me."

Panway already had an option on Magee's corn-wheat plant, so he immediately began the task of organizing the bank. There were some who protested against his plan to make Babbitt president of the bank, but he urged that Babbitt had put up most of the money, that the directors would be a check on him, and that the minority stockholders could name the cashier. Thus Babbitt's inexperience would be a matter of minor importance. Anyhow, they needed the bank, and here was the chance to get it.

The money was subscribed, the charter secured, and for some time attention was devoted exclusively to the business of getting deposits. Babbitt found so much gratification in the dignity of his new position that only occasionally did he ask about the other scheme.

"Don't you fret," was Panway's reply. "All we got to do now is to borrow money from people that don't know they 're lendin' it. When we got enough, we 'll take up mush-makin'. That 's why I stayed out o' the bank, not even bein' a director. It won't never do for the bank to be lendin' money to an officer; but a stockholder can borrow, an' I 'll be needin' some soon." He eyed the young man with thoughtful pity for a moment. "I sort o' hate to do it," he said to himself; "but business is business." Then aloud: "This here 's goin' to be Wall street in a small way, an' a feller has to pay for what he learns in Wall street. Are you still achin' to learn?"

"Oh, I guess I can take my chances," laughed Babbitt. "I 'm not afraid of you, Sam."

"That 's where you 're foolish," returned Panway. "The feller that you ain't afraid of is 'most always the feller that you ought to be afraid of. If I was in Wall street, I 'd be most anxious when I could n't see no cause to be suspicious."

Panway was too wise to be hurried: he

wanted plenty of deposits in the bank before attempting to borrow the necessary funds for the other "deal." But, while waiting for the deposits to accumulate, he let the fact leak out that he had an option on Magee's plant. Naturally it caused comment. Why had he secured it? What was he going to do with it? Magee did n't know, and Babbitt, acting under instructions, only looked wise. Panway himself preserved an air of deep mystery. He still wore his shabby old clothes, which was now considered one of the eccentricities of financial genius, and he was as democratic and loquacious as ever, except when the Magee plant was mentioned. They talked of him in the stores and offices; he was the center of interest on the street; but still he maintained silence.

"Tell you what it is," remarked Lem Singleton to a few idlers on the principal corner one day, just after Panway had passed: "he 's actin' for some Wall-street people. I bet he fixed it up to get Magee's plant for 'em while he was down to New York."

For a moment the others were too startled to speak: they could only turn and follow Panway with their eyes. Lem Singleton was a shiftless fellow, who was given little credit for perspicacity, but for once he seemed to have hit it right. Surely this explained everything.

The news traveled. Panway had intended that it should when he gave Singleton five dollars to make the suggestion, and he decided that the money was well invested when Donald Lavery called to see him a few hours later. Lavery was one of the stockholders in the bank and the owner of considerable property, so the thought of a Danby industry going to outsiders was not pleasing to him. But the interview was far from satisfactory.

"I got a scheme," was all that Panway would say.

Lavery hunted up John Harding, another of the minority stockholders, and Henry Catlin, the cashier, and the three made a combined attack on Panway. They were excited and determined; they would not permit a Danby "good thing" to go to outsiders, and they assured Panway that the town would be too hot to hold him if he proved false to the town. Then Panway unfolded his great scheme for enlarging the corn-wheat plant and pushing its product.

"I ain't rightly pledged to nobody in this," he said; "an' if you 're goin' to feel mean about it—why, we 'll make it a home deal. I got a twenty-thousand-dollar option on the plant that has thirty days more to run; an' if the bank wants to lend me the money, I 'll buy the thing now, an' we can reorganize it."

"We 'll make a combination right here, and the four of us will take it over jointly," said Lavery.

"No," replied Panway; "that ain't the way they do down to Wall street. I got the option an' I got to handle the deal. Course, if you don't want to go in, why—"

"We do," broke in Catlin, the cashier; "but the bank can't let you have twenty thousand dollars on an unsecured note."

"Somebody might indorse it," insinuated Panway. "I want it for ninety days."

"Unnecessary," broke in Catlin.

"Oh, all right," returned Panway. "There 's others that has money. I 'm in the promotin' business now."

"It 's a good deal to ask a man to indorse your note for such a sum," suggested Lavery. "You 're not worth it."

"I will be when I buy the plant," said Panway.

"But you 're going to turn it over to us."

"Then I 'll have the money," said Panway. "An' I got five thousand dollars bank stock now."

The others looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way, but Panway certainly was in a position to dictate, and his credit was excellent for a man of trifling means. Any one of them would have loaned him a small amount without question—in fact, any sum that they were sure he would be able to repay. And could n't they see that he would be able to repay this? He simply wanted to play an important part in the affair.

"Put up the bank stock as part security, and I 'll indorse your note," said Lavery, at last. "Let 's put the thing through as soon as possible."

Of course every one denied breathing a word of this deal, but it was in the air that the Magee plant had been saved to Danby in spite of the efforts of New York and Chicago parties to get it. There was talk, too, of the great plans for the future. Lavery smiled significantly when the subject was mentioned, and Babbitt walked the streets with an air of even greater impor-

tance than he had assumed when he was made president of the bank. Others with a little money began to betray a desire to get into the enterprise. Inquiries were frequently made as to when the prospectus would be issued and the stock put on the market, to which the reply was made that everybody would have a chance in time. But those on the inside received a shock when Panway was ready to turn the plant over to the reorganization committee. Lavery was contentedly smoking a cigar and expatiating on the great future of Danby when this startling message came to him:

Panway demands thirty thousand dollars for plant.

The way that Lavery went from his office to the bank led people to think that there was a fire or a riot somewhere; and as he dashed through the doorway he had fifteen or twenty people at his heels, all clamoring to know what was the matter. The porter pushed them out and shut the door, but they lingered and speculated on the probable trouble.

"Hold-up," said one.

"Vault smashed in," said another.

"Bank busted!" exclaimed a third.

And Lavery's little run to the bank came very near making a run on the bank. But Panway quieted the crowd by appearing at the door and asserting that Lavery was merely coming to talk over a little matter with him.

"He 's always in a hurry like that when he wants to see me," Panway added facetiously, and the crowd's anxiety disappeared in a laugh.

There was no laughing inside, however. Lavery, Babbitt, Harding, and Catlin united in vociferously asserting that it was an outrage; but Panway remained serene.

"You ain't got to put up a cent more 'n you expected," he explained. "I 'm only keepin' a third int'rest for my promotin' services an' lettin' you have the other two thirds for $20,000, an' I 'll pay the note with that. Ain't you int'rested in the bank, too? Look at it reasonable. The bank loaned me $20,000, which I paid to Magee, an' he deposited it in the bank, so you got as much money in the bank as you had before. An' now you 're goin' to pay me $20,000, an' I 'm goin' to pay it right back to the bank, so the bank 's better off than ever."

"But we were to get into the company on the ground floor," urged Harding.

"Sure you are," returned Panway. "You 're gettin' it on a $30,000 valuation, ain't you? An' we 're goin' to organize a $30,000 company, an' reorganize it for $150,000. The big things is comin' later, but I got to have a commission for negotiating the deal. Besides, I got it dirt cheap, an' any man ought to know that a feller 's got to sell at a profit. The bank can take $10,000 o' the stock, an' then there 's $2500 apiece for the other four o' the reorganization committee. It ain't much to put up, but it 's goin' to mean a lot when the business is reorganized. Then we can put a clamp on Magee's $20,000 by gettin' him to take stock in the reorganized company. We pretty near own the bank, don't we? An' we 're goin' to pretty near own the company, ain't we? An' there 's $20,000 in the bank that Magee can draw out, ain't there? Well, let 's save it."

There seemed to be nothing else to do. Before his note would become due, Panway would have plenty of time to dispose of the plant elsewhere, and in his homely way he painted a glowing picture of the possibilities of corn-wheat when properly pushed. They expostulated, but they came to his terms.

"He started without a cent," grumbled Lavery; "and now he has $5000 of bank stock and $10,000 of company stock, and I can't see that anybody has lost anything, either."

Then Panway offered to dispose of the surplus stock of the reorganized company, to bring in the needed additional capital; but they refused emphatically.

"No, sir," said Catlin. "When you get a grip on anything you squeeze money out of it. We 'll exchange one share of the old stock for two shares of the new, and put the balance on the market to provide the capital."

"You would n't do much down to Wall street," complained Panway. "Down there they 'd make it four for one, an' I bet they 'd make it three for one up to La Salle street. But I ain't kickin'. I get $20,000 in the new company for $10,000 in the old."

The whole town was in a daze when the stock was finally offered: it could see nothing except that there must be fabulous wealth in this industry, so much had been

made out of it already, and it subscribed for the stock greedily. The plans were alluring, and sensible, too. An experienced manager was to be engaged, and also a man who understood advertising; they would have the money to get the very best men, and there would be no dallying along with those who had to experiment and feel their way. They had a good cereal food that needed only exploiting; they had a small but profitable business to start with, and nothing but the short-sightedness of inexperience could prevent success. Therefore they would put experience on a salary. It was a wise policy that appealed strongly to those who were asked to invest.

"An' now," said Panway, when things were finally running smoothly, "ye see the way they do things down to Wall street. We got the bank, most o' the deposits has been transferred to the company, an' we 're most o' the company. Includin' the stock the bank holds an' what we hold, we 're pretty near the whole thing. An' everybody 's satisfied, for our mush is goin' well. That 's what makes me think I ain't quite caught the angle. Down to Wall street things don't never come out so that everybody 's satisfied—leastways, the really successful things don't. If you don't hear some feller hollerin', you don't think you 've done the job right; an' the more there is to holler, the finer the job 's considered."

"Oh, well, if no one is complaining, it 's so much the better," remarked Lavery.

"I ain't sure o' that," returned Panway. "Down to Wall street the hollerin' is the measure o' success."

"You ought to be satisfied, anyway," suggested Lavery. "You 've got $5000 of bank stock and $20,000 of company stock."

"That 's middlin' fair," admitted Panway; "but it looks to me like there 's a big chance goin' to waste. What 's the matter with you an' me buyin' the paper-box department an' makin' a new company of it? They got to have the paper boxes to put the great health-givin' food in, an' there ain't no reason why we could n't sell to others, too. If you an' me get that, we got a good thing all by our lonesome."

He gave Lavery a shrewd look and waited. Lavery had been his principal opponent when he was financing things so as to give himself good slices of stock; but he had an idea that people looked at things differently when they had a chance to get on the inside. If he could win Lavery, he would consider it little short of a good joke, in addition to being a good stroke of business.

"I been workin' the thing up a little," he went on; "an' we can get that department for $15,000. The company's manager shows fifty per cent. increase in business, but there ain't been much doin' in the way o' dividends yet, an' this would give a chance to pay ten per cent. That looks pretty good to the stockholders right now, an' we 'll start the box-factory with a contract for mush-boxes that 'll make us safe an' leave us free to make somethin' good on sellin' to other folks. I 'm willin' to show my confidence by puttin' up $10,000."

"By George! I 'll go in for the other $5000!" exclaimed Lavery.

"You won't stand in the way o' my gettin' the $10,000 from the bank?" suggested Panway.

"Certainly not," replied Lavery. "I know it 's good."

"Banks is mighty handy in these here Wall-street deals," remarked Panway, as he left in search of Babbitt.

The president of the bank was worked very cleverly, but of course he did not know it. Panway told him frankly that he wanted the money to buy the paper-box department. He said he would rather have a little plant of his own than a part interest in a big one, for the complications of the latter were wearing on his nerves. He always had led a quiet, modest life, and, having demonstrated that he was capable of big things, he was satisfied now to try something less strenuous.

"I 'm too old to keep it up," he said. "If I was younger, you could n't drive me out o' the big company. That 's where the money is, only it 's worryin' to an old man that 's got sort o' set in his ways. A bank 's nice an' safe, but there ain't much in it alongside an industry that 's bein' developed."

"I 've thought of that," returned Babbitt. "I 'm mostly interested in the slow-going business, and I 'd rather have all my money in the other."

"Sure you would," asserted Panway. "I 'll tell you what," he added, as if the thought had just occurred to him: "you fix up the loan for me, an' then, if you want to get out o' the bank an' into the company, I 'll wait till you 've done it be-

fore buyin' the paper-box department, so 's you 'll get the ten per cent. dividend on the stock you buy. That 'll give you a start right at the beginnin', an' you know the business has increased fifty per cent. What 's bein' president of a little one-horse bank to workin' in industrials?"

That last word caught Babbitt, it had such a Wall-street sound. Indeed, he was so impressed that he casually asked Panway if he cared to sell his own stock. He had some real estate that he could sell or mortgage to buy it, and he would like to get an interest in the company that would give him some power. But Panway was not sure that he wanted to sell, although he might decide to do so later. "If you 'll agree to take it at par any time within six months," he said, "I 'll agree to sell to you if I sell at all; an' if the box-factory works out all right, I 'll sell."

"I 'll do it," said Babbitt.

"Let 's put it in writin'," said Panway; and when this was done, Panway left, chuckling softly. He wanted somebody that he could handle on the board of directors, and he felt sure that Babbitt's interests and ambition would put him there. As for Babbitt, he thought that all the old man wanted was to hold his stock long enough to get the dividend when the box department was purchased. It was an evidence of shrewdness, but of no great importance in view of the larger plans that the young man had. But Panway did not offer to sell after the dividend had been declared. Instead, he became entirely absorbed in the paper-box factory, and it was soon reorganized and some innovations planned. Still, Panway was not entirely satisfied.

"It 's a good thing," he said; "but this business life is underminin' my health. I got to get out of it. What do you say to sellin' back to the company?"

"But why sell, if it 's a good thing?" asked Lavery.

"'Cause it 's a better thing for the company," replied Panway. "We got it goin' the right way now, an' the company can make it pay somethin' in addition to turnin' out the boxes it needs. It ought to bring $45,000."

Lavery was startled. Here was a profit of which he never had dreamed. But would the company buy at that figure?

"Sure," said Panway. "I got $20,000 stock in the company, you got $10,000, an' I got Babbitt in with $20,000 'cause I can work him, an' I had this deal in mind all the time. That 's the way they do down to Wall street: split a company an' then sell back at a profit. There 's some that ain't goin' to be tractable, but there 's some that we can scare by showin' the way we can tie up the box business an' sell out to a rival. Course we could n't get no such price that way, but stockholders is easy scared, an' we can land enough to make the directors look at things our way. They don't want to take no chances while business is pickin' up. I got to retire, anyway, for I can't stand the strain."

There was a great row when the proposition was made, but again Panway triumphed. It was a mistake, he said, to split the company, for the company could make more out of the paper-box factory than any individuals could, as it could operate it at less expense. The only trouble was that the company had not seen how much there was in it before, and had failed to make the most of it. With the object-lesson now before it, there was no reason why it should not succeed in working up a good outside business. A start in that direction already had been made. Anyhow, the box-factory was a necessity to the company, and its sale to outsiders would be a serious blow. Of course he should hate to make this disposition of the property; but, as he positively had to retire, it would be necessary if the company failed to buy.

The directors were not fully convinced, but some of the stockholders were, and there was a fear of distressing complications; it was better to sacrifice something than to run the risk of serious future trouble. Then, too, Babbitt argued in favor of taking back the plant at whatever figure might be necessary to get it, and Babbitt would have to stand his share of the thirty-per-cent. assessment needed to make the purchase. He was interested only in the success of the company.

As a matter of fact, Babbitt, with the assistance of a few "disinterested" suggestions from Panway, was planning great things. He readily saw that a mistake had been made in parting with the box-factory, that really great success for him lay in having everything under one management. He intended and expected to have control in a short time, and he did not want to be

bothered with a side issue that was beyond reach. The bigger the concern, the more brilliant the future for him. Panway, with great frankness, admitted that he had realized this all the time, but had not deemed it wisdom to say anything about it while he was trying to get the paper-box business. Now, however, having found his strength insufficient for the task he had planned, he had no hesitation in admitting that Babbitt had been caught napping, and the only thing to do was to rectify the error.

Panway was wonderfully candid and ingenuous at this time; he said he could afford to be, as he was about to retire. Thus Panway succeeded in putting his scheme through. The contract to take over the box-factory at $45,000 was signed, the actual transfer to be made as soon as the stockholders had been assessed thirty per cent. of the face value of their holdings to provide the necessary sum.

Then, before the assessment could be made, Panway tendered his stock to Babbitt under the agreement previously executed.

"But I 'll have to stand the assessment," protested Babbitt.

"Sure you will," returned Panway; "but look at the chance you 're goin' to have."

"Oh, I 'll have to take it," sighed Babbitt; "but it looks to me as if I were getting the worst of it somewhere. You got the ten-per-cent. dividend, and I 've got to stand the thirty-per-cent. assessment."

"It 's beginning to sound like it does down to Wall street," chuckled Panway.

"It does n't seem to work out right, either," Babbitt went on thoughtfully. "Business has increased fifty per cent., but advertising and other expenses have been so high that there is n't money enough in the treasury to buy back the box-factory without levying an assessment."

"Sure, business has increased fifty per cent., an' it 's still goin' up," said Panway; "but it 's fifty per cent. over what it was on Magee's $20,000 basis, an' you got a $150,000 company now. To make it pay like it paid Magee, business has got to increase six hundred and fifty per cent. Did n't you never stop to think o' that?"

Babbitt could only look at him blankly.

"The devil!" he exclaimed at last. "You 're the only one who has made anything out of this, except the little that Lavery got, and he 'll have to pay his assessment out of that. The rest of us have the company on our hands, and I 'm beginning to wonder where we 'll get anything."

"Sure, you 'll get something," asserted Panway. "You got a good property an' a good chance to work it up to a payin' basis on the investment in a few years; only I don't like waitin' so long, specially when things ain't very sure. An' even if you don't make it go, you got the only thing an outsider ever ought to hope to get down to Wall street."

"What 's that?" asked Babbitt.

"Experience," chuckled Panway. "You was achin' to have it, an' you got it."

AN EVOLUTION IN THE RASPBERRY
Those in the center were bred from the ones on the sides

A WONDER-WORKER OF SCIENCE

AN AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF LUTHER BURBANK'S UNIQUE WORK IN CREATING NEW FORMS OF PLANT LIFE

BY WILLIAM S. HARWOOD

SECOND PAPER

A WARNING TO THE "STAYER"

ONE summer evening, some years ago, as Mr. Burbank was walking through his experimental grounds past a bank of verbenas,—a scentless variety which he was breeding up into a finer variety,—he was attracted by a faint, sweet odor from the bed. Bending over the flowers, he tried to locate it, but was unable. A year later, as he passed beside the bed of verbenas, now somewhat advanced in development, he was again attracted by the scent, a delicate hint of the odor of the trailing arbutus.

With his characteristic patience he went over the plants one by one until, at last, he found the one that had the elusive odor. It was at once isolated, and its seeds were saved and planted with great care. Succeeding sets of seeds were planted year by year, and year by year the plants were challenged for any increase in fragrance. Such as persisted in the odor were in turn chosen for future testing, and the others discarded. The scent became more and more pronounced, continuing in its likeness to the arbutus, and becoming, at last, greatly intensified. To-day, the bloom itself having been much improved, the fragrance, still identical with that of the arbutus and double its strength, has been established.

It was so wonderful a thing that I asked Mr. Burbank if it would not be possible to breed flowers for the manufacture of perfumery, intensifying old odors so as to render the flowers richer in scent, and creating new odors by combinations of various plants, as well as placing fragrance in flowers now odorless.

He answered promptly that it was an easy matter and perfectly feasible. Given a flower with a weak but desirable fra-

grance, it was only a question of pains, thought, time, and careful selection to heighten its odor and make it commercially valuable for the manufacture of perfume. The intensification of the perfume is shown in the case of the verbena; the complete changing of the odor, in the dahlia, a flower with an offensive odor, but now completely changed by Mr. Burbank until it has the rich fragrance of the magnolia blossom.

production of beautiful forms of life is carried on without disappointments. The fact that no new creation can be given to the world until it has proved its right to live—until it has shown, too, that it is not going back to some former condition of inefficiency—adds enormously to the care and labor.

One day, after years of experimentation, a beautiful new flower was produced—a

A BED OF THE NEW VERBENAS WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

This led me to speak of another strange possibility in floral life: I had heard that he had been on the way to a blue rose.

"A blue rose?" he repeated. "Why, certainly. Why not? You can have any color you wish. I have not had time to make a blue rose, but I have seen enough in the development of the coloring of this flower to know that it is a very simple matter. If I ever get the time I may do it; but when so many things of more value press in on one, how can he stop to make it? I have, however, made a blue poppy, which you would perhaps consider quite as wonderful."

But let no one conclude that all this tiny, pinkish-white blossom upon a brilliant green vine. It was of rare beauty, either for lawn decoration or for use with other flowers in bouquets, and unlike anything in existence. But one morning a workman discovered that, in the night, every plant had died. There was no possible solution to the mystery. The flower could never be recovered, because the conditions under which it had been created would never come again. The loss was a severe one from the commercial point of view; it was doubly so from the point of view of the adornment of the world. It was a little tragedy in plant life.

THE SHASTA DAISY—A LITTLE ANCESTOR AND A BIG DESCENDANT

STRANGE FREAKS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CALLA

Some particularly beautiful gladioli were under development. In order to fool the thievish gophers, a row of ordinary gladioli was planted around the more precious ones, in the hope that the gophers would be satiated with the bulbs of the ones first reached. But not for a moment were gophers trained in the atmosphere of such a place to be put off with any common, every-day food; they went straight for the bulbs of the rare plants, ate them up, and left the stalks standing, the disaster being discovered only when they withered in death.

But the work of producing the new gladioli was not permanently hampered, and now Mr. Burbank has taught Nature a new and beautiful lesson—how to grow her gladioli so that they will blossom around the entire stem, and not on one side in the top-heavy, old-fashioned style she had been following. It was not the work of a day, but of years of the most careful training, this teaching a plant to change its mode of life. To make so fine a flower double its blooms and distribute them on all sides of the stem adds a new and beautiful note to the harmony of nature. An American florist secured the stock upon which these gladioli were founded, establishing the new flower throughout the world. For many years Mr. Burbank worked upon the daisy, taking the tiny field-daisy, the pest of Eastern farmers, as a basis of his experiments, and developing it until it is now a splendid blossom from five to seven inches in diameter, with wonderful keeping qualities after cutting. In the same way he has greatly increased the geranium in size, and at the same time has made it far more brilliant in color.

Mr. Burbank once called my special attention to a little case of earth containing a few scattering plants just appearing above the ground, a new generation of a beautiful hybrid larkspur upon which he had been at work for several years. It is much larger than any other, and has a combination of colors

never before seen in the larkspur. From the new plants in the case some were to be selected for further tests as soon as they were large enough. The day before, a whole colony of little birds suddenly swooped down upon the case, and, by the time a workman had discovered them, they had destroyed all the plants save a few scattering ones here and there. In the opinion of Mr. Burbank, they were worth their weight in diamonds, but in a day the birds had well-nigh undone the work of years.

In whatever direction Mr. Burbank has turned his attention, the flowers have responded with increased grace, size, and fragrance, more beautiful colors, and greater virility. He has made the little amaryllis grow on and on in scarlet splendor until it is full ten inches across; he has bred more than ten thousand hybrid lilies, some of them assuming strangely beautiful forms; he has brought a calla up to nearly a foot in diameter, and bred it down until it was less than an inch and a half across its perfect bloom, adding at the same time fragrance, while some of the callas have taken to themselves peculiar and most unusual shapes; he has taken the dainty little blue onion-flower, the *Brodiæa terrestris*, that comes in the early spring in California, a native beauty, and changed its deep azure to a glistering crystal-white; he has added new touches of beauty to the rose, and has taught it lessons in thrift; he has made the violets blossom in a profusion that they had never before shown, and made the yellow poppy a ruby among flowers. Along with such acts as these, he has conducted hundreds of floral experiments in the way of introducing and acclimating flowers from out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

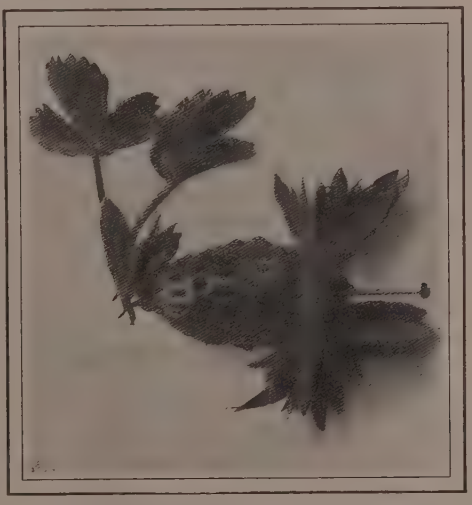
Much attention has been paid to the improvement of the wild flowers and those tame ones that stand low in the scale. The sedum, of the "live-for-ever" type of plants, once a most ordinary flower, has been advanced by breeding to a point of beauty. It occurred to Mr. Burbank one day that it would be interesting to change the pampas-grass, with its decorative plumes,

SHOWING THE ADVANCEMENT OF SEDUM TO A STATE OF BEAUTY

PAMPAS-GRASS BRED FROM WHITE TO PINK

from white to pink; so, after long experimentation and training, the change was wrought, the effect being very striking.

Wonderfully curious results sometimes follow the crossing of plants. While at work upon a strawberry cross, a tiny half-developed berry showed a green sprout at one end. Gradually, as the berry grew, the sprout developed, until there was a complete strawberry-plant growing out of the berry itself. In breeding raspberry- and blackberry-plants some remarkable abnormalities of stem and leaf were seen. Oftentimes there will be several hundreds, or even thousands, of plants from the same parent stock, no two of the plants bearing similar leaves.



A STRAWBERRY-PLANT GROWING OUT OF THE END OF A BERRY

The illustration of an enormous hybrid tobacco-plant is of particular interest, as it indicates a new line of work upon which Mr. Burbank has entered. Tobacco is to be produced much thriftier, adapted to colder climates, and finer in flavor than the best tobacco now grown.

From Siberia, Australia, India, or Africa devoted friends, ever on the alert, send Mr. Burbank new and strange plants, that he may make them over into more beautiful and useful forms of life. One day an agent in Japan sent some plum pits coming from a tree not specially remarkable, but from which he thought Mr. Burbank might develop a higher order. After several years had passed in growing the plum, one of the trees was chosen for further treatment. It early showed that it had marvelous reproductive powers, and three or four years ago, in a large orchard planted from its cuttings, twenty-two thousand plums were stripped from a single tree in order that the tree might have a chance to mature its normal number of plums. The greatest obstacle in the way of this plum—one of the most famous that Mr. Burbank has produced, and bearing his name—is that it is so marvelously productive. It requires many hired "strippers" each year to go through an average-sized orchard to strip the branches of the green plums in order that the trees may not over-bear.

The beach-plum, a small, bitter wild plum, has been transformed into a large delicious fruit, the tree bearing so abundantly that the foliage is sometimes almost wholly displaced by the fruit. In the illustration on page 830 the branch of plums is three and one half feet long.

In his researches into plum life, Mr. Burbank had tried to combine a plum and an almond, to see what the result would be. Interesting as it was from a spectacular point of view, it was not of sufficient importance to warrant further development; but the study led to the consideration of the crossing of two other species, an apricot and a plum.

A common wild American plum, a Japanese plum, and an apricot formed the basis of the experiment, and in course of time that which scientific men had said was an impossibility—the making of a new fruit—lay before him accomplished. Nothing stranger has ever been done by him.

The apricot form and color persist in the outside of the new fruit, but the flesh may be crimson, yellow, pink, or pure white. The pits are sometimes those of the apricot, and sometimes those of the plum. Because in the tree itself there are certain imperfections not yet overcome, the fruit has not been given to the world, other work upon it being still under way. The flavor of the plumcot, which is the name of the combination, is pronounced by some superior to that of any similar fruit, and absolutely unlike anything ever before tasted.

A GREAT TOBACCO-PLANT

Mr. Burbank has begun a series of experiments looking toward a marked improvement of the tobacco-plant. The one here shown is ten feet high; its leaves are two feet wide and from three to four feet in length.

Strange faculties or properties are given to some of these plums upon which Mr. Burbank has worked. One of them has no pit at all, the pit, after long years of breeding, having been driven out of it. Another has a delightful fragrance, so powerful that when a single plum is left over night in a room, the whole apartment is saturated with the perfume the next morning. One day, at Santa Rosa, Mr. Burbank blindfolded one of the best-known fruit-merchants in the world —an expert, too, in all lines of the earth's fruits. A fruit was handed him to eat, and he was asked to name it.

Enthusiastically he replied, after the first bite:

"That 's the most delicious Bartlett pear I ever put tooth into."

With sight restored, he found that he had been eating a plum, with not a hint or a trace of the pear in all its ancestry. A vague pear-flavor had been discovered years before in one of its forebears. This flavor Mr. Burbank has nurtured and intensified with vast pains until at last he has produced this marvel, a plum having the flavor, the meat texture, and the aroma of a pear. Strangely enough, some of the typical pear-tree characteristics are noticeable in the Bartlett plum-tree, without there having been the slightest strain of pear-tree blood in its veins.

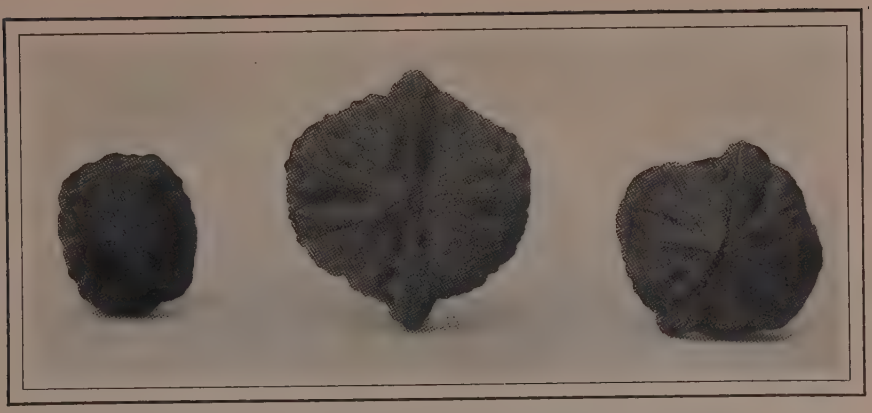
Many kinds of fruit come under Mr. Burbank's scrutiny in his endeavor to add to the food resources of the world. Years have been spent in the development of raspberries, for example, small and imperfect fruit being greatly enlarged, and not only retaining all that was good in its old flavor, but taking on new toothsomeness. So, with cherries, he has taken a small fruit, poor in quality and lean in bearing, and transformed it into a rich, palatable fruit, yielding far more abundantly than the stock whence it sprang. Hundreds of varieties of apples have been under test and are still being improved. The results reached through planting the seeds of apples are often very curious. For example, the illustration on page 833 shows thirty-six apples, which all grew from the seed of one apple, and no two of which were alike. In grafting apples, the same tree is used often, year in and year out, as many as four hundred apples growing on a tree at the same time. Sometimes other fruits are grafted upon the tree, so that there may be five hundred varieties of fruit growing at once from the same parent tree. Mr. Burbank is constantly on the look-out for odd sorts of fruits with which to make combinations with other fruits, sometimes strengthening the old types, sometimes, as in the case of the elæagnus, developing a poor and little-known fruit into one of much more importance.

THE ELÆAGNUS, SHOWING THE IMPROVED FRUIT

Extensive experiments have been carried on in the production of nuts. Walnuts, for example, have been given much attention in order to make them larger, their shells thinner, and their meat whiter. Some criticism has been made of various injurious artificial methods of bleaching the English walnut meat to make it look more attractive. Mr. Burbank has rendered

THE IMPROVED BEACH-PLUM

The branch from which this photograph was made was over three and a half feet long. The small plum, above, pictured to scale, is the beach-plum as Mr. Burbank found it, the large one being the improved plum.



AN ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

The walnut to the left is a Japanese product; that to the right an English walnut; in the center is the result of breeding the extremes together

all this unnecessary by breeding a walnut with a white meat—eliminating, by years of patient labor, the tannin in the skin incasing the meat, which gives it its dark color and bitter taste.

But let no one think that the creation of a new plum, or of any other new fruit, is a matter of a morning's stroll with grafting-knife or pollen-saucer. More than five hundred thousand plum-trees, developed during years of patient breeding and selection, have been raised for a single test, and all but one or two of them have been put to death.

It would be but natural for any man carrying forward such extensive experiments to study, or at least to observe, some of the laws which govern, or—perhaps better said—which guide the forces of Nature in the carrying out of her affairs. Still more would it be the province of a man with the intuition of Mr. Burbank to go deeper and still deeper into the inner life of Nature, the more exhaustively he studied her outward manifestations. It will be well to bear in mind that in his study of the underlying principles of plant life, Mr. Burbank has not been circumscribed in any particular, but has had virtually an unlimited field of operations. He

AN IMPROVED GERANIUM

A brilliant blossom evolved from a tiny original

has not accepted the observations of many other people as a basis for his own conclusions.

In 1865 a parish priest in Austria named Mendel, later a teacher in the *Realschule* at Brün, prepared a paper which set forth the results of some of his studies into plant life. He announced certain laws in regard to the crossing of plants which have since been generally accepted. These laws have been absolutely overthrown by Mr. Burbank.

A TREE CONTAINING FOUR HUNDRED DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF APPLES

Mendel's laws, put in the simplest possible form, held that where two plants were crossed, as two peas, there would be in the offspring two prevailing sets of characters or characteristics, to which he gave the names "dominant" and "recessive." That is to say, certain prominent characters or characteristics of the parent peas would appear in the new plant—as the length of stem, color and shape of leaves, shape of seed, arrangement of flowers, and so on. These would be dominant characters. Certain other characters would appear in lesser number in the new plant, or would disappear altogether. These were the recessive ones.

When the new plants thus formed were fertilized they produced offspring in which the two characteristics, the dominant and the recessive, appeared in an invariable ratio or proportion, that of three to one. Thus seventy-five per cent. of the characteristics of the new plant—its form, color, shape, and so on—would be dominant, and twenty-five would be recessive.

Then Mendel carried the subject still further, and demonstrated that the recessive characters bred true, but that the dominant ones produced progeny one third genuine dominant, which also bred true to their own type, and two thirds crossbreeds, the latter, when self-fertilized, giving the old ratio of seventy-five per cent. dominant characters and twenty-five per cent. recessive.

This law would extend, so some of its adherents maintain, throughout not only all vegetable life, but throughout all animal life as well. Hence it would be possible to determine beforehand precisely what results would follow in the crossing of two plants—that they would follow these certain and undeviating laws. It would be not only of vast interest to the race from the standpoint of evolution, but of immense economic value to all breeders of plants and animals.

It should be noted in passing that prom-

APPLES GROWN FROM THE SEEDS OF ONE APPLE—"WILLIAM'S FAVORITE"

inent scientists in Europe have recently "rediscovered" this law, notably among them Dr. Hugo de Vries of Amsterdam, one of the leading botanists of the day.

In a wide variety of experiments, covering now a period of thirty years, averaging a million new plants a year upon which to work, frequently using five hundred thousand plants for a single test, sometimes as many as one million, and rejecting them all save perhaps two or three,—having carried on over two thousand five hundred individual investigations in as many species,—Mr. Burbank has over and over again proved the utter inadequacy of the Mendelian laws. Generation following

THE CHERRY, AFTER DEVELOPMENT, SHOWING IMPROVEMENT IN FRUIT AND LEAVES OVER THE ORDINARY CHERRY (SEE NEXT PAGE)

generation, not in isolated cases in the pots of the conservatory or the confines of the cloister garden, but in the magnificent reaches of the open, where, if necessary, a million plants may be put to work on a single problem, this law has utterly failed. Mr. Burbank has used five hundred thousand plum-trees to carry on a single test. He has had half a million hybrid lilies under study at the same time.

Take, merely for one illustration among the many which might be brought forward, the results which have been noted in the breeding of the walnut-tree. Here the laws of Mendel were absolutely disproved at every point. The new trees followed no known laws. "Dominance" and "recession" were absolutely inoperative factors. Nuts, for example, as the test proceeded, were produced like one parent, like the other, like neither, or like no other walnut ever known in the world; and they were produced with absolutely no regard whatever to ratio or proportion of parental characteristics. The leaves of the progeny took to themselves an odor, a real fragrance, unlike any ever known. In the character of the trunks, the assembling of the branches on the trees, the development of the leaves upon the stem,—some of them numbering five on a stem, some twenty or thirty, some fifty,—in the marvelous growth of the trees, the law was broken again and again.

In passing, it may be noted here that Mr. Burbank has accomplished that which Darwin hinted at, but accepted with reservations—the grafting of one tree upon another and at the same time the transformation of the tree without fertilization, the accomplishment of a complete cross by the graft. He took a French plum, unknown in America, and grafted it upon a Japanese plum. The graft bore no bloom, but the tree was recreated, if you will; its seedlings took on a wholly new life and

became hybrids; its vital essence was changed through the medium of the graft.

Mr. Burbank determined long ago that, up to a certain point, changes can be produced in plants at will, when the conditions are ripe; while the results of selection are often so simple as to form a mechanical rule. In other cases it may be wholly impossible to follow these results. A million causes may have been at work to start a plant forward on a given course. A million shades of environment influences may have existed, just as a million episodes in a man's life, little or great or so small as forever to remain unnoticed, may have had their influence upon him. It may be that Omnipotence has rules or laws or forecasts bearing upon what will come to pass in a given million of plants when they enter upon a new life, but Mr. Burbank holds that it is manifestly absurd for man to attempt to establish such laws.

The theory of mutation, or "saltation," as some have termed it, which has recently been announced by Dr. de Vries of Amsterdam, and which has been receiving the warm indorsement of leading scientists, also appears to fall by the way in the light of the vast experiments which Mr. Burbank has been carrying on, and in which he has had opportunity to study these changes or mutations such as no other man has ever had. In a recent magazine article Dr. de Vries sets forth his theory. He shows, from his experiments with one flower, that new forms are actually being produced, and that they spring from their parents by a sudden leap, without preparations or intermediates, and not in one single specimen, but in a number of individuals. In this way evolution goes on by rare and sudden leaps.

Another writer puts the theory of mutation in these words: "The sudden production of new and stable varieties from which nature proceeds to select those which are fit."

Here, as elsewhere in the broad field of scientific investigation, Mr. Burbank has not been idle. He has had under his eye hundreds of examples of these so-called mutations, fully as wonderful as the few on which Dr. de Vries bases his theory. But Mr. Burbank, having had an outlook ampler than any other man has ever had, having used as many as a million plants in a test, and having the widest possible knowledge of these strange forms, arrives, as in the case of the Mendelian laws, at quite different conclusions. Mutations are often found, he holds,—fixed forms springing up from a complication of causes, through the action of the laws of heredity, which remain constant. These are not necessarily hybrids.

An illustration of these mutations is seen in the case of a flower which is red or blue suddenly producing a white flower, and the white flower, in turn, producing white flowers constantly when grown from seed. Mr. Burbank demonstrates that these mutations can be produced at will by any one of the means which may be used to disturb the life-habits of the plant. More than this, he claims to have demonstrated that mutation, so called, is not a *period* in the life of the plant,—an all-essential element in the theory of mutation,—but that it is only a *state* or *condition* which is brought about by a variety of other conditions, such as hereditary tendencies, environment, and the like. And even more than this, he claims to have demonstrated, as before stated, that the condition can be produced at will.

THE ORIGINAL CHERRY, BEFORE DEVELOPMENT

However valuable the experiments of Dr. de Vries,—and no one holds the distinguished botanist in higher

TRACKS OF MR. BURBANK'S ENEMIES

A constant fight is kept up at the experimental farm against the animal pests that attack plants

esteem than Mr. Burbank,—the latter yet holds that the mutation theory stands without adequate facts to support it.

Wallace, in his "Darwinism," brings prominently to the fore and elaborates Weismann's theory of heredity, the germ of which is that acquired characteristics, of whatever kind, are not transmitted from parent to offspring. This Mr. Burbank has disproved over and over; indeed, has established the precise opposite—that the only characteristics that can be transmitted are the acquired ones.

The reason Mr. Burbank crosses a pair of plants is to break up their old habit and form of life and get variations. Back of these two plants, he knows, are a million tendencies. He sees heredity in a new form. It is, as he defines it, "the sum of all the effects of all the environments of all past generations on the responsive, ever-moving life-forces; or, in other words, a record kept by the vital principle of its struggle onward and upward from simpler forms of life: not vague in any respect, but indelibly fixed by repetition." In still shorter phrase he puts it: "Heredity is the sum of all past environment."

When he has crossed two plants to produce a third, he illustrates what happens in this way: Here is a river, the life-forces of the plant. Here is the bank, the environment. The forces, constantly pushing forward, are held in check by the bank, and yet in some measure each acts upon the other. There may be a rock in the stream which may make a ripple, turning the flow aside for an instant, but the river does not stop on its way to the sea. Yet, if you place a sufficient number of rocks with the other one, or if a new and better channel is found, the whole river is turned. But no one can tell where these rocks are to appear, no one can foretell when the stream will change its course, or how or where.

He holds that there is in plant reproduction a vital principle which is more or less indelibly fixed by repetition. What this principle is in essence he does not know—he is concerned with its manifestation. But "we do know," he says, "that when simple cells become joined together, mutual protection is assured, and we know that they exhibit organized forces in new directions which were impossible by any of the individual cells not associated in a cell-colony with its fellows. These cell-colonies will, if environment is favorable, increase in strength, while colonies less favorably situated may be crippled or destroyed. We see this natural selection in all life every day all around us."

Mr. Burbank has come to look upon the crossing of species and varieties as of paramount importance. The "survival of the fittest" and "natural selection" are interesting phrases and full of import, but he has found in the midst of his vast tests

that "crossing" goes far beyond them in significance.

"It is," he says, "the grand, principal cause of all the existing species and varieties of earth and sea and air. Crossing these differing lines of heredity—differences caused by the action of past environment on the life-forces—produces a vast complication of vital movements, habits, tendencies, or memories, if you prefer, some of which are fixed by ages of repetition, while others are of later acquisition. Each of these, like drops of various chemicals in a pool of water, changes by so much the heredity of the subject, all being blended into the whole as we see it in its present state. But past tendencies must fade somewhat as new ones are added; and as each individual has ancestors in untold numbers, and as each is bound to the other like the numerous threads in a fabric, individuals within a species, by thus having very numerous similar lines of heredity, are very much alike, yet no two are just the same.

"Thus in the bundles of individuals having similar heredities, which for convenience we call species, we seldom find wide variations, and for the reasons just given. But cross two of these species, and see what results. Sharp mutations and variations will appear, but not in the first generation, as the two are bound together in a mutual compact which, when unloosed by the next and succeeding generations, will branch in every direction as the myriad different lines of heredity combine and exhibit themselves in various new directions, as if the bundles of hereditary tendencies were burst asunder by the impact, and mutually arranged themselves in new and often wholly unexpected forms."

Bearing still closer upon environment, Mr. Burbank says:

"A study of animals or plants belonging to widely different species, and even genera, which have been under similar environment for a long time, will always show similarity in many respects in the various means they are compelled to adopt for defense in the preservation and reproduction of life. Desert plants often have thorns, acrid qualities, and reduced foliage surface, while in moist climates thorns are seldom seen and foliage is more abundant and not so often acrid or distasteful. Similar environments produce similar results on the life-forces, even with the most distantly related plants or animals. This fact alone, even though in opposition to numerous popular theories, should be proof enough, if proof were still needed, that acquired characters are transmitted. All characters which are transmitted have once been acquired. The life-forces are constantly pressing forward to obtain any space which can be occupied, and, if they find an open avenue, always make use of it as far as heredity permits."

Mr. Burbank notes other forces that influence plant life—superabundance of food, moisture, freedom from competition, struggle, hardship. He disposes of many of the mysterious things that people have read into heredity, in saying that where some apparently impossible thing happens,—the plant of a white bean, for example, producing a black one,—we have generally only to trace the matter back far enough to find that there was a black ancestor. Even where no such ancestor was found, the fact remains that tendencies, like threads in a web of cloth, had so long been pressing for expression that when the critical point was reached the strong tendencies, long overwhelmed by still stronger ones, came to the surface, though never by chance.

I asked Mr. Burbank this question:

"Has anything developed in your life-work, and in your study of the great elemental forces of nature, to imperil true faith or render dead a belief in God or the immortality of the soul?"

He answered:

"My theory of the laws and underlying principles of plant creation is, in many respects, diametrically opposed to the theories of the materialists. I am a sincere believer in a higher power than that of man. All my investigations have led me away from the idea of a dead, material universe, tossed about by various forces, to that of a universe which is absolutely all force, life, soul, thought, or whatever name we may choose to call it. Every atom, molecule, plant, animal, or planet is only an aggregation of organized unit forces held in place by stronger forces, thus holding them for a time latent, though teeming with inconceivable power. All life on our planet is, so to speak, just on the outer fringe of this infinite ocean of force. The universe is not half dead, but all alive."

MRS. LATHROP'S LOVE-AFFAIR

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop"

MRS. LATHROP collapsed backward and downward, her eyes closed, her mouth opened, her hands fell at her sides, her feet flew out in front of her. Never in the history of the world were the words "This is so sudden!" more vividly illustrated.

Susan sat bolt upright opposite and surveyed her friend's emotion with an expression of calm and interested neutrality.

After a while Mrs. Lathrop's eyes began to open and her mouth to close; she gathered her hands into her lap, and her feet under her skirt, saying weakly:

"Well, I never hear nothin' to beat—"

"I ain't surprised 't your takin' it to heart like that," said the importer of news. "I may tell you in confidence 't I was nigh to laid out myself in the first hearin' of it. I looked upon it jus' as you did, an' jus' as anybody in their common senses naturally would. It was n't no more 'n was to be expected that me, bein' neat like himself an' unmarried, too, sh'u'd 'a' struck him 's jus' about what he was lookin' for. I 'm younger 'n Gran'ma Mullins an' Mrs. Macy, an' older 'n Liza Em'ly an' Polly Ann. I 've got property, an' nobody can't say 's I have n't always done my duty by whatever crossed my path, even if it was nothin' but snow in the winter. All the time 't he was talkin' I was thinkin', an' I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, it 's pretty hard work to smile an' look interested in a man's meanderin's while you 're tryin' to figure on how you can will your money safe away from him. I was n't calc'latin' on havin' Deacon White get any of my money, I c'n tell you, an' I meant to have that understood right in the beginnin'. Maybe he would n't 'a' liked it; but if he had n't 'a' liked it, he c'u'd 'a' give me right square up. Lord knows, I never was after him with no net; I don't set about gettin' what I want that way. An' I never for one minute have thought o' wantin' the deacon. I 'm used to lookin' everythin' square in the face, an' no one as has got eyes could look the deacon in the face an' want him. An' the more they turned him round an' round, the less they 'd want him. It ain't in reason 's the friend c'u'd be found to deny 't he 's as bow-legged as they make 'em. An' then there 's his ears! A woman c'u'd, maybe, overlook the bow-legs if she held the newspaper high enough; but I don't believe 's any one in kingdom come c'u'd overlook them ears. Mr. Kimball says Belgian hares an' Deacon White 's both designed to be catched by their ears. I looked at him to-day an' figured on maybe tryin' to tame 'em in a little with a tape nightcap; but then I says to myself, I says: 'No; if he 's to be my husband, I 'll probably have so much to overlook that them ears 'll soon be mice to the mountain o' the rest,' an' so I give up the idea. I had bother enough with tryin' to see where I 'd put him, fer I certainly would n't consider movin' down to his house fer a minute, an' it was a question 's to a stove in father's room or givin' him double windows for a weddin' present.

"An' then, all of a sudden, he come out with wantin' you!

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I jumped—I really did. Him so tidy an' goin' out on the porch half a dozen times a day to brush up the seeds under the bird-cage—an' wantin' *you!* I could n't believe my ears at first, an' he talked quite a while, an' I did n't hear a word he said. An' then, when I did find my tongue, I jus' sat right down an' did my duty by him. Mrs. Lathrop, you know 's well 's I do how fond I am o' you; but you know, too, 's well 's I do 't no woman 's calls herself a Christian c'u'd sit silent an' let a man keep on

supposin' 't he c'u'd be happy with you. I talked kind, but I took no fish-bones out o' the truth. I give him jus' my own observation, an' no more. I told him 't it was n't in me to try an' fool even a deacon; an' so when I said frank and free 't even your very cats soon gave up washin' their faces, he c'u'd depend upon its bein' so. I says to him, I says: 'Deacon White, there 's lots worse things 'n bein' unmarried, an' if you marry Mrs. Lathrop you 'll learn every last one of 'em. Your first wife was deaf,' I says, 'an' Mrs. Lathrop c'n hear. She 's a very good hearer, too,' I says (for you know 's I 'd never be one to run you down, Mrs. Lathrop); 'but anythin' 's is more of a' effort than listenin' never gets done in her house. You 're tidy in your ways, Deacon White,' I says; 'any one as 's ever passed when you was hangin' out your dish-towels 'd swear to that; an' such bein' the case, how c'u'd you ever be happy with them 's spreads their wash on the currant-bushes or lets it blow to the dogs?' Maybe I was a little hard on him, but I felt 's it was then or never, an' I tried my best to save him. It ain't in nature for them 's goes unhooked to ever realize what their unhookedness is to them 's hooks, an' so it 'd be hopeless to try to let you see why my sympathies was so with the deacon; but, to make a long tale short, he jus' hung on like grim death, an' in the end I had to give up. He said I was your friend, an' he wanted 's I sh'u'd explain everythin' to you; an' to-morrow, when he gets back from Meadville, he 'll come up an' get his answer. He did n't ask 'f I thought you 'd have him, 'cause o' course he knowed you 'd have him 's well 's I did. He said 's he sh'u'd mention it about town to keep any women from takin' the same train with him. He says he has n't been anywhere by himself for ever so long. He says jus' as soon 's he 's married he 's goin' off fer a good long trip, all alone."

Susan ceased speaking for a little; Mrs. Lathrop looked dazed and dubious.

"It 's so unex—" she said slowly.

"The beginnin' o' gettin' married always is," said her friend; "but it 's all there is about it 's is even unexpected. It 's all cut an' dried from there on. Once you take a man, nothin' 's ever sudden no more. Folks expects all sorts o' pleasant surprises; everybody seems to get married f'r better, an' then get along f'r worse. They begin by imaginin' a lot an' then lookin' f'r the thing to be 'way beyond the imaginin'; it ain't long afore they see 't their imaginin' was 'way beyond the thing, an' after that they soon have it all on top o' them to carry till they die."

"I never was no great hand at marryin'," said Mrs. Lathrop, faintly. "I was propelled into it the first—"

"Well, nobody ain't propellin' you this time," said Miss Clegg. "I 'm hangin' back on your skirts, with my heels stuck in 's far 's they 'll go." She rose as she spoke.

"I don't know what I shall—" began the older woman, looking up at the younger.

"You 've got all to-morrow to decide. He won't be back till five o'clock. I should n't worry, 'f I was you. O' course, it 's your last love-affair, probably, an' you want to get 's much 's you can out of it; but I don't see no call to fret any. He ain't frettin'. He 's jus' in a hurry to get married, an' get rid o' Gran'ma Mullins an' Mrs. Macy an' Polly Ann an' Liza Em'ly, an' get started on that nice long trip he 's goin' on alone."

"I shall think—" murmured Mrs. Lathrop.

Susan was decking herself for going home.

"I won't be over in the mornin'," she said as she tied on her cap; "I 've got errands down-town: but I 'll come over after dinner."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Good-by," said her friend.

It was somewhat warmer the next morning. Mrs. Lathrop began the day on a cup of extra-strong coffee, and continued it in an unusual mood of clearing up. Her kitchen was really very close to exemplary when two o'clock arrived, and she took up her knitting to wait for the promised visitation.

It matured about half-past the hour. The visitor brought her knitting, too.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop," she said pleasantly on entering, "if it was n't for the automobile, you an' the deacon 'd surely be the talk o' the town this day."

"Whose aut— ?"

"Nobody's; jus' two men's. One steers in goggles, an' the other jumps in an' out an' settles fer the damages. I see it first on my way down-town this mornin'; only, as a matter of fact, I did n't see it, an' it

was nigh to tootin' right over me, only I jumped in the nick o' time, an' it went over my overshoe an' split the heel open. I can assure you I was glad I was wearin' father's overshoes, as can come off so easy, when I saw the split heel; an' them men was as polite 's could be, churned backward right off, an' settled with me fer a quarter. I can easy sew up the heel myself, so I went on down-town feelin' pretty good. There ain't many things about me 't I can sew up as I would n't split fer a quarter any day. The automobile went on ahead, an' by the time I got to the square it had had time to run down the minister.

"He was crossin' from Mr. Kimball's to Mr. Dill's, an' stopped short fer fear it 'u'd run over him. Not knowin' the minister's make-up, they 'd calc'lated on his goin' on when he see a' automobile comin'; an' so it was all over him in a jiffy. I don' know what his wife 'll ever say, fer his hat is completely bu'st. However, they settled with him—hat, feelin's, an' all—for ten dollars, an' he went on over to Mr. Dill's. I said 't if I was his wife I 'd anchor him in the middle o' the square an' let automobiles run up an' down him all day long at that price. I said it to Mrs. Craig; she come up to ask me 'f it was really true about you an' the deacon. She says no one can believe it o' the deacon. She says Mr. Jilkins was in town last night, an' he was very mad when he heard of it. He thinks it 's a reflection. He says folks 'll say it looks like his sister was n't wife enough for one man. I told her nobody could n't say nothin' about it 't I would n't agree to, considerin' your age an' his ears. I told her 't it did n't seem to me 's marryin' was anyways necessary to the business o' the world. If mother 'd never married, neither she nor me 'd ever 've had all them years o' work with father. She says this about you an' the deacon was stirrin' up the town a lot. She says there 's a good deal o' bitter feelin'. Seems Mrs. Allen never charged him nothin' for his meals on account o' Polly, an' Gran'ma Mullins made him a whole set o' shirts for nothin' on account o' the nut an' the daguerre'type, an' Mrs. Macy did up all his currants fer nothin' on account o' herself. She says Mr. Kimball says he wonders what the deacon 's a-expectin' to get out o' you.

"We went across to look at the automobile together. It was standin' still in front o' the drug-store, an' the men was in buyin' cigarettes an' gettin' their bottles filled. I guess half the community was standin' round lookin' at it an' discussin' it.

"It 's a brand-new one, fer the price-tag 's still hangin' on the back. Billy said it was a bargain, but it struck me 's pretty high. They had a wheel 's 'd come off hung on behind, an' nobody could n't see where it 'd come off of. Mr. Fisher got down an' crawled in underneath, an' while he was under there the men come out. They asked what Mr. Fisher was tryin' to do, an' when Billy told 'em, they laughed.

"They said that wheel was in case o' accidents. John Bunyan spoke right up an said, 'Why, does the accidents ever happen to the *automobile?*' An' the men laughed some more. Then they got in an' started to start, an' it would n't start. It snuffed an' chuffed to beat the band, but it would n't budge fer love nor money nor the man in goggles. He jerked an' twisted, an' then all of a sudden it run backward, an' went over Mr. Dill's dog 's was asleep in the way, an' into the lamp-post, an' bu'st the post off short. Well, you never see the beat! They wanted to settle the dog for the same 's the minister, but Mr. Dill would n't hear to it for a minute, 'cause he said his dog was worth suthin'. Judge Fitch come up an' said the town 'u'd want three dollars fer the lamp-post, an' they paid that, an' then they tried to arbitrate the dog; an' in the end Mr. Dill took eleven dollars an' fifteen cents, 'cause his collar 's still good. Then they got into the automobile again an' twisted the crank the other way, an' it kited across the square an' right over Gran'ma Mullins. She was on her way to ask if it was true about you an' the deacon, an' it was plain 's she wa'n't in no disposition to enjoy bein' run over by nothin'. I never see her so nigh to bein' real put out; an' even after they 'd settled with her fer five dollars, she still did n't look a bit pleased or happy. Mrs. Craig an' me went with her into Mr. Shores' an' helped her straighten her bonnet an' take a drink o' water, an' then she said she s'posed it was true about you an' the deacon, an' 't, so help her Heaven, she never would 'a' believed 's either o' you had so little sense. She said to tell you 't all she 's got to say is 't if he deceives you like he 's deceived her, you 'll know how it feels to have him deceive you 's well 's she

knows how it feels to 've had him deceive her. She says she 's goin' to take a hammer an' smash that nut an' that daguerre'-type into a thousand smithereens this very afternoon."

"I 'm sorry 's—" said Mrs. Lathrop, regretfully.

"While we was sittin' there talkin', in come Mrs. Macy, with her cat over her arm, to ask if there was enough of it left to make a muff. Seems 't when the automobile headed out o' town they come on the cat crossin' the road, an' afore she knew 's there was a death in the family they was tryin' to settle the cat at a dollar. She said she never see the beat o' the way the cat was ironed flat; she jus' stood an' stared, an' then they offered her two dollars. She took the two dollars an' come to town, an' 'f there ain't enough f'r a muff, she 'll have a cap with the tail over her ear. She wanted to know if it was true about you an' the deacon, an' she tried to swing the cat around 's if she did n't care, but it was easy seen she did. She said she would n't have the deacon f'r a gift, an' I told her 's there was others havin' to admit the same thing. I says to her, I says: 'There 's a good many in this town 's won't have the deacon, but it ain't f'r lack o' tryin' to get him, Lord knows.' Jus' then we see the man with the cap 's does the settlin' f'r damages tearin' by the window afoot. We run to the door an' see him grab Mr. Sweet's bicycle an' ride away on it; an' it did n't take no great brains to guess 's suthin' fresh had happened under the automobile. A little while after the man with goggles an' Mr. Jilkins come walkin' into the square, a-leadin' Mr. Jilkins's horse. The horse was pretty well splintered up, an' the harness was hangin' all out o' tune; the man with goggles looked to be upset, an' Mr. Jilkins looked like he 'd been upset an' was awful mad over it. Every one went to know what it was; an' I will say, Mrs. Lathrop, 's I never hear such a story o' unforeseen miseries pilin' up. Seems 't when Mr. Jilkins went home las' night an' told his wife about you an' the deacon, they decided to come to town right off to-day an' try to argue common sense into him. Mr. Jilkins said 't he was n't afraid o' the property goin' out o' the family, 'cause you an' the deacon could n't naturally expect nothin' but grandchildren at your age; but he said they jus' did n't want him married, an' they was goin' to see 't he did n't get drug into it. So they took the horse an' the colt an' the democrat an' started up to town this mornin', an' jus' beyond the bridge they met the automobile warmin' up from Mrs. Macy an' her cat. Mr. Jilkins says his horse ain't afraid o' nothin' on earth only threshin'-machines, men asleep, an' bicycles; but it never 'd seen a' automobile afore, an' it jumped right into it. Well, him in goggles an' his friend in damages jumped right out, an' the automobile run into the fence an' run over the colt, an' spilled Mr. an' Mrs. Jilkins an' the horse all out. The horse fell down an' Mrs. Jilkins could n't get up, an' the man in the cap wanted to settle fer five hundred dollars right on the spot. Then they went to work an' got the tool-box, an' got the horse up, an' he seemed to be all right, only pretty badly marred; an' they backed the automobile out o' the fence an' give Mrs. Jilkins a drink out o' their bottle, an' tucked her up warm in the seat, an' then set to work on the democrat. They was gettin' everythin' all straightened out neat 's a pin when, all of a sudden, Mrs. Jilkins give a yell, an' they looked up to see the automobile kitin' off up the hill, an' her screamin' an' wavin' her hands; an' the next thing they see, she went over the top o' the hill an' out o' sight."

Miss Clegg stopped; Mrs. Lathrop drew in her breath.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, seems to me I never hear nothin' to equal that in all my born days. Mrs. Jilkins off in a' automobile alone! An' the man in the cap see it jus' 's I did, f'r he wanted to settle f'r a thousand, spot cash, then an' there. But Mr. Jilkins would n't settle; there 's no denyin' Mr. Jilkins saw what a good thing he 'd got when his wife went off in that automobile; so then the man in the cap hustled in town, got a bicycle, an' scurried after her 's fast 's he could paddle."

"Did they find— ?" inquired Mrs. Lathrop.

"Not when I come home they had n't. The man in goggles had took Mr. Jilkins to the hotel fer dinner, an' Mr. Jilkins was tickled to death, f'r he never eat in a hotel in his life before. If he goes off, he always gets back or else takes a lunch."

"Are you goin' ?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"Yes; I 'm goin' down-town again. I 'm goin' right now. I want to know the end 's

Mrs. Jilkins made. An' there 's lots o' people 's ain't had no chance yet to ask me if it 's true about you an' the deacon."

"When 's he a-com—?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"On the five-o'clock; an' he said 's he sh'u'd come straight up here to settle it all. I s'pose you 've turned the subjeck round an' round an' upside down till you 've come out jus' where I said you would at first."

"I guess I 'll take—"

"I would 'f I was you. Mr. Kimball says Deacon White 's as good help 's any woman can hope to get hold o' in a place this size, an' I guess he 's hit that nail square on top. I don't see but what, when all 's said an' done, you can really take a deal o' comfort havin' him so handy. He likes to keep things clean, an' you 'll never let him get a chance to go to Satan empty-handed. An' we can always send him to bed when we want to talk, 'cause bein' 's he 'll be your husband, we won't never have to fuss with considerin' his feelin's any."

"I—" said Mrs. Lathrop, thoughtfully.

"O' course there would n't be nothin' very romantic in marryin' the deacon; an' yet, when you come right square down to it, I don't see no good an' sufficient reasons f'r long hair bein' romantic an' big ears not. Anyway, I sh'u'd consider 't a man 's can clean a sink, an' *will* clean a sink, was a sight safer to marry 'n one 's whose big hit was standin' up the ends o' his mustache. An' besides, you can have the man with the sink, an' the man with the mustache would n't even turn round to look at you the first time."

"I—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Romance is a nice thing in its place. I 've had my own romances,—four on 'em,—an' not many women can say that an' still be unmarried, I guess. I 've lived an' I 've loved, as the books say; an' I 've survived, as I say myself; an' you can believe me or not, jus' as you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I ain't got no feelin' toward you this night but pity. I would n't be you if I could—not now an' not never. I 'd really liefer be the deacon, an' Heaven knows 't he 's got little enough to look forward to hereafter."

"I—" expostulated Mrs. Lathrop.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, if you keep me here much longer, I sha'n't get down-town this afternoon; an' when you think how near Mrs. Jilkins 's comin' to bein' related to you, it certainly will look very strange to the community."

As she spoke, Miss Clegg rapidly prepared herself for the street, and with the last words she went toward the door.

"If the deacon gets here afore I come back," she said, pausing with her hand on the knob, "you 'd better say 's what he told me yesterday in confidence an' what I told him in consequence is still a secret; it 'll be pleasanter f'r you both so."

"I—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Good-by," said Susan.

Mrs. Lathrop slept some that afternoon and rocked more. She experienced no very marked flutterings in the region of her heart; indeed, she was astonished herself at the calmness of her sensations.

The deacon had not come when Susan returned. Susan looked somewhat puzzled.

"Anybody been here since me?" she inquired, not facing her friend, but examining the stovepipe with interest.

"No; no—"

"Mrs. Jilkins is all safe," she said next.

"I 'm so—"

"That automobile run 'way past Cherry Pond, an' their hired man see her ridin' by an' made after her on a mule. The gasolene give out before the mule did, so he hauled her home, an' the man in the cap come an' took the automobile back to town."

"So it 's all—"

"They all landed over at the drug-store an' got in an' started out fresh. Mr. Jilkins settled f'r the five hundred, an' they went off feelin' real friendly. They run out across the square, an' then—" Susan hesitated. "You got a shock yesterday," she said, still not looking at her friend, but speaking sympathetically, "an' it seems too bad to give you another to-day; but you 'll have to know—"

"Heaven pro—" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"They run over the deacon comin' out o' the station. They did n't see him, an' he did n't see them. He ain't dead."

Mrs. Lathrop was silent.

"Mrs. Allen took him home. Of course that means Polly 'll get him in the end."

Mrs. Lathrop was silent for a long time. Finally she said very deliberately:

"Maybe it 's just as—"

"It 's better," said her friend, with decision; "f'r the man settled with the deacon f'r fifteen hundred."

ROSE O' THE RIVER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

VII

THE LUCK OF ALCESTIS

IT proved a lively afternoon. In the first place, one of the younger drivers slipped into the water between two logs, part of a lot chained together waiting to be let out of the boom. The weight of the mass higher up, and the force of the current, wedged him in rather tightly, and when he had been "pried" out he declared that he felt like an apple after it had been squeezed in the cider-mill; so he drove home, and Rufus Waterman took his place.

Two hours' hard work followed this incident, and at the end of that time the "bung" that reached from the shore to Waterman's Ledge (the rock where Pretty Quick met his fate) was broken up, and the logs that composed it were started down-river. There remained now only the great side-jam at Gray Rock. That had been allowed to grow, gathering logs as they drifted past, thus making higher water and a stronger current on the other side of the rock, and allowing an easier passage for the logs at that point.

All was excitement now, for, this particular piece of work accomplished, the boom above the falls would be "turned out" and the river would once more be clear and clean at the Edgewood bridge.

Small boys, perching on the rocks with their heels hanging, hands and mouths full of red Astrakhan apples, cheered their favorites to the echo, while the drivers shouted to one another and watched the signs and signals of the boss, who could communicate with them only in that way, so great was the roar of the water.

The jam refused to yield to ordinary measures. It was a difficult problem, for the rocky river-bed held many a snare and pitfall. There was a certain ledge under the water, so artfully placed that every log striking under its projecting edges would wedge itself firmly there, attracting others by its evil example.

"That galoot-boss ought to hev shoved his crew down to that jam this mornin'," grumbled Old Kennebec to Alcestis Crambry, who was always his most loyal and attentive listener. "But he would n't take no advice, not if Pharaoh nor Boaz nor Herod nor Nicodemus come right out o' the Bible an' give it to him. The logs air con*trar*y to-day. Sometimes they 'll go along as easy as an old shoe, an' other times they 'll do nothin' but *bung*, *bung*, *bung!* There 's a log nestlin' down in the middle o' that jam that I 've be'n watchin' for a week. It 's a cur'ous one, to begin with; an' then it has a mark on it that you can reco'nize it by. Well, sir, I seen it fust at Milliken's Mills a-Monday. It was in trouble then, an' it 's be'n in trouble ever sence. That 's allers the way; there 'll be one pesky, crooked, con*trar*y, consarnèd log that can't go anywheres without gittin' into difficulties. You can yank it out an' set it afloat, an' before you hardly git your doggin'-iron off of it, it 'll be snarled up ag'in in some new place. From the time it 's chopped down to the day it gets to Saco, it costs the comp'ny 'bout ten times its pesky valler as lumber. Now they 've sent down to Benson's for a team of horses,

an' I bate ye they can't git 'em. I wish I was the boss on this river, Alcestis."

"I wish I was," echoed the boy.

The surmise about the horses, unlike most of Old Kennebec's, proved to be true. Benson's pair had gone to Portland with a load of hay; accordingly the tackle was brought, the rope was adjusted to a log, and five of the drivers, standing on the river-bank, attempted to drag it from its intrenched position. It refused to yield the fraction of an inch. Rufus and Stephen joined the five men, and the augmented crew of seven were putting all their strength on the rope when a cry went up from the watchers on the bridge. The "dog" had loosened suddenly, and the men were flung violently to the ground. For a second they were stunned both by the surprise and by the shock of the blow, but in the same moment the cry of the crowd swelled louder. Alcestis Crambry had stolen, all unnoticed, to the rope, and had attempted to use his feeble powers for the common good. When the blow came he fell backward, and, making no effort to control the situation, slid over the bank and into the water.

The other Crambrys, not realizing the danger, laughed audibly, but there was no jeering from the bridge.

Stephen had seen Alcestis slip, and in the fraction of a moment had taken off his boots and was coasting down the slippery rocks behind him; in a twinkling he was in the water, almost as soon as the boy himself.

"Dog-goned idjut!" exclaimed Old Kennebec, tearfully. "Wuth the hull fool-family! If I hed n't 'a' be'n so old I 'd 'a' jumped in myself, for you can't drownd a Wiley, not without you tie nail-kags to their head an' feet an' drop 'em in the falls."

Alcestis, who had neither brains, courage, nor experience, had, better still, the luck that follows the witless. He was carried swiftly down the current; but, only fifty feet away, a long slender log, wedged between two low rocks on the shore, jutted out over the water, almost touching its surface. The boy's clothes were admirably adapted to the situation, being full of enormous rents. In some way the end of the log caught in the rags of Alcestis's coat and held him just seconds enough to enable Stephen to swim to him, to seize him by the nape of the neck, to lift him on the log, and thence to the shore. It was a particularly bad place for a landing, and there was nothing to do but to lower ropes and drag the drenched men to the high ground above.

Alcestis came to his senses in ten or fifteen minutes, and seemed as bright as usual, with a kind of added swagger at being the central figure in a dramatic situation.

"I wonder you hed n't stove your brains out, when you fust landed so turrible sudden on that rock at the foot of the bank," said Mr. Wiley to him.

"I should, but I took good care to light on my head," responded Alcestis: a cryptic remark which so puzzled Old Kennebec that he mused over it for some hours.

VIII

HEARTS AND OTHER HEARTS

STEPHEN had brought a change of clothes, as he had a habit of being ducked once at least during the day; and since there was a halt in the proceedings and no need of his services for an hour or two, he found Rose and walked with her to a secluded spot where they could watch the logs and not be seen by the people.

"You frightened everybody almost to death, jumping into the river," chided Rose.

Stephen laughed. "They thought I was a fool to save a fool, I suppose."

"Perhaps not as bad as that; but it did seem reckless."

"I know; and the boy, no doubt, would be better off dead: but so should I be, if I could have let him die."

Rose regarded this strange point of view for a moment, and then silently acquiesced in it. She was constantly doing this, and she often felt that her mental horizon broadened in the act; but she could not be sure that Stephen grew any dearer to her because of his moral altitudes.

"Besides," Stephen argued, "I happened to be nearest to the river, and it was my job."

"How do you always happen to be nearest to the people in trouble, and why is it always your 'job'?"

"If there are any rewards for good conduct being distributed, I 'm right in line with my hand stretched out," Stephen replied, with meaning in his voice.

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"IN A TWINKLING HE WAS IN THE WATER"

Rose blushed, and led the way to a bench under a sycamore-tree that overhung the water.

She had almost convinced herself that she was as much in love with Stephen Waterman as it was in her nature to be with anybody. He was handsome in his big way, kind, generous, temperate, well educated, and well-to-do. No fault could be found with his ancestry, for his mother had been a teacher, and his father, though a farmer, a college graduate. Stephen himself had had one year at Bowdoin, but had been recalled, as the head of the family, when his father died. That was a severe blow; but his mother's death, three years after, was a grief never to be quite forgotten. Rose, too, was the child of a gently bred mother, and all her instincts were refined. Yes; Stephen in himself satisfied her in all the larger wants of her nature, but she had an unsatisfied hunger for the world—the world of Portland, where her cousins lived; or, better still, the world of Boston, of which she heard through Mrs. Wealthy Brooks, whose nephew Claude often came to visit her in Edgewood. Life on a farm a mile and a half distant from post-office and stores; life in the house with Rufus, who was rumored to be somewhat wild and unsteady—this prospect seemed a trifle dull and uneventful to the trivial part of her, but to the better part it was enough. The better part of her loved Stephen Waterman, dimly feeling the richness of his nature, the tenderness of his affection, the strength of his character. Rose was not destitute either of imagination or sentiment. She did not relish this constant weighing of Stephen in the balance: he was too good to be weighed and considered. She longed to be carried out of herself on a wave of rapturous assent, but something seemed to hold her back—some seed of discontent with the man's environment and circumstances, some germ of longing for a gayer, brighter, more varied life. No amount of self-searching or argument could change the situation. She always loved Stephen more or less: more when he was away from her, because she never approved his collars or the set of his shirt bosom; and as he naturally wore these despised articles of apparel whenever he proposed to her, she was always lukewarm about marrying him and settling down on the River Farm. Still, to-day she discovered in herself, with positive gratitude, a warmer feeling for him than she had experienced before. He wore a new and becoming gray flannel shirt, with the soft turnover collar that

belonged to it, and a blue tie, the color of his kind eyes. She knew that he had shaved his beard at her request not long ago, and that when she did not like the effect as much as she had hoped, he had meekly grown a mustache for her sake: it did seem as if a man could hardly do more to please an exacting lady-love.

And she had admired him unreservedly when he pulled off his boots and jumped into the river to save Alcestis Crambry's life, without giving a single thought to his own.

And was there ever, after all, such a noble, devoted, unselfish fellow, or a better brother? And would she not despise herself for rejecting him simply because he was a countryman, and because she longed to see the world of the fashion-plates in the magazines?

"The logs are so like people!" she exclaimed, as they sat down. "I could name nearly every one of them for somebody in the village. Look at Mite Shapley, that dancing little one, slipping over the falls and skimming along the top of the water, keeping out of all the deep places and never once touching the rocks."

Stephen fell into her mood. "There 's Deacon Anderson coming down crosswise and bumping everything in reach."

"And that stout, clumsy one is Short Dennett. What are you doing, Stephen?"

"Only building a fence round this clump of harebells," Stephen replied. "They 've just got well rooted, and if the boys come skidding down the bank with their spiked shoes, the frail little things will never hold up their heads again. Now they 're safe. Oh, look, Rose! There come the minister and his wife!"

A portly couple of peeled logs, exactly matched in size, came ponderously over the falls together, rose within a second of each other, joined again, and swept under the bridge side by side.

"And—oh! oh!—Dr. and Mrs. Cram just after them! Is n't that funny?" laughed Rose, as a very long, slender pair of pines swam down, as close to each other as if they had been glued in that position.

Several single logs followed—crooked ones, stolid ones, adventurous ones, feeble swimmers, deep divers. Some of them tried to start a small jam on their own account;

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"'ROSE, I 'LL TAKE YOU SAFELY DOWN-RIVER'"

others stranded themselves as Rose and Stephen watched them.

"There never was anything so like people," Rose repeated, leaning forward excitedly. "And, upon my word, the minister and doctor couples are still together. I wonder if they 'll get as far as the falls at Union? That would be an odd place to part, would n't it—Union?"

Stephen saw his opportunity and seized it.

"There 's a reason, Rose, why two logs go down-stream better than one, and get into less trouble. They make a wider path, create more force and a better current. It 's the same way with men and women. Oh, Rose, there is n't a man in the world that 's loved you as long, or knows how to love you any better than I do. You 're just like a delicate birch sapling and I 'm a great clumsy fir-tree; but if you 'll only trust yourself to me, Rose, I 'll take you safely down-river."

Stephen's big hand closed on Rose's little one; she returned its pressure softly and gave him the kiss that with her, as with him, meant a promise for all the years to come. The truth and passion in the man had broken the girl's bonds for the moment. Her vision was clearer, and, realizing the treasures of love and fidelity that were being offered her, she accepted them, half unconscious that she was not returning them in kind. How is the belle of two villages to learn that she should "thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love"?

And Stephen? He went home in the dusk, not knowing whether his feet were touching the solid earth or whether he was treading upon rainbows.

Rose's pink calico seemed to brush him as he walked in the path that was wide enough only for one. His solitude was peopled again when he fed the cattle, for Rose's face smiled at him from the hay-mow; and when he strained the milk, Rose held the pans.

His nightly tasks over, he went out and took his favorite seat under the apple-tree. All was still save for the crickets' ceaseless chirp, the soft thud of an August sweeting dropping in the grass, and the *swish-swash* of the water against his boat, tethered in the Willow Cove.

Heaven was full of silent stars, and there was a moonglade on the water that stretched almost from him to Rose. His heart embarked on that golden pathway and sailed on it to the farther shore. The river was free of logs, and under the light of the moon it shone like a silver mirror. The soft wind among the fir branches breathed Rose's name; the river, rippling against the shore, sang, "Rose"; and as Stephen sat there dreaming of the future, his dreams, too, could have been voiced in one word, and that word "Rose."

IX

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

THE autumn days flew past like shuttles in a loom. The river reflected the yellow foliage of the white birch and the scarlet of the maples. The wayside was bright with goldenrod, with the red tassels of the sumac, with the purple frost-flower and feathery clematis.

If Rose was not as happy as Stephen, she was quietly content, and felt that she had more to be grateful for than most girls, for Stephen surprised her first with one evidence and then with another of thoughtful generosity. In his heart of hearts he felt that Rose was not wholly his, that she reserved, withheld something; and it was the subjugation of this rebellious province that he sought. He and Rose had agreed to wait a year for their marriage, in which time Rose's cousin would finish school and be ready to live with the Wileys; meanwhile Stephen had learned that his maiden aunt would be glad to come and keep house for Rufus. The work at the River Farm was too hard for a girl, so he persuaded himself, and the house was so far from the village that Rose was sure to be lonely. He owned a couple of acres between his place and the Edgewood bridge, and here, one afternoon only a month after their engagement, he took Rose to see the foundations of a little house he was building for her. It was to be only a story-and-a-half cottage of six small rooms, the two upper chambers to be finished off later on. Stephen had placed it well back from the road, leaving space in front for what was to be a most wonderful arrangement of flower-beds, yet keeping a strip at the back, on the river-brink, for a small vegetable-garden. There had been a house there years before—so many years that the blackened ruins were entirely overgrown; but a few elms and an old apple-orchard

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FATE OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING

remained to shade the new dwelling and give welcome to the coming inmates.

Stephen had fifteen hundred dollars in bank, he could turn his hand to almost anything, and his love was so deep that Rose's plumb-line had never sounded bottom; accordingly he was able, with the help of two steady workers, to have the roof on before the first of November. The weather was clear and fine, and by Thanksgiving clapboards, shingles, two coats of brown paint, and even the blinds had all been added. This exhibition of reckless energy on Stephen's part did not wholly commend itself to the neighborhood.

"Steve 's too turrible spry," said Rose's grandfather; "he 'll trip himself up some o' these times."

"*You* never will," remarked his better half, sagely.

"The resks in life come along fast enough, without runnin' to meet 'em," continued the old man. "There 's good dough in Rose, but it ain't more 'n half riz. Let somebody come along an' drop in a little more yeast, or set the dish a little mite nearer the stove, an' you 'll see what 'll happen."

"Steve 's kept house for himself these two years, an' I guess he knows more about bread-makin' than you do."

"There don't nobody know more 'n I do about nothin', when my pipe 's drawin' real good an' nobody 's thornin' me to go to work," replied Mr. Wiley; "but nobody 's willin' to take the advice of a man that 's seen the world an' lived in large places, an' the risin' generation is in a turrible hurry. I don' know how 't is: young folks air allers settin' the clock forrard an' the old ones puttin' it back."

In the minds of the community at large Stephen's fore-handedness was imprudence, and his desire for neatness and beauty flagrant extravagance. The house itself was a foolish idea, it was thought, but there were extenuating circumstances, for the maiden aunt really needed a home, and Rufus was likely to marry and take his wife to the River Farm.

All winter long Stephen labored on the inside of the little house, mostly by himself. He learned all trades in succession, Love being his only master. He had many odd days to spare from his farm work, and if he had not found days he would have taken nights. Scarcely a nail was driven without Rose's advice; and when the plastering was hard and dry, the wall-papers were the result of weeks of consultation.

Among the quiet joys of life there is probably no other so deep, so sweet, so full of trembling hope and delight, as the building and making of a home—a home where two lives are to be merged in one and flow on together, a home full of mysterious and delicious possibilities, hidden in a future which is always rose-colored.

Rose's sweet little nature broadened under Stephen's influence; but she had her moments of discontent and unrest, always followed quickly by remorse.

At the Thanksgiving sociable some one had observed her turquoise engagement ring—some one who said that such a hand was worthy of a diamond, that turquoises were a pretty color, but that there was only one stone for an engagement ring, and that was a diamond. At the Christmas dance the same some one had said her waltzing would make her "all the rage" in Boston. She wondered if it were true, and wondered whether, if she had not promised to marry Stephen, some splendid being from a city would have descended from his heights, bearing diamonds in his hand. Not that she would have accepted them; she only wondered. These disloyal thoughts came seldom, and she put them resolutely away, devoting herself with all the greater assiduity to her muslin curtains and ruffled pillow-shams. Stephen, too, had his momentary pangs. There were times when he could calm his doubts only by working on the little house. The mere sight of the beloved floors and walls and ceilings comforted his heart and brought him good cheer.

So at length April came, and, the Saco being swollen with freshets, the boys were waiting at Limington Falls for the "Ossipee drive" to begin. Stephen joined them there, for he was restless and the river called him, as it did every spring. Each stubborn log that he encountered gave him new courage and power of overcoming. The rush of the water, the noise and roar and dash, the exposure and danger, all made the blood run in his veins like new wine. When he came back to the farm all the cobwebs had been blown from his brain, and his first interview with Rose was so intoxicating that he went straight into Portland and bought, in a kind of secret

penitence for his former fears, a pale pink-flowered wall-paper for the bedroom in the new home. It had once been voted down by the entire advisory committee. Mrs. Wiley said pink was foolish and was always sure to fade; and the border, being a mass of solid roses, was five cents a yard, virtually a prohibitive price. Mr. Wiley said he "should hate to hev a spell of sickness an' lay abed in a room where there was things growin' all over the place." He thought "rough-plastered walls, where you could lay an' count the spots where the roof leaked, was the most entertainin' in sickness." Rose had longed for the lovely paper, but had sided dutifully with the prudent majority, so that it was with a feeling of unauthorized and illegitimate joy that Stephen papered the room at night, a few strips at a time.

On the third evening, when he had removed all signs of his work, he lighted two kerosene-lamps and two candles, finding the effect, under this illumination, almost too brilliant and beautiful for belief. Rose should never see it now, he determined, until the furniture was in place. They had already chosen the kitchen and bedroom things, though they would not be needed for some months; but the rest was to wait until summer, when there would be the hay-money to spend.

Stephen did not go back to the River Farm till one o'clock that night; the pink bedroom held him in fetters too powerful to break. It looked like the garden of Eden, he thought. To be sure, it was only fifteen feet square; Eden might have been a little larger, possibly, but otherwise the pink bedroom had every advantage. The pattern of roses growing on a trellis was prettier than any flower-bed in June; and the border—well, if the border had been five dollars a foot Stephen would not have grudged the money when he saw the twenty running yards of rosy bloom rioting under the white ceiling.

Before he blew out the last lamp he raised it high above his head and took one fond, final look. "It 's the only place I ever saw," he thought, "that is dainty enough for her. She will look just as if she was growing here with all the other flowers, and I shall always think of it as the garden of Eden. I wonder, if I got the license and the ring and took her by surprise, whether she 'd be married in June instead of August? I could be all ready."

At this moment Stephen perhaps touched the summit of lover's happiness; and it is a curious coincidence that as he was dreaming in his garden of Eden, the serpent, having arrived at Edgewood on the five-o'clock train, was sleeping peacefully at the house of Mrs. Wealthy Ann Brooks.

It was the serpent's third visit that season, and this time he had brought a trunk. He explained to inquiring friends at the station that his former employer had sold the business, and that the new management, while reorganizing, had determined to enlarge the premises; so that the three clerks who had been retained would have two weeks' vacation with half pay.

It is extraordinary how frequently "wise serpents" are retained by the management on half, or even full, salary, while the services of the "harmless doves" are dispensed with, and they are set free to flutter where they will.

X

THE SERPENT

Rose Wiley had the brightest eyes in Edgewood. It was impossible to look at her without realizing that her physical sight was perfect. What mysterious species of blindness is it that descends, now and then, upon human creatures, and renders them incapable of judgment or discrimination?

Claude Merrill was a glove salesman in a Boston fancy-goods store. The calling itself is undoubtedly respectable, and it is quite conceivable that a man can sell gloves and be a man; but Claude Merrill was a manikin. He inhabited a very narrow space behind a very short counter, but to him it seemed the earth and the fullness thereof.

When, irreproachably neat and even exquisite in dress, he gave a Napoleonic glance at his army of glove-boxes to see if the female assistant had put them in proper order for the day; when, with that wonderful eye for detail that had wafted him to his present height of power, he pounced upon the powder-sprinklers and found them, as he expected, empty; when, with masterly judgment, he had made up and ticketed a basket of misfits and odd sizes to attract the eyes of women who were their human counterparts, he felt himself

bursting with the pride and pomp of circumstance. His cambric handkerchief adjusted in his coat with the monogram corner well displayed, a last touch to the carefully trained lock on his forehead, and he was ready for his customers.

"Six, did you say, miss? I should have thought five and three quarters— Attend to that gentleman, Miss Dix, please; I am very busy."

"Six-and-a-half gray suède? Here they are, an elegant shade. Shall I try them on? The right hand, if you will. Perhaps you 'd better remove your elegant ring; I should n't like to have anything catch in the setting."

"Miss Dix! Six-and-a-half black glacé —upper shelf, third box—for this lady. She 's in a hurry. We shall see you often after this, I hope, madam."

"No; we don't keep silk or lisle gloves. We have no call for them; our customers prefer kid."

Oh, but he was in his element, was Claude Merrill; though the glamour that surrounded him in the minds of the Edgewood girls did not emanate wholly from his finicky little person: something of it was the glamour that belonged to Boston; remote, fashionable, gay, rich, almost inaccessible Boston, which none could see without the expenditure of five or six dollars in railway fare, with the added extravagance of a night in a hotel if one would explore it thoroughly.

When Claude came to Edgewood for a Sunday, or to spend a vacation with his aunt, he brought with him something of the magic of a metropolis. Suddenly, to Rose's eye, Stephen looked larger and clumsier; his boots were not the proper sort, his clothes were ordinary, his neckties were years behind the fashion. Stephen's dancing, compared with Claude's, was as the deliberate motion of an ox to the hopping of a neat little robin. When Claude took a girl's hand in the "grand right-and-left" it was as if he were about to try on a delicate glove; the manner in which he "held his lady" in the polka or schottische made her seem a queen. Mite Shapley was so affected by it that when Rufus attempted to encircle her for the mazurka she exclaimed: "Don't act as if you were spearing logs, Rufus!"

Of the two men, Stephen had more to say, but Claude said more. He was thought brilliant in conversation; but what wonder? Consider his advantages and his dazzling experiences! He had customers who were worth their thousands; ladies whose fingers never touched dish-water; ladies who would n't buy a glove of anybody else if they went barehanded to the grave. He lived with his sister Maude Arthurlena in a house where there were twenty-two other boarders, who could be seated at meals all at the same time, so immense was the dining-room. He ate his noon dinner at a restaurant daily, and expended twenty-five cents for it without blenching. He went to the theater once a week, and was often accompanied by "lady friends" who were "elegant dressers."

In a moment of wrath Stephen had called him a "counter-jumper," but it was a libel. So short and rough a means of exit from his place of power was wholly beneath Claude's dignity. It was with a "Pardon me, Miss Dix," that, the noon hour having arrived, he squeezed by that slave and victim, and raising the hinged board that separated his kingdom from that of the ribbon department, he passed out of the store, hat in hand, serene in the consciousness that though other clerks might nibble luncheon from a brown paper bag, he would speedily be indulging in an expensive dinner; and Miss Dix knew it, and it was a part of his almost invincible attraction for her.

It seemed flying in the face of Providence to decline the attentions of such a gorgeous butterfly of fashion simply because one was engaged to marry another man at some distant day.

All Edgewood femininity united in saying that there never was such a perfect gentleman as Claude Merrill; and during the time when his popularity was at its height Rose lost sight of the fact that Stephen could have furnished the stuff for a dozen Claudes and have had enough left for an ordinary man besides.

April gave place to May, and a veil hung between the lovers—an intangible, gossamer-like thing, not to be seen with the naked eye, but, oh! so plainly to be felt. Rose hid herself thankfully behind it, while Stephen had not courage to lift a corner. She had twice been seen driving with Claude Merrill—that Stephen knew; but she had explained that there were errands to be done, that her grandfather had taken

the horse, and that Mr. Merrill's escort had been both opportune and convenient for these practical reasons. Claude was everywhere present, the life of every gathering, the observed of all observers. He was irresistible, contagious, almost epidemic. Rose was now gay, now silent; now affectionate, now distant, now coquettish; in fine, everything that was capricious, mysterious, agitating, incomprehensible.

One morning Alcestis Crambry went to the post-office for Stephen and brought him back the newspapers and letters. He had hung about the River Farm so much that Stephen finally gave him bed and food in exchange for numberless small errands. Rufus was temporarily confined in a dark room with some strange pain and trouble in his eyes, and Alcestis proved of use in many ways. He had always been Rose's slave, and had often brought messages and notes from the Brier Neighborhood, so that when Stephen saw a folded note among the papers his heart gave a throb of anticipation.

The note was brief, and when he had glanced through it he said: "This is not mine, Alcestis; it belongs to Miss Rose. Go straight back and give it to her, as you were told; and another time keep your wits about you, or I 'll send you back to Killick."

Alcestis Crambry's ideas on all subjects were extremely vague. Claude Merrill had given him a letter for Rose, but his notion was that anything that belonged to her belonged to Stephen, and the Waterman place was much nearer than the Wileys', particularly at dinner-time.

When the boy had slouched away, Stephen sat under the apple-tree, now a mass of snowy bloom, and buried his face in his hands.

It was not precisely a love-letter that he had read, nevertheless it blackened the light of the sun for him. Claude asked Rose to meet him anywhere on the road to the station and to take a little walk, as he was leaving that afternoon and could not bear to say good-by to her in the presence of her grandmother. "*Under the circumstances*," he wrote, deeply underlining the words, "I cannot remain a moment longer in Edgewood, where I have been so happy and so miserable!" He did not refer to the fact that the time limit on his return-ticket expired that day, for his instinct told him that such sordid matters have no place in heroics.

Stephen sat motionless under the tree for hours, deciding on some plan of action.

He had work at the little house, but he did not dare go there lest he should see the face of dead Love looking from the windows of the pink bedroom; dead Love, cold, sad, merciless. His cheeks burned as he thought of the marriage license and the gold ring hidden away up-stairs. What a romantic fool he had been, to think he could hasten the glad day by a single moment! What a piece of boyish folly it had been, and how it shamed him in his own eyes!

When train-time drew near he took his boat and paddled down-river. If, for the Finland lover's reindeer, there was but one path in all the world, and that the one that led to Her, so it was for Stephen's canoe, which, had it been set free on the river by day or by night, might have floated straight to Rose.

He landed at the usual place, a bit of sandy shore near the Wiley house, and walked drearily up the bank through the woods. Under the shade of the pines the white stars of the hepatica glistened and the pale anemones were coming into bloom. Partridge-berries glowed red under their glossy leaves, and clumps of violets sweetened the air. Squirrels chattered, woodpeckers tapped, thrushes sang; but Stephen was blind and deaf to all the sweet harbingers of spring.

Just then he heard voices, realizing with a throb of delight that, at any rate, Rose had not left home to meet Claude, as he had asked her to do. Looking through the branches, he saw the two standing together, Mrs. Brooks's horse, with the offensive trunk in the back of the wagon, being hitched to a tree near by. There was nothing in the tableau to stir Stephen to sudden fury, but he read between the lines and suffered as he read—suffered and determined to sacrifice himself if he must, so that Rose could have what she wanted, this miserable apology for a man.

Claude was talking and gesticulating ardently. Rose's head was bent and the tears were rolling down her cheeks. Suddenly Claude raised his hat, and with a passionate gesture of renunciation walked swiftly to the wagon, and looking back once, drove off with the utmost speed of

which Brooks's horse was capable, Rose waving him a farewell with one hand and wiping her eyes with the other.

XI

THE TURQUOISE RING

STEPHEN stood absolutely still in front of the opening in the trees, and as Rose turned she met him face to face. She had never dreamed his eyes could be so stern, his mouth so hard, and she gave a sob like a child.

"You seem to be suffering," Stephen said in a voice so cold she thought it could not be his.

"I am not suffering, exactly," Rose stammered, concealing her discomfiture as well as possible. "I am a little unhappy because I have made some one else unhappy; and now that you know it, you will be unhappy too, and angry besides, I suppose, though you 've seen everything there was to see."

"There is no occasion for any sorrow," Stephen said. "I did n't mean to break in on any interview; I came over to give you back your freedom. If you ever cared enough for me to marry me, the time has gone by. I am willing to own that I overpersuaded you, but I am not the man to take a girl against her inclinations; so we will say good-by and end the thing here and now. I can only wish"—here his smothered rage at fate almost choked him —"that, when you were selecting another husband, you had chosen a whole man!"

Rose quivered with the scorn of his tone. "Size is n't everything!" she blazed.

"Not in bodies, perhaps; but it counts for something in hearts and brains, and it is convenient to have a sense of honor that 's at least as big as a grain of mustard-seed."

"Claude Merrill is not dishonorable," Rose exclaimed impetuously; "or at least he is n't as bad as you think: he has never asked me to marry him."

"Then he probably was not quite ready," retorted Stephen, bitterly; "but don't let us have words: there 'll be enough to regret without adding those. I have seen, ever since New Year's, that you were not really happy or contented; only I would n't allow it to myself: I kept hoping against hope that I was mistaken. There have been times when I would have married you, willing or unwilling, but I did n't love you so well then; and now that there 's another man in the case, it 's different, and I 'm strong enough to do the right thing. Follow your heart and be happy; in a year or two I shall be glad I had the pluck to tell you so. Good-by, Rose!"

Rose, pale with amazement, summoned all her pride, and drawing the little turquoise engagement ring from her finger, handed it silently to Stephen, hiding her face as he flung it vehemently down the river-bank. His dull eyes followed it and half uncomprehendingly saw it settle and glisten in a nest of brown pine-needles. Then he put out his hand for a last clasp and strode away without a word.

Presently Rose heard first the scrape of his boat on the sand, then the soft sound of his paddles against the water, then nothing but the squirrels and the woodpeckers and the thrushes, then not even these—nothing but the beating of her own heart.

She sat down heavily, feeling as if she were wide awake for the first time in many weeks. How had things come to this pass with her?

Claude Merrill had flattered her vanity and given her some moments of restlessness and dissatisfaction; but he had not until to-day touched her heart or tempted her, even momentarily, from her allegiance to Stephen. His eyes had looked unspeakable things; his voice had breathed feelings that he had never dared put in words; but to-day he had really stirred her, for although he had still been vague, it was easy to see that his love for her had passed all bounds of discretion. She remembered his impassioned farewells, his despair, his doubt as to whether he could forget her by plunging into the vortex of business, or whether he had better end it all in the river, as so many other broken-hearted fellows had done. She had been touched by his misery, even against her better judgment; and she had intended to confess it all to Stephen sometime, telling him that she should never again accept any attention from a stranger, lest a tragedy like this should happen twice in a lifetime.

She had imagined Stephen would be his large-minded, great-hearted, magnanimous self, and beg her to forget this fascinating will-o'-the-wisp by resting in his deeper, serener love. She had meant to be contrite and faithful, praying nightly that poor

Claude might live down his present anguish, of which she had been the innocent cause.

Instead, what had happened? She had been put altogether in the wrong. Stephen had almost cast her off, and that, too, without argument. He had given her her liberty before she had asked for it, taking it for granted, without question, that she desired to be rid of him. Instead of comforting her in her remorse, or sympathizing with her for so nobly refusing to shine in Claude's larger world of Boston, Stephen had assumed that she was disloyal in every particular.

And pray how was she to cope with such a disagreeable and complicated situation?

It would not be long before the gossips rolled under their tongues the delicious morsel of a broken engagement, and sooner or later she must brave the displeasure of her grandmother.

And the little house—that was worse than anything. Her tears flowed faster as she thought of Stephen's joy in it, of his faithful labor, of the savings he had invested in it. She hated and despised herself when she thought of the house, and for the first time in her life she realized the limitations of her nature, the poverty of her ideals.

What should she do? She had lost Stephen and ruined his life. Now, in order that she need not blight a second career, must she contrive to return Claude's love? To be sure, she thought, it seemed indecent to marry any other man than Stephen, when they had built a house together, and chosen wall-papers, and a kitchen stove, and dining-room chairs; but was it not the only way to evade the difficulties?

Suppose that Stephen, in a fit of pique, should ask somebody else to share the little house?

As this dreadful possibility came into view, Rose's sobs actually frightened the birds and the squirrels. She paced back and forth under the trees, wondering how she could have been engaged to a man for eight months and know so little about him as she seemed to know about Stephen Waterman to-day. Who would have believed he could be so autocratic, so severe, so unapproachable? Who could have foreseen that she, Rose Wiley, would ever be given up to another man—handed over as coolly as if she had been a cord of wood? She wanted to love Claude Merrill because it was the only way out of the tangle; but at the moment she almost hated him for making so much trouble, for hurting Stephen, for abasing her in her own eyes, and, above all, for giving Stephen the chance of impersonating an injured emperor.

It did not simplify the situation to have Mite Shapley come in during the evening and run up-stairs, uninvited, to sit on the foot of her bed and chatter.

Rose had closed her blinds and lay in the dark, pleading a headache.

Mite was in high feather. She had met Claude Merrill going to the station that afternoon. He was much too early for the train, which the station agent reported to be behind time, so he had asked her to take a little drive. She did n't know how it happened, for he looked at his watch every now and then; but, anyway, they got to laughing and "carrying on," and when they came back to the station the train had gone. Was n't that the greatest joke of the season? What did Rose suppose they did next?

Rose did n't know and did n't care; her head ached too badly.

Well, they had driven to Wareham, and Claude had hired a livery team there, and was taken into Portland with his trunk, and she had brought Mrs. Brooks's horse back to Edgewood. Was n't that great? And had n't she cut out Rose where she least expected?

Rose was distinctly apathetic, and Mite Shapley departed after a very brief call, leaving behind her an entirely new train of thought.

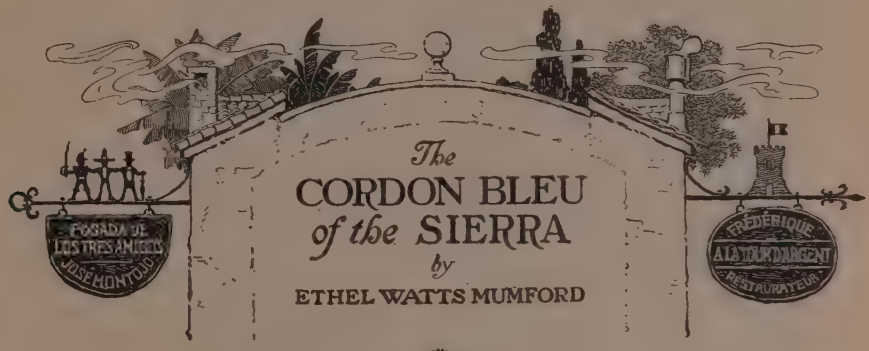
If Claude Merrill were so love-blighted that he could only by the greatest self-control keep from flinging himself into the river, how could he conceal his sufferings so completely from Mite Shapley, little, shallow-pated, scheming coquette?

"So that pretty Merrill feller has gone, has he, mother?" inquired Old Kennebec, that night, as he took off his shoes and warmed his feet at the kitchen oven. "Well, it ain't a mite too soon. I allers distrust that pink-an'-white, rosy-posy kind of a man. One of the most turrible things that ever happened in Gardiner was brought about by jest sech a feller. Mothers hed n't hardly ought to name their boy babies

Claude without they expect 'em to play the dickens with the girls. I don' know who the fust Claude was, but I bate ye he hed a deceivin' tongue. If it hed n't be'n for me, that Claude in Gardiner would 'a' run away with my brother's fust wife; an' I 'll tell ye jest how I contrived to put a spoke in his wheel."

But Mrs. Wiley, being already somewhat familiar with the circumstances, had taken her candle and retired to her virtuous couch.

(To be continued)



THE journey from Barrios to Agua Caliente is, at its best, a test of endurance. At its worst, which is at the close of the rainy season, when the roads are officially declared passable for the mail-coach, it is a twelve hours' torture. It was at the termination of the initial trip of the *diligencia* that I staggered into the "Inn of the Three Friends," utterly worn out. I was battered and bruised from head to foot; my right arm was stiffening rapidly, partly the result of assisting progress by throwing stones at the foremost pair of the six-mule team, partly from the impetus with which I had struck terra firma at our second spill. I was so tired that I really did not care where the affable proprietor bunked the high-born señor, or what his intentions were with regard to food; though the thought of *chile con carne* and frijoles was distinctly distasteful, and iguana steak only mildly alluring. The *posada* was unusually clean. That was heaven, and nothing else mattered.

Señor Montojo, the host, conducted me ceremoniously across the court, through a vociferating crowd of Indians, Spaniards, half-breeds, and Germans, up an elaborately carved staircase to red-flagged galleries, thence to the palatial apartments assigned me. There I flung myself upon a narrow cot, and, stupefied with weariness, stared at the leoparded ceiling. In my eyes there lingered a vision of the marvelous landscape through which we had come, a panorama of awe-inspiring vistas, mammoth trees, plunging waterfalls, and sheer crags. I shivered as I remembered that the jolting, banging stage, caught among ruts and washed-down boulders, might at any moment have been part of the distant scenery, thousands of feet below.

I was roused from my reverie by a tap upon the door. It swung slowly wide, revealing a charming picture—a girl of seventeen, as pretty as Central American girls can be in their very early youth, bearing a tray with bottles and glasses. She smiled shyly.

"From the Señor Montojo," she murmured, setting down the tray on the battered table. "There is much excitement to-night for the opening of communication with the capital. There will be a fandango; but the señor is too weary—no? If he will drink this, he will feel better; and when he

has dined—ah, then—" She kissed her fingers airily toward the window.

My weariness lessened as she talked, and when I had swallowed the fiery liquor she handed me it changed to genial lassitude.

"Señorita," I exclaimed, "my life is saved! I am revived as if I had partaken of the miracle-waters of Santa Ana. Permit me to extend my everlasting gratitude."

She leaned, laughing, against the white-washed wall. She was slim, yet rounded, supple, and slow of movement. In repose her attitudes were singularly picturesque. Heavy wreaths of blue-black hair crowned her head, in which a cheap Amapalan shell-comb, studded with gilt stars, hung at a precarious angle. Her eyes were long, full, and dark, her "lips a thread of scarlet," her smooth skin a curious lavender color from the quantities of rice powder with which she had endeavored, Spanish fashion, to hide its tawny bronze.

"I 'm very glad I came," said I, reflectively.

"Good!" She refilled my glass.

"To your eyes!" I bowed gallantly.

With a toss of her pretty head, she gathered the bottles and glasses upon her gaudy red-and-purple tray, and turned to the door.

"Dinner soon," she said over her shoulder, with a flash of eyes and teeth. "Pierre will be happy to have a foreign gentleman to cook for. It will be an event."

With this enigmatic statement, she left me to digest the *aguardiente* and listen to the band in the square.

I was awakened from a gentle doze by the coming of an Indian servant, who spread the table with a red-and-white cloth and set the cover for the promised meal. He disappeared and, a moment later, returned, bearing a steaming bowl. As a distinguished guest, it was evidently expected that I would dine alone in my room. I took my place, cast a questioning glance at the creamy liquid set before me, and tasted. It was a positive shock, and my gastronomic angel made a large entry in his book of events. Such savor! Such perfume! Such delicate pampering of the palate! What could it mean—that delicious, appetizing after-taste that left the excited esophagus clamoring for more? Could this be the culinary transport of a Central American carne-stewing cook? Never! I tasted again, and with half-closed eyes sat back in my chair. A picture disclosed itself to my inner vision—a picture of the little front room of the "Tour d'Argent" on the quai in Paris, with that magician Frédérique bending above a *pressoir* where the succulent carcasses of freshly carved ducks exuded priceless juices under his knowing hand. So vivid was the impression that when I unclosed my eyelids I felt surprised at my surroundings. Once more I addressed myself to the soup. No, I was *not* mistaken; there lingered the true Frédérique touch—the nameless signature of the great artist. Chicken timbales followed. Those astonished and grateful Israelites of the wilderness, miraculously fed upon manna from heaven, could not have experienced greater wonder and delight than I, or more truly given thanks. Then came a roast—a roast in this land of pans and pots! And a salad—a salad in which the garlic was but a dreamy suspicion of that misused vegetable, and the oil mixed just in the right proportion with the gold and verdant meat of the alligator-pear. To crown all, a *soufflé*,—a *soufflé au confitures*,—a yellow flower as light as a puff of swansdown, a delicate morsel of exquisitely flavored sunset cloud!

"It will be an event," had said the señorita. She was right. It had been an event, and more. But how, in the name of all that was marvelous, could such a feast of the gods appear in Agua Caliente, a little Central American town a hundred miles from the coast, eight thousand feet up in the Sierra, cut off, for six months of the year, from all save difficult mule-back communication with even the spavined, one-horse, tumble-down, dictator-ridden capital? Little, sleepy Agua Caliente, known only to coffee-merchants and tax-gatherers—Agua Caliente, three hundred years behind all the civilized world, and sheltering a chef, a *cordon bleu*, a genius!

"I will investigate at once," I resolved, and stepped out upon the gallery encircling the court. I paused a moment. No one with a sense of color, a single throb of romance, or a corpuscle of adventurous blood, can ever become quite oblivious to the great variety of Central American life. Below, in the lantern-lighted court, a laughing crowd of picturesquely dressed men and women lounged and smoked. From beneath the arcade on the left a stream of

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'DINNER SOON,' SHE SAID, . . . WITH A FLASH OF EYES AND TEETH"

lamplight, a chatter of voices, and a tinkle of glasses indicated the bar. On the right opened the big *sala*, from which the beat and twang of music rang out with savage emphasis. Overhead, in the square of violet sky inclosed by the heavy tiled roof, the great Southern stars burned with a still glory of which the Northern world only dreams.

I lighted my cigarette, and was content for the moment to let my curiosity mellow. The groups in the court dispersed and reformed. The hollow thump of dancing feet upon the inevitable wooden platform added its note to the bell tones of the *merimba* and the warm resonance of guitars. What was that they were playing? The "Marseillaise." I laughed aloud. What a transformation, with its martial fervor transposed to a voluptuous dance movement, through which the merimba thrilled and warbled its graceful arabesques with the rapidity and fire of the Hungarian *czimbalom!* It was both exasperating and laughable—Bellona turned bayadere. "Ah, but it must be a link in the chain of evidence that will lead me to the inspired and doubtless Gallic genius of whom I am in search," thought I.

Gathering the folds of my *poncho* about me, for at that altitude the nights are chill, I made my way to the ground floor, and taking a place on a worn bench by the sala entrance, settled myself and looked within. The room was vast and bare, with sepia shadows crowding the corners. From the ceiling a primitive chandelier depended—a simple disk upon which a dozen candles stood in their own grease. The musicians were in the farther portion of the hall, playing upon a double merimba, two guitars, and an instrument that puzzled me until I perceived it to be a common Italian harp, laid flat upon its back, operated by a musician, who played the strings, and two Indians, who, crouching on their haunches, beat time upon the wide, sonorous base. The total effect was inspiriting.

On the elevated stage a man and woman were performing a *chiléna* with solemn intensity. The lady, whose grave, almost mournful face was half clouded by a black *riboso*, calmly smoked a large cigar, while she waved a beckoning handkerchief at her cavalier, who, in response, threw himself into a frenzy of side steps and snapping fingers.

The changeling "Marseillaise" continued. I chuckled and watched. Presently some one seated himself beside me with an irritated sigh.

"Ah, Dieu de Dieu!"

I turned. The light fell full upon my companion's face—the dark, handsome face of a man of forty, whose white skin and stiff pompadour proclaimed him foreign among this people. I made my guess and addressed him in French.

"Quelle Marseillaise extraordinaire!"

"Ah," cried the man, excitedly—"French! Monsieur speaks French! Your hand! You are—you must be—the celebrated representative of the new Coffee Association who arrived to-night. And you speak French! What happiness! Tell me—do not think me crazy—but have you been in Paris, my beloved Paris, recently? Tell me—it is the same? Not changed?" Tears gathered in his snapping black eyes. "It is ten long, terrible, exiled years since I left it—for this—*mon Dieu*, for this!" He spread wide his hands in a gesture of despair.

"You are," said I—"you must be—the genius who prepared my dinner. Believe me, I have been wondering ever since how a cordon bleu, such as you are, should be here. I should never have believed it possible. You are a master! Ah, to whom do I say it? Does not the artist realize his excellence, feel his inspired power? Never shall I forget the surprise, the delight, of that first spoonful of soup. I closed my eyes and exclaimed, 'Am I not at the Tour d'Argent? Is this not the unsurpassed touch of Frédérique?'"

The man seized me by the shoulders, and, turning me to the light, scrutinized my face, his own contorted with excitement.

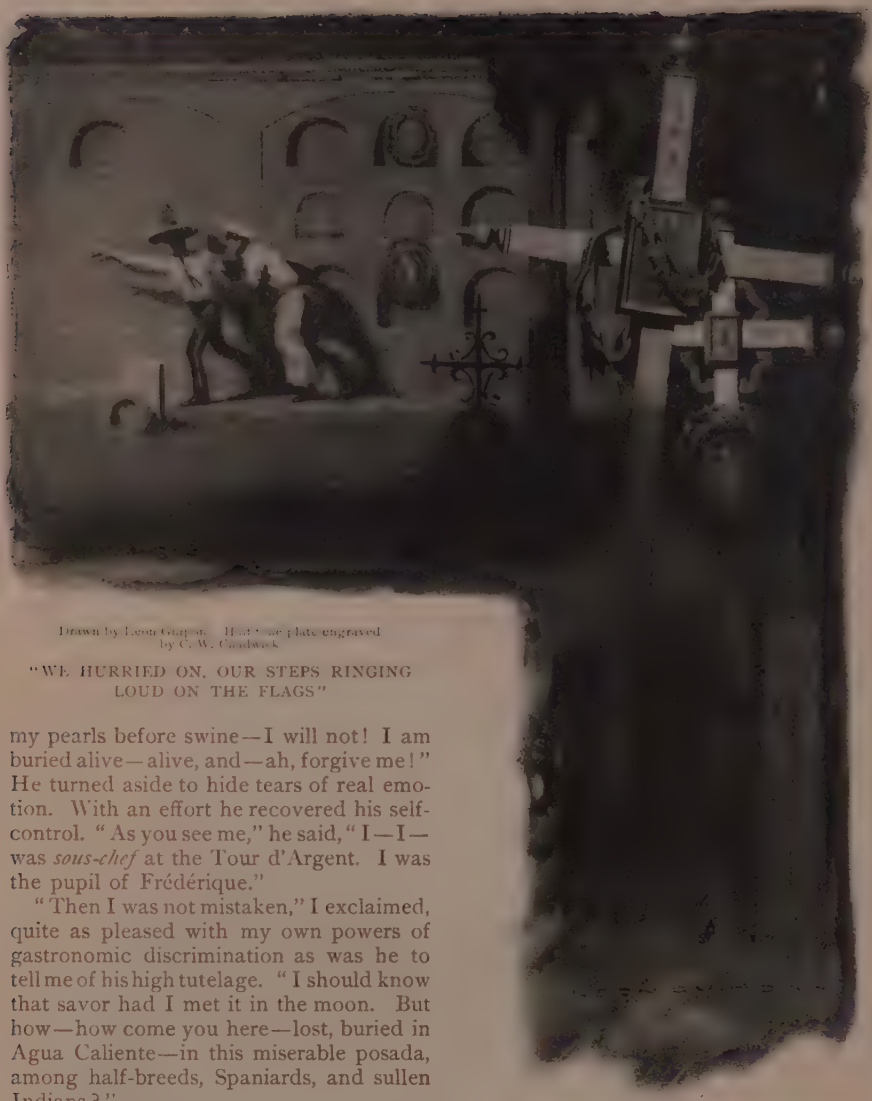
"You guessed it yourself? She did not divulge it to you? Ah, tell me the truth!"

I was bewildered. "No one has told me anything of you; but—you are not Frédérique—how, then?"

He interrupted me by clasping his hands in an ecstasy of delight. "Ah, it is too good, too much to hope, that my hand has not lost its cunning, my talent has not failed. Monsieur, you are sent to me by my good angel to keep me from despair. *Oui, voyez vous*, I had feared the worst. And this—this rabble here, what do they know, what can they understand? To cast

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'AS YOU SEE ME, . . . I WAS THE PUPIL OF FRÉDÉRIQUE'"



Drawn by Leon Gaspari. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Gaudwick

"WE HURRIED ON, OUR STEPS RINGING LOUD ON THE FLAGS"

my pearls before swine—I will not! I am buried alive—alive, and—ah, forgive me!" He turned aside to hide tears of real emotion. With an effort he recovered his self-control. "As you see me," he said, "I—I—was *sous-chef* at the Tour d'Argent. I was the pupil of Frédérique."

"Then I was not mistaken," I exclaimed, quite as pleased with my own powers of gastronomic discrimination as was he to tell me of his high tutelage. "I should know that savor had I met it in the moon. But how—how come you here—lost, buried in Agua Caliente—in this miserable posada, among half-breeds, Spaniards, and sullen Indians?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "That is my story—a sad story enough, and a sad example of a great sin. Pride—pride brought me here. Pride keeps me prisoner—*tenez!* I will tell you. You have revived me with your praise, encouraged a poor artist who felt the world slipping from under his feet. Ah, I feared this environment had made of me what they have made of the 'Marseillaise' I taught them that I might ease my homesickness. Listen to it! It breaks my heart. But you have told me my art is *not* lost. Heaven bless you!"

A sob caught his utterance, and he paused, just as the music ceased and the entire company, with a surprising coincidence of movement, turned toward the adjoining room and the bar.

"Ten years ago," he went on, his voice dropping almost to a whisper, "if any one had told me I should be—this—what I am, I should have laughed, I should have

derided. After all, that is life, is it not, monsieur,—to do that which we despise, to become what we scorn in our youth? It is the one history of all, whether he be the statesman, the man of the world, or a poor cook like me. It is to make a veil for this that philosophy was invented. The opiate of the heart! Alas! there are pains which even that gentle medicine cannot deaden; and homesickness and ambition thwarted are both unsleeping."

Thoughtfully I rolled a cigarette. Let him call the cause paltry, who does not realize the effect? The man's experience had struck deep—to the root of things. The great throes of human anguish have a common stratum of spirit, whether the agony rises from some Calvary of sacrifice, or in the meanest, humblest, half-ridiculous wreck of life. For the moment the man's suffering appeared to me with the dignity of genius denied expression, of exile, of high hopes crushed to sordid acceptance of daily bread.

For a moment we sat silent, staring at the uneven flagging.

"I shall never forget," he began abruptly, "the first night I saw them. My master came for me, smiling in his peculiar courtly manner. 'Pierre,' he said, 'we have distinguished guests to-night—the president of a Central American republic and his wife. It was for them you made the *sole Marguéry* and the *tortille panachée*. They are people of refinement and discernment. They wish to see you, to thank you. Come, my friend.'

"I was proud. It was with a dignified step that I passed my *confrères*, and followed Frédérique to the dining-room. I was aware that my cap and apron were spotless, that I had myself well in hand. Then I found myself bowing before a little man, dark and thin, with shifty eyes and a nervous contraction of the lids—the President Cadriga. Beside him sat the señora. Ah, could you have seen her then—the eyes of a saint, the lips of a sinner, the shoulders of a goddess! She was dressed in black, and loaded with diamonds—necklaces and rings and brooches and ear-rings—till she glistened like a living prism. But even the diamonds could not dull the brightness of her eyes.

"They smiled and complimented me, and I bowed and thanked them in my best manner, neither arrogant nor yet humble. Then I found myself back in my laboratory, and it was the beginning of the end. They came often, and on each occasion sent for me to consult their tastes and my aptitudes. And once, for her fête day, they brought their little daughter—Annunciata. In my vanity I lorded it over every one. I spoke familiarly of my connection with the President Cadriga, his señora, and their beautiful child. I boasted of my successful efforts. I invented dishes which I named for them. The 'melon ice Cadriga,' the '*pêche flambée à la señora*,' '*la glacée rosée Annunciata*.' One night they sent for me as usual, and as I stood before his Excellency, he addressed me thus: 'Pierre, I return shortly to my country. In leaving Paris, my greatest regret is the Tour d'Argent and you.' I bowed. 'I have a proposition to make, about which I have already consulted Frédérique. He will accept an indemnity for your loss, and to you I offer the post of chef of the palace. Your salary shall be princely. You shall have as many under-servants as you see fit, your own apartments, your special corps of attendants, your private equipage. Furthermore, I will confer upon you the order of Santa Rosa.'

"I was bewildered and stammered my thanks. 'My secretary will wait upon you to-morrow,' he continued. 'Give him your answer, and the formal papers may be signed.' He nodded dismissal. The señora smiled, and I went away, my imagination on fire, my head awhirl.

"The following day I signed the contract, my appointment was confirmed, the order of Santa Rosa, glistening in gold and red enamel, lay in its case upon my bureau, and I dreamed Arabian Nights' dreams. I could talk of nothing else. I told of my future, my house, my private carriage, my personal retinue. I wore the red-and-white rosette of Santa Rosa in my buttonhole, while my friends congratulated and envied. All my savings I expended upon a wardrobe befitting my new station and such utensils as I feared I might not be able to procure in the new land. I was in the clouds.

"Six weeks later we were in Barrios. I was installed in the palace—and I had awakened. My attendants were Indians and half-breeds, my apartments were—but you know. Yet work I must. Cadriga was dictator, and I soon learned by what des-

potic cruelty he held sway. I knew better than to incur his displeasure. Of my princely salary not a piaster was forthcoming. But I dared not appeal to the French minister. I saw others 'retired,' and I knew myself watched and guarded. Besides, I would not go back to France and show myself—a fool, a dupe of my greed and vanity. I could not face the thought. I might assume another name, and begin anew in some provincial city; but to be near Paris, and not in it, would have been worse for me than my present position.

"My only solace in all this time was Cadriga's little daughter, seven years old. She was then a jewel of a child, a madcap, a tease, a loving little heart. She would steal from her Indian nurse, and, sitting by my carving-table, gravely watch me work and ask me questions.

"'Pierre,' she would say, 'I 'm afraid of papa, and mama is always crying. I like you better than any one in the whole world. Now, aren't you glad that you came with us from France?' And, though my heart was breaking, I would tell her, 'Yes, Niña, I am glad, if I am any comfort to you.' Then she would put pepper in the dessert and salt in my sugar-shaker, and laugh at me."

"Just like a grown-up woman," I observed.

He shot a quick, questioning glance at me. "Yes," he acquiesced; "just like a woman grown."

"And then?" I questioned.

"Then came the revolution. Ah, monsieur, it was fearful, sudden, a bolt from the clear heavens!

"We had a great dinner that night for the cabinet and the chiefs of the army and navy. So secretly had the plot matured that no one dreamed of treachery till the blow fell. I had just sent in the fish course when I heard a cry from the sentry at the rear entrance of the *patio*, then a detonation and a crash. The revolutionists had dynamited the gate. Then it was a matter of minutes, the massacre in the palace. My one thought was for Annunciata. I rushed across the court and up the stone stairs to the second story. I caught her from her bed and held her fast. As I turned to flee, I ran against a man at the door. Fortunately, I recognized his silhouette against the light. It was José, the head coachman.

"'You have her!' he gasped. 'Hurry! There is an underground exit from the stables, if we can reach it.'

"The palace was pandemonium—cries, smashing of wood and glass, shots, the sound of running feet on the marble floors, the thud and rattle of heavy falls. Smoke billowed along the corridors. We made our way through it, running bent double. Suddenly we came out upon the head of the grand staircase, brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles. The fighting below was at its height, and the noise was deafening. I caught a glimpse of the señora, dressed in black, as I had first seen her, and blazing with diamonds. Her face was as white as death, and blood darkened her neck and cheek. She was on her knees on the top step, crawling. 'Drop!' yelled José in my ear. I fell forward, protecting Annunciata with my body.

"A volley of shots went over our heads. José rose to his knees, pushed open a door, and we flung ourselves into the room. Glancing over my shoulder for one last look at the señora, I saw her lying still, her face upturned. A soldier, one of the president's own body-guard, was breaking the necklace from her throat. I closed the door and slipped the bolt. We fled along passages, through deserted rooms and cold, musty-smelling corridors. How José found the way I do not know. At length we reached the carriage-house, then the stables. José pushed back a panel, we passed through an opening, and fled on through an underground passage till further progress was barred.

"José turned to me. 'The President had this built in case of revolution, and the masons were put to death; but it is just possible that the insurrectionists know. In that case, when we open this door it is the end.'

"We listened long, straining minutes. Then, with a jerk, he flung the door wide open. All was still. The moonlight lay blinding white upon the gravestones. We were in the cemetery back of the cathedral, and the doorway through which we had emerged was that of a vault—one of the many in a row beneath the galleries of the 'ovens.'

"We hurried on, our steps ringing loud on the flags. Even now I can smell that odor of stale and fading flowers and damp mold; even now I can see the moonlight

sparkle as with frost upon the countless funeral wreaths of bead-work.

"José opened another door in the farther wall of what seemed a gardener's tool-house. We were in the deserted street. In the distance the sounds of fighting went on. In the direction of the palace and government buildings the sky glowed red with flames. We turned toward the mountains—and liberty."

"A terrible experience," said I, slowly. "And Annunciata?"

"We have brought her up, José and I. He owns the 'Tres Amigos' now."

"So! Montojo is—"

"Evidently," he smiled.

"And Annunciata?" I repeated.

"You have seen her. She brought you the aguardiente."

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"You see, monsieur, how it is. I am too proud to go back—and—ah, well—it is too late."

The music in the sala struck up once more the world-worn air of "La Paloma."

Down the carved stair tripped Annunciata. The lantern-light fell full upon her Madonna face and laughing mouth, and I thought of Pierre's description of her murdered mother: "The eyes of a saint, the lips of a sinner, the shoulders of a goddess." She leaned over the balustrade and called softly, "Pierre!"

He sprang to his feet, his face transfigured.

"Pardon," he said quickly, "she is calling me; *à bientôt*, monsieur."

I watched them as they crossed the court, oblivious of the swaying, laughing crowd. In his eyes was the glow of a devotion that rarely comes to a man, but when it does, remains forever; and I knew, with a pang of envy in my empty heart, that it was not pride alone that had kept the pupil of Frédérique a captive in an alien land.

THE BALLAD OF PING-PONG

(AFTER SWINBURNE)

BY HARRY GRAHAM ("COL. D. STREAMER")

THE murmurous moments of May-time,
What beautiful blessings they bring!
As dew to the dawn of the daytime,
Suspicions of summer to spring!

Let others imagine the time light,
With maidens or books on their knee,
Or live in the languorous lime-light
That tinges the trunk of the Tree.

Let the timorous turn to their tennis
Or the bowls to which bumpkins belong,
But the thing for grown women and men is
The pastime of ping and of pong.

The game of the glorious glamour!
The feeling to fight till you fall!
The hurricane hail and the hammer!
The batter and bruise of the ball!

The glory of getting behind it!
The brief but bewildering bliss!
The fear of the failure to find it!
The madness at making a miss!

The sound of the sphere as you smack it,
Derisive, decisive, divine!
The riotous rush of your racket
To mix and to mingle with mine!

The diadem dear to the king is;
How sweet to the singer his song!
To me so the plea of the ping is,
And the passionate plaint of the pong!

I live for it, love for it, like it;
Delight of my dearest of dreams!
To stand and to strive and to strike it;
So certain, so simple it seems!

Then give me the game of the gay time,
The ball on its wandering wing,
The madness that moves in the May-time,
The pong, not to mention the ping!

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY

President of Yale University

"THE bachelor's degree," says a French observer, "is a social rather than a pedagogical institution." These words touch the very heart of the matter. The college course is not valued solely or even primarily for its studies; it is valued most of all for the associations into which it brings the student and the graduate. These associations are just as important to the boys who like study and do a great deal of studying as they are to the boys who dislike study and do as little of it as they can. The distinctive thing which their college course does for them all is to put them in contact with different types of character and different kinds of interests. Subject to certain rules which are necessary for the welfare of the place as a whole, they are encouraged to try their own experiments —nay, even to make their own mistakes— in the choice of companions and activities; thereby enabling them to avoid more futile experiments and more irreparable mistakes in after life. The American college tries to furnish a liberal education in the old Greek sense of the word—an education which fits the student for the use of liberty and enables him to understand the duties and privileges of a free citizen.

In the days when professional training was short and the college graduate went directly to the desk or to the office, there was plenty of time for these experiments. From the age of seventeen or eighteen, when the boy was old enough to be free from the restrictions of the secondary school, until the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, when he had acquired maturity enough for the successful understanding of complex professional problems, there was an interval to be filled. If a boy spent this period in a shop or an office, it narrowed his interests instead of broadening them. If he spent it in foreign travel, it tended to undermine his efficiency and unfit him for the duties of American citizenship. But the college course, for the great majority of its students, broadened the mind and increased the intensity of patriotic purpose; and this was what gave the American college of past generations its importance as an educational institution.

The particular set of studies which were pursued in college had relatively little to do with this result. The curriculum which established itself was the effect of circumstance rather than of deliberate plan. Under the social conditions which prevailed three or four generations ago it was inevitable that the clergy should supervise college education and do most of the teaching. They taught large quantities of the things in which they were interested and small quantities of those in which they were not interested. They sometimes taught the former fairly well; they almost always taught the latter very badly. The best of the old college education was obtained in its society halls, in the corners of its library, in the rooms of the students themselves. Occasionally some professor of special ability or personal force would impress upon his pupils high standards of accuracy and vigorous habits of work; but these cases were the exception rather than the rule. The major part of the influence of the professors was due to their character as men rather than to their ability as teach-

ers. It was the influence of example rather than of precept, of atmosphere rather than of formulas.

Down to the middle of the last century, scientific study and professional training were so slightly developed that the defects of this college curriculum were not very acutely felt. A man who went out into life with knowledge of men and habits of work had secured the basis which was needed for the successful practice of his profession. The theory of this profession he picked up afterward through his actual experience in the office or the shop. But with the rapid development of modern science in its various lines, physical, biological, or historical, there grew up a set of teachers who could train the student in the theory of his profession before he went out into its actual practice. It was found that men who were thus grounded in theory had an advantage over those who were not. It became worth while for the minister or the doctor, the lawyer or the engineer, to spend several years in studying the science of his calling in the class-room before he engaged in its remunerative work. All this took time and made delay irksome. Under these circumstances the waste of college recitation-hours on studies which were of no interest to the pupil, which seemed a trifling thing in 1850, became a very serious one in 1875 or 1900. There arose a demand for a readjustment of the course of study which would utilize the college class-room to meet the specific needs of the several students.

The first attempt to meet this demand was by the establishment of the elective system in its various forms. The introduction of this system was undoubtedly attended by an improvement in methods of teaching—chiefly because it encouraged the instructors to compete for the interest of the students instead of allowing them to command the students' attendance upon their exercises, whether the work of the instructor was good or bad or indifferent. But it did not really meet the needs of the case. Those who, during the last generation, introduced elective studies into our college course did so, ostensibly at any rate, on the ground of the value of these studies as means of general culture. They explicitly disclaimed the intention to prepare the lawyer for the bar, the doctor for the hospital, or the minister for the pulpit. They succeeded in arousing the interest of the students by making the work of the college class-room appeal to men of different types; but they did not advance those men very far toward the practice of their several callings or enable them very much to shorten the period of professional study and probation which must follow the conclusion of the college course. This period of postgraduate study tends to grow longer rather than shorter. If a man who desires to be a physician finishes his college course at twenty-two he will be nearly thirty before he can practise medicine successfully in any of our large centers of population, and will be fortunate if he finds himself able to marry and support a family before he is forty. Other professions are not quite so badly off as this, but they all feel the same kind of difficulty; and under these circumstances there is a well-founded demand that our boys should be able to begin their professional education at an earlier period than they now do.

Some people think that this will result in crowding the American college out of existence. Others believe that the work of the college as a preparation for citizenship is too valuable to be lost, and are looking to see what modification of its studies will best preserve what has been useful in the past, while at the same time meeting the needs which have been created by modern conditions. Those who would preserve the college are far more numerous than those who would abolish it, but they are by no means agreed upon the line of action which is best calculated to secure this end. Three plans have been proposed: a reduction of the requirements for admission, so that the student shall enter earlier and be graduated earlier; a reduction in the length of the course, so that the student entering at his present age shall begin his professional study a year or two sooner than he now does; or an introduction of professional studies into the framework of the college course itself, so that a man entering when he now does and graduating from college when he now does shall yet find himself one or two years further advanced toward the practice of his profession than is the case under present conditions.

The first of these three plans may be dismissed briefly. It is impracticable to have the body of students much younger than it is at present without so altering the

character of the college as to deprive it of its distinctive usefulness. College students must be old enough to be left free to make their own mistakes. The greatest difficulty in the management of a college at present is that the freshmen are rather too young for such liberty. The authority of the faculty, the fatherly advice of the seniors, and the repressive influence of the sophomores, whether exercised separately or in concert, are not always sufficient to prevent serious disorders. The system of liberty is barely workable as it is. If the student body were a year or two younger, it would not be workable at all. The parents and guardians of the students recognize this fact by not sending their boys to college until they are seventeen or eighteen years old. If we attempted to reduce the age of students by reducing the entrance requirements, we should either have students of the same age worse prepared than they now are or we should have a school for boys instead of a college for men. Either of these results would be highly unsatisfactory.

The real issue is between those who would shorten the college course and those who would allow the introduction of professional or technical studies within the limits of that course.

For a time the tendency seemed to be all in the former direction. Nearly twenty years ago Harvard reduced the quantity of work required for the bachelor's degree; and the shortening of the time in which that degree could be taken was a logical though somewhat tardy consequence of such action. Columbia has allowed the student at the end of three years of academic study to pass directly into the professional school and count the first year of professional study as a part of the requirement for the academic course. Nominally this may seem like an introduction of the professional studies into the academic course. Actually it amounts to a shortening of that academic course by one year; for the professional student who takes his senior year in the college under such conditions is out of the college in everything but name. Other institutions have encouraged the student to begin his professional school work at the end of two years' college study instead of three or four.

But within the last two or three years there has been a noticeable reaction against this tendency. The public has not responded to the offer of a shortened college course in the way that was expected. It was supposed that many students would take advantage of the opportunity to earn the degree of Bachelor of Arts in three years or even in two, and that those institutions which preferred to maintain a four-year course as the normal one would be compelled to accept the three-year course in spite of themselves. Neither of these expectations has been realized. The number of students who hurry their college life to its completion is comparatively small. Those who desire to obtain a degree in three years tend to seek those institutions which have had a three-year course as their standard for some time, so that their social life has adjusted itself to that basis, rather than those where the three-year course is an exception or an innovation. The colleges which maintain the four-year course have held their own so fully that they no longer feel the apprehensions which were prevalent three years ago. It is plain that the American public does not regard the college course as an aggregate of recitations and lectures which can be reduced one fourth or one half without altering the essential character of what is left, but as a complex social institution where the outside activities count for quite as much as the work of the classroom, and in which the cutting away of a single part leaves the life of the other parts disturbed if not destroyed.

Does our remaining alternative—the inclusion of technical or professional studies within the framework of the college course—offer any better prospect of success?

This inclusion of technical studies is no new thing. All of our scientific schools, which have tried to teach theory rather than practice, and combine the life of a college student with the training of an engineer or a chemist, have been for some time committed to this experiment; and they have been, to say the least, fairly successful in its prosecution. But the attempt to bring into the framework of academic study and the atmosphere of the college a considerable amount of technical preparation for callings like law or medicine is something comparatively new. Experiments in this direction were perhaps first made at Cornell, then somewhat more systematically at Western Reserve, and

within the last few years at Yale. The Yale student who combines academic and professional studies does not so suddenly pass from the atmosphere of the college to that of the professional school as does the Columbia student who substitutes the first year of his professional course for the last year of his college life. He makes the transition a gradual one. He can take a few elementary courses of professional study in junior or sophomore year as a test of his fitness for the subject; and if he has accomplished these elementary courses satisfactorily he is encouraged to go on in his senior year with an increasing number of hours of more advanced work leading directly to his profession.

This plan has certain obvious advantages over the other. It makes less alteration in the framework of college life. It allows the social customs and activities to continue undisturbed. It allows the boy of scientific tastes to begin to prepare for medicine or technology as early as he needs to, and at the same time encourages the boy with a taste for affairs to defer his specialization until that somewhat later period when he is mature enough to understand the theories of law or of commerce. But the plan also has its difficulties. To pursue it successfully we must steer a very narrow course between two opposite perils. There is on the one side the danger that a college of this kind may degenerate into a group of professional schools, where the students will become so far separated from one another in their activities and interests that they will lose what is really advantageous in the old college course more completely than they would have done if that course itself had been shortened. And there is on the other side the opposite danger that technical or professional studies pursued amid the manifold activities of college life will prove far less effective than the same courses can be made when the student breathes the more intense though narrower influence of the professional school, wherein the ambition of all his associates is concentrated upon a single end.

The second of these dangers is more serious than the first. The various institutions and traditions which have grown up about the American college—its societies and its athletics, its romances and its customs—prove strong enough to take almost every man out of himself and let him feel the broadening influences of the place, no matter how strictly his study may be directed toward a single end. The one question is whether these influences may not prove too strong for concentrated professional interest; whether in widening the student's moral horizon we may not lessen his intensity of intellectual grasp of things leading directly to the work of his after life. Time alone can answer this question. Time alone can show whether the idea of allowing a student to develop his professional activity at as early a period as possible, but postponing to as late a period as possible the narrowing of his sympathies and the lessening of his points of contact with men outside of his profession, is a practicable or an impracticable one.

While we are waiting for this question to be decided, we shall probably see two sets of experiments going on in different universities. In those which are connected with our large cities, where the work of the professional school counts for more and the life of the college for less, we are likely to see a tendency to shorten the college course—a tendency to make a sharp line of demarcation between the studies of that course and the professional studies which are to follow it, and to disregard or undervalue the social adjuncts which a college course carries with it. In smaller places and among institutions which have a more distinctively collegiate atmosphere, we may expect to find these tendencies reversed,—to see an effort to maintain the college course in its integrity and include within it as much as possible of preparation for the actual work of life,—in the belief that the gain to American institutions and American citizenship resulting from the contact of different types of men with one another will be strong enough to resist the tendency of such a college to disintegration and valuable enough to compensate for any difficulties and losses which the prosecution of such a plan involves.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF PERMILLA

A PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COURTSHIP

BY HELEN R. MARTIN

Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid"

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

I

SALLIE

PERMILLA had been weeding in the garden when Christian, coming along, stopped at the fence to speak to her. She was almost overcome with mingled confusion and delight at his sudden appearance.

"Och, I ain't combed!" she apologetically said, smoothing her hair. "I 'm some stroobly."

"Well, you did n't know *I* was goin' to see you, ain't not," jocularly laughed Christian, "or you 'd of combed oncet?"

"Yes, anyhow," shyly answered Permilla, her timid eyes furtively meeting his, then drooping in maiden modesty.

"She 's menschen-shy," thought Christian, with a complacent sense of his awe-inspiring presence in his "Sunday suit." To be "menschen-shy" was to be morbidly timid before one's fellow-men. That Permilla admired him with an unspoken and hopeless passion, Christian had long been aware, and the consciousness gave him a passing satisfaction in its confirmation of his own good opinion of himself. Of course poor little Permilla, whose pop "rented" and whose folks did not own an acre of land, could not dream of aspiring to conquer the heart of so superior and so prosperous a young man as Christian Yundt, the idolized and indulged only child of his parents, not to mention two doting aunts. But that Permilla should worship him in silence and in despair was only natural and his due. Indeed, how could she help it? Was his peer to be found in all the township—his peer in looks, in worldly possessions, in general attractiveness? No wonder little Permilla languished in secret for the unattainable height of his favor. To be sure, he graciously admitted that he liked the little thing: she was a good, industrious girl, and of a discriminating judgment withal, since she admired *him*. There were some few people, Christian had discovered, who had not the insight to recognize in him all that his parents and aunts saw.

It was Saturday night, and Christian was going to "set up" with Sallie Cougenhauer, the only child of a father who owned two good-sized farms; but he did not grudge, in passing, a few words of kindly patronage to Permilla.

"Are you goin' to weed all evening, Permilla?"

"I have n't to; but I 'm goin' to."

"Why are you, then, if you *have n't* to?"

"Well, I weed, still, till the dark gets me. Pop he can't help none. He 's just clean *sick*," she said mournfully. "He is sick the whole week."

"Ain't he no better to what he was?" inquired Christian, with neighborly solicitude.

"No, he ain't so good. The doctor says he won't get well," sighed Permilla. "Our hopes is all gone fer him."

"Too bad, too bad!" Christian shook his head. "Well, good-by to you, Permilla! Don't work *too* hard!"

"You sha'n't, neither," politely returned Permilla.

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"LITTLE PERMILLA LANGUISHED IN SECRET"

"I ain't to work too hard at settin' up, do you mean?" demanded Christian, with a laugh. "Now, Permilla, if I tell Sallie you spoke that to me, what 'll she say?"

Christian laughed loud in huge enjoyment of his joke as he swung away from the fence and walked on up the road.

"Poor little Permilla!" he thought, with a rather tender compassion. "She can't be no *shussle* [lazy person] when her pop 's took and her and her mom have all the work to do yet. And, to be sure, no feller 'll want to be marryin' her, with no *aus styer* [household outfit always given to a Pennsylvania Dutch bride by her father], and her mom to keep when she 's old, fer they ain't got nothin' in bank. And Permilla she 's a nice little thing; it 's too bad!"

Permilla, meantime, leaning over the fence, watched Christian's stalwart figure striding up the road as long as it was in sight, her mild eyes shining with a soft fire, her young face flushed with excitement, and her bosom heaving tumultuously.

"If we was n't so poor," she longingly thought, "and I could spend more at the clo'es and fix myself up, mebbe Christian would travel with *me* instead of with Sallie Cougenhauer."

She drew a long breath and tears stood in her eyes as she left the fence and went back to her weeding. She knew how vain was her longing. Prudence and economy were the gospel of the Pennsylvania Dutch, and there were no more ardent disciples of this gospel in all the county than the Yundts. Christian especially, youth though he was, had become noted in the neighborhood for his extremely careful weighing of every transaction he made. Indeed, his shrewdness in driving a bargain sometimes "o'erleaped itself" and led to his missing some good opportunities.

As Christian went on up the road after leaving Permilla, his eyes dwelt with satisfaction upon the goodly fields he was passing, all owned by Sallie Cougenhauer's father. Even his courting was three fourths an economic venture and only one fourth sentiment.

There was, however, a lurking misgiving in his heart this evening. For a whole month he had been "keeping comp'ny" with Sallie, and the conviction had been steadily growing in his mind, during all this time, that she was not a "workative-enough girl" for him.

"She 'd mebbe want me to hire fer her [hire household servants]," the uncomfortable possibility sometimes occurred to him, "and *that*," Christian firmly resolved, "I would n't do fer no healthy wife. Her pop and mom 's got her some spoilt."

His having entered upon the enterprise of "keeping comp'ny" with her, it was a

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'SALLIE. . . . DO YOU MEAN YOU 'RE GOIN' TO *LET* THEM DIRTY DISHES?'"

foregone conclusion, according to the custom of the neighborhood, that he would marry her. Matrimony was understood to be the ultimate purpose of a man's going to see a girl every Saturday night, and his withdrawal, after a month of such visiting, would have been regarded as a virtual breach of faith. Therefore Christian's doubts as to the entire worthiness of the object of his desires gave him some uneasiness. What made his uncertainty greater was the fact that adjoining the other side of his own father's farm was the goodly estate of Ebenezer Smucher, whose daughter Ramah was, Christian knew, a much better worker than Sallie. A better milker he had never seen, or a more rapid butter-maker. She could get up at three o'clock in the morning and have the family wash "all through till breakfast a'ready." True, her father had three other children, and so Ramah's inheritance would not be so large as Sallie's. The question was, would n't her superior industry more than make up for the difference in the landed dowry?

Christian pondered this weighty matter without coming to any conclusion before he reached Sallie's gate.

He knocked on the open kitchen door, and Sallie herself, with sleeves rolled up and wearing a big apron, came forward to meet him.

"Hello, Krist!" she boisterously greeted him. "Come insides. I ain't through all yet. Mom and pop they went aways, and the new hired girl she wanted off to go on a funeral of a neighbor up her way—up behind Reading. So I have to do the supper work when I have my supper eat. I ain't half eat yet. I guess you 're eat a'ready, ain't?"

"Why, to be sure, Sallie. It 's 'most six o'clock."

"Won't you pick a piece?" she hospitably inquired, pushing a chair up to the loaded but disordered table. "It ain't much here no more, but mebbe you 'd like to taste our new hired girl's pear apple-butter."

"No; I 'm full. Why did n't you hurry and get through till I got here, so we could set up together?"

"I don't like to hurry still; I like to do things by ease."

"It takes too long that way to get through oncet."

"Yes. If mom knew I went so slow and left you see the kitchen so through-other," exclaimed Sallie, "mebbe she would n't jaw me! *Ain't* it looks in here!" she cried, in evident enjoyment of the joke of a

visitor's beholding her mother's usually neat kitchen in such a plight. But Christian did not appreciate the humor of the situation from her point of view.

"Anyhow, if you *have* a hired girl," he gravely reasoned, "why do you leave her have off? It 's for her to stay and do the work."

"But she wanted to go on her neighbor's funeral," good-naturedly answered Sallie. "Don't you think she has a feeling, too, like us? It don't look nice if we don't leave her go on her neighbor's funeral, Krist. Mom would n't half act *that* way —she would n't *half* tell her she has n't dare to go. You know when a body 's mean that way with their hired girl, then the people has to talk right aways."

"If I *kep'* hired help, she 'd stay home and work."

"Och, Krist," laughed Sallie,—her good nature constantly bubbled over in laughter, —"you 're just some spited that I 'm not done my work! But it don't take me long no more now. I 'll just make the table cleared off, and then I 'll lay over my dishes till to-morrow. Mom can wash 'em by the cooking breakfast."

"Sallie," exclaimed Krist, as the girl began to carry out this program and scrape the plates, "do you mean you 're goin' to *let* them dirty dishes?"

Such a proceeding was shocking to his ideas of domestic economy.

"Och, yes; I often done that way when I did n't feel for washin' 'em up. Sometimes I 'd sooner set and read a book than wash up my supper-dishes; then I just lay 'em over till morning."

Krist stared at her with his most calculating and unlover-like expression of countenance. Presently he spoke, but his simple remark did not reveal his inward state of chaos.

"Readin'! You like to set and read a book still, do you? That 's somepin' I don't do—read. That 's somepin' I can't control myself to."

"I like it now and again, for a change oncet."

"I don't see no use in it. It don't bring no dollars in, nor it don't help get the work done."

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"'A FELLOW WANTS TO BE *MADE OF* BY HIS GIRL. RAMAH SHE DON'T NEVER MAKE MUCH'"

"But it 's inter*est*in', Krist."

"Why is it inter*est*in' when it ain't helpin' you any to get along?"

"Well, it 's inter*est*in' to *me*." Sallie flippantly dismissed the discussion. "Now," she announced, pushing her cleared-off table against the wall, "I 'm done. Come

on out and leave me show you my flowers, Krist."

Sallie's flower-garden was another source of mental perturbation to Christian. "What 's the use in spendin' time plantin' flowers?" he had often chilled her enthusiasm over her flowers by inquiring. "You can't eat *them*."

"But I like 'em just for nice, Krist."

"And can't he take along them bulbs he bought?"

"Why, no. Whoever moves in will have all."

"I could n't stand that," exclaimed Christian. "Why, sooner 'n some one else would have 'em after me payin' fer 'em and doin' all the work, I 'd pull 'em all up and throw 'em away."

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

CHRISTIAN YUNDT LEARNS HIS VALUE IN THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET

"See my shrubs!" she ruefully exclaimed this evening, as she took his hand and led him out of doors. "They 're nearly *all* [all gone] a'ready, and it 's only the 20th of May yet! They 're goin' over so wonderful fast! Here 's only one or so on the bush any more. It spites me something awful."

Christian made no comment, and her hand in his received no answering pressure. Although Permilla was entirely outside the possibility of his calculation, he did think of her industry in her vegetable-garden with a private comparison between the two girls that boded ill for this flower-loving Sallie.

"Our neighbor acrost the road he planted such nice bulbs and wines and things," said Sallie, "and he has such a nice flower-garden. He sent for his bulbs to New York yet. Now think! And now here he has to move, after bein' there only two years. It 's mean, ain't?"

"Oh, Krist!" laughed Sallie. "If you ain't something of a holy terror!"

They left the flower-garden and went to sit on the porch.

When, an hour later, Sallie's parents returned home in the buggy, Christian promptly took his leave, though it was long before his usual time of saying good night.

As he trudged along the highway through the darkness he made a Spartan resolution: "With this here Sallie Cougenhauer I don't travel no more."

Ramah Smucher was a far more "workative" woman; of that he was sure. He would go, on the next Saturday night, to "set up" with Ramah.

That Sallie would grieve and the neighbors "put out talk" at this unprecedented turning from one girl to another—a thing never done in Zionsville township—Christian was well aware.

"I ain't a-carin'," he doggedly said to

himself. "I 'm marryin' to suit myself when I marry."

His sense of his own high value in the matrimonial market made him feel but little compunction in thus experimenting with the tender hearts of the girls of Zionsville.

II

RAMAH

AFTER a month's trial of the charms of Ebenezer Smucher's daughter Ramah (so named after the memorable city of Scripture in which was heard "Rachel weeping for her children"), Christian clenched the matter, at least in the eyes of his neighbors and of Ramah, by inviting her to go to town to the county fair. His injudiciousness in thus rashly binding himself before feeling entirely sure of his own mind concerning Ramah—whom, indeed, he found rather tame and bloodless after buxom and boisterous Sally Cougenhauer—gave him, when it was too late, some uneasiness. But he was anxious to attend the county fair himself, and while he was "keeping comp'ny" with Ramah he could not decently go without her. His only safe course would be, he well knew, to stay at home himself; but that was a sacrifice he was not willing to make.

"I 'd take more enjoyment if it was Sallie going with," he rather regretfully thought. "Ramah she 's so quiet. But," he comforted himself, "Ramah 's a more workative girl than what Sallie is."

But one serious objection to Ramah was that she seemed so unimpressed by the honor of his attentions to her. "A fellow wants to be *made of* by his girl. Ramah she don't never make much."

Even his munificence in offering to escort her to the fair met with a lukewarm reception.

"Look at here, Ramah; I 'm takin' you to the fair Mondays," he had magnificently said as they sat together on the front porch on Saturday evening, Christian in his Sunday suit and Ramah in a gorgeous gown of red satine trimmed with narrow black velvet. Christian admired Ramah's Oriental taste for splendor of color, though he felt some misgivings, now and then, at her evident fondness for dress.

"It must cost expensive to buy them clo'es," was his troubled doubt.

"I was goin' to work on the field, fair-day," Ramah objected. "I don't know if I could go with."

"You better had, Ramah," Christian urged. "It 's nice at the fair. You can see a good bit of people you never seen before. If you don't feel for walkin' round, you can just set in the buggy and look at 'em."

"I don't know," she answered without enthusiasm, "if pop 'll want me to let the work. He might mebbe say he won't do it to leave me go."

"You can work all morning. We ain't got no need to start early. Not till it gets two o'clock a'ready we start."

"Will we get home till six o'clock, in time for me to milk?" Ramah anxiously asked.

"Yes,"—Christian nodded approvingly, a warm glow about his heart at her zeal for her domestic duties,—"it gets no later than six till we 're home. You *want* to go, don't you, Ramah?"

"Why, yes," mildly responded Ramah. "I would n't care to." Which dubious form signified her willingness, not her lack of it.

The appearance of her father at this instant in the doorway, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his old straw hat on the back of his big round head, and a pipe hanging on his thick red lips, gave them an opportunity to complete their plan.

"Say, pop, Krist he ast me would I go 'long to the county fair Mondays. Have I dare to go?"

"Yes, willingly," promptly answered Mr. Smucher, tossing his head to expectorate across the lawn.

Christian recognized in this ready permission the satisfaction with which Mr. Ebenezer Smucher contemplated the union of his eldest daughter with so eligible a suitor as Christian Yundt.

It so happened, however, that this very event of going to town to the fair, which promised so well for Ramah's matrimonial prospects, proved her undoing.

"I think it can't be I 'm goin' to town oncet," said Ramah, as, on the following Monday, Christian helped her "on the buggy." "It is five weeks since I was on a buggy."

"Mebbe you stick 'most *too* clost to the work," graciously suggested Christian, as he gathered up the reins and his sleek mare started swiftly down the road.

"In a sense of the way, mebbe I do," granted Ramah.

"But work 's healthy," Christian hastened to amend his suggestion.

"Still, I 'd mebbe be heartier if I 'd let the work a little now and again. Mom 's always sayin', 'Now you done plenty enough; just *let* the rest part of it.' But I never felt for stoppin' till it 's all through a'ready."

Christian nodded. "Hard workin' and clost savin'—that 's the way to get along."

"Krist, I want to take time, while I 'm in town, to buy some new dresses and a couple hats," Ramah said. "Will you drive me round to the stores?"

"Are you needin' some new things? It seems like you 're got a new dress on every time I see you, Ramah. Now this here dress," he said, touching her sleeve, "ain't it a new one?"

"No; I had it four times on a'ready. It only cost me three dollars any more."

"Three dollars for one dress!" Christian almost gasped. "Mom never pays more 'n one seventy-five or so!"

"I do now like the pretty new things to wear on me," said Ramah. "That 's why I work so hard, so 's pop 'll give me plenty enough to dress with. Indeed, I could n't stand it not to have a new dress once in so often, and a new hat to match."

Here was a confirmation, from Ramah's own lips, of the fear which had frequently cooled Christian's ardor in making love to her. An extravagant love of finery was her weakness. It was a shock to his feelings to hear her so frankly acknowledge it.

"Will you take me to the stores, Krist?"

"We won't have much time at the fair if we go to the stores," Christian answered without cordiality.

"I 'd sooner miss the fair than my buyin' my new things. Pop give me five dollars to spend yet."

"I don't know where the stores is at," Christian objected.

"Well, *I* do," promptly affirmed Ramah, with a note of persistency in her cold little voice which struck Christian with surprise, for it suggested a quite unconquerable obstinacy in a character which he had felt, without so defining it in his own mind, to be wholly negative. "I know Lebanon eighteen years now, and *I* can show you where the stores is at, Krist. I don't miss myself in town."

This was the introduction to an uncomfortable afternoon for Christian. Instead of sitting in his buggy viewing the passing crowds on the fair grounds, eating peanuts and squandering an occasional dime on a side-show, he was dragged, an unwilling victim, from milliner's to dry-goods store and back to milliner's, witnessing the while, with keen discomfort, the quite reckless extravagance of his girl in indulging her taste in ribbons, laces, and other furbelows.

"They sell ice-cream *here*," Ramah hinted to him as they were passing through the aisles of the department-store. An essential feature of the festivity of bringing a girl to town was treating her to ice-cream.

"Do they?" dully responded Christian. He had seen a sign at the door, "Ice-cream, a dollar a gal." "I ain't payin' a dollar for my gal," he resolved. "We 'll look a little furder, Ramah," he told her. "I don't like this here place."

"But it 's a good place, Krist, and I 'm wonderful empty. Let 's set awhile here and eat our ice-cream."

"I ain't stoppin' here fer no ice-cream," shortly answered Christian.

"Why not, Krist?"

"I like Beitel's better. That 's where I always go."

"I don't like Beitel's near as good as what I do this here. Come on, Krist. *I'm* havin' my ice-cream here, anyhow!"

She walked on ahead of him, and there was nothing he could do but follow her, which he did with a swelling rage in his heart at the prospect of paying a dollar for the treat.

When, however, he found, to his immense relief, that the sign at the door was a mistake and that he had to pay only twenty cents for the two biggest ten-cent saucers of ice-cream he had ever seen, he waxed quite jovial and affectionate in the reaction of his feelings; so much so that on coming up from the basement café on the elevator, he turned to the boy who ran the machine and spoke to him with cordial friendliness: "Much obliged to you; come to see us—ain't—when you come to the country."

The boy grinned appreciatively and winked at the salesman who was with him on the elevator.

"Did you see how pleased he was that I told him to come to see us?" Krist

asked as he drew Ramah's hand through his arm and walked with her out of the store.

But his good nature was not permitted to last very long. As they went down the street, Ramah saw in a shop-window a red belt and chatelaine, marked seventy-five cents, which instantly her vanity coveted.

"My money 's all," she told Christian. "Will you leave me borry the loan of seventy-five cents off of you, Krist? I 'll pay it back to you as soon as I otherwise [possibly] can."

Christian turned red with embarrassment. He ought to offer to make her a present of it, he knew, but his frugal soul shrank from "spending any" on such a useless bauble. If it were only something for their future housekeeping, now, he would not feel so reluctant. But a lurid red belt and bag—where was the prudence or sense in squandering hard-earned money on such a thing?

"Leave me buy you something more usefuler, Ramah."

"Them 's useful enough. They just match my red dress," Ramah answered, with that mild persistency of hers which Christian was beginning to find most irritating.

"You spend everything at the clo'es, Ramah!" he rebuked her.

"Will you leave me borry the loan of seventy-five off of you, Krist?" she repeated.

"Leave me buy you such a Ninety-nine Cent Store clock," Christian suggested.

"All right. But will you leave me borry the loan of them seventy-five?"

"Would you sooner have that there bag and belt than a clock, where 's so useful?" he demanded.

"I ain't astin' you to give me a present of this here belt and bag. I 'm only astin' you to leave me lend the price of it off of you. Will you?"

"Well, if you think your pop won't say I had n't ought to have left you spend so," Christian rather shamefacedly consented.

They had occupied so much time in the shops that there was not much left for the fair.

On the drive home Christian was low-spirited and had not much to say; but Ramah's whole personality exhaled her deep but quiet satisfaction in the purchases she was taking home.

"Do you think, Ramah, that when you 're married oncet, you 'd be wantin' to spend everything at the clo'es?" Christian rather sullenly asked of her, when they had ridden for a long space in silence.

"If I could n't spend at the clo'es after I was married, I would n't be much for gettin' married," quietly answered Ramah.

Christian gave his mare a cut with the whip which sent her bounding along on the road at her greatest speed.

Ramah gasped. "Well, Krist, but you *are!*" she mildly reproved him.

"I don't see," growled Christian, "how you ever can wear *out* so many dresses still."

"Well, when I overgrow my clo'es or get tired of 'em still, I give 'em to my little sister where ain't outgrown yet, and *she* fits 'em."

"And if we was married," Christian burst forth, his feelings getting the better of his prudence, "would you think I 'd buy you clo'es to give over to your *sister?* Well, I 'd *see* myself, Ramah Smucher!"

"You ain't never ast me straight out would I marry you, Krist," Ramah gently suggested.

Christian suddenly found himself in a tight corner. He moved uneasily in his seat and swallowed hard. For a moment the only sound which broke the embarrassing silence between them was the stamp of the mare's hoofs on the road.

"The road 's nice for drivin' this evening, ain't?" he presently said in a rather feeble voice. "Last time I was on the buggy it was so muddy I could n't drive through any more."

Ramah made no answer. Christian realized uncomfortably what impatience she must feel with him for so signally failing to rise to her bait.

"You ain't so young yet, neither, Ramah," he said defensively—"about twenty-two."

Ramah was silent.

"Ain't you about twenty-two?"

"I have objections of telling," stiffly answered Ramah.

"Well, it don't matter anything," conceded Christian.

"Then what did you bring it up for?"

"Well," stammered this "truthful James," "I want to show that I mebbe had my reasons, too, for hesitatin'."

"Krist," Ramah said pathetically, "it 's

hard work makes me look some older to what I *am*. I 'm workin' early and late still, and you know that makes somepin' at the looks."

"Yes," said Christian, a little mollified.

The rest of the drive passed without any further discord; but when, at six o'clock, they reached the Smucher farm, Christian had the prudence to decline to come in to supper, for he was convinced that he had already gone too far with Ramah unless he was sure he meant to marry her.

Ramah was evidently chagrined at his firm refusal to her urgent invitation.

"Are you spited at me, Krist, for somepin'?" she asked as she stood at the gate while he held the bridle, ready to get into the buggy again after having helped her out and given her bundles to her brother, who had come out.

"No," answered Christian. "I 'll wait here, Ramah, while you get that seventy-five cents off your pop."

"I can give that to you when you come over next Saturday evening to set up with me."

"All right," Krist agreed; but as he jumped into his buggy he made a swift mental calculation. He had fortunately forgotten to hand out, with the other bundles, the Ninety-nine Cent Store clock which he had bought her, and he now determined that until he got that seventy-five cents which she owed him he would not give up the clock.

"Good-by, Ramah," he hastily said, gathering up his reins quickly; and before she could answer him his mare had responded to the slap of the reins and was dashing down the road toward his father's gate.

III

THE RETURN TO SALLY

After duly weighing the matter, Christian decided that Sallie Cougenhauer's idleness was not quite so grave a drawback to matrimony as was Ramah Smucher's extravagance in dress. He would return to Sallie.

"She 's anyways better company," thought Christian, with satisfaction.

He knew that his desertion of Sallie for Ramah had made both him and Sallie the subjects of unpleasant comment in the neighborhood. His attentions to Ramah had gone even further than those to Sallie, but he hoped that his virtue in returning to Sallie would counteract the effect of what he realized would be considered his dastardly behavior in giving up Ramah after having actually taken her to the county fair.

"It 's a difference in girls, too," he heavily pondered as he made his way one Saturday evening, three weeks after the trip to the fair, to the Cougenhauer farm. "A body would n't of thought it could be such a difference in girls as what there is."

He had, of course, allowed time to go by during which he had kept away from Ramah, in order to let her know that he had changed his mind concerning her. This he considered her due before he presented himself once more to Sallie.

He did not feel very much embarrassed at the idea of facing Sallie after his season of unfaithfulness. "She 'll be wonderful glad to see me again," was his confident thought, feeling at the same time a pang of pity for poor lonely, deserted Ramah.

"I 'll ast Sallie to come walk on the cemetery, and I 'll ast her right aways to pass me her promise to get married as soon as she otherwise can."

His pleasant contemplation of Sallie's gratified surprise in this unexpected good fortune made his walk across the fields very short indeed.

What, then, was his chagrin to find Sallie seated on the front porch with Ramah's brother Ebenezer, the whole aspect and attitude of the two manifesting the unmistakable fact that they were "keeping-comp'ny."

He quickly reflected, however, that Sallie must surely prefer to take him back if she got the chance, rather than marry Ebenezer, who was one of four children, while he, Christian, was the only son of the richest farmer of the township. So he boldly opened the gate and walked up to the pair on the porch. He could see the laughter in Sallie's eyes and the broad grin on Ebenezer's mouth as he drew near; but in a few minutes, he felt confident, Ebenezer would be laughing "on the other side of his face," for Christian meant to settle without any delay the question as to which of them Sallie would have.

"Well, Sallie!" he greeted her as he stood at the porch steps. "Well, Ebenezer!"

"Well, Krist!" they both answered.

"I thought I 'd come over oncet, Sallie."

"Did you want to see pop and mom, Krist?" jocosely asked Sallie.

"No; I come to see you."

"Did you, now?" Sallie asked, raising her eyes in mock astonishment. "What 's your urrand, Krist?"

"It ain't no urrand. I come to set up."

Sallie's brows went up a bit higher. "Why, I thought you was settin' up Saturdays with Ramah Smucher! I heard it put out that you took her to the fair Mondays three weeks back."

"I guess," said Christian, feeling awkward in the presence of Ramah's brother, "me and Ramah seen we 'd made a mistake."

"Like what me and you seen we 'd made, Krist?"

"I feel now, Sallie, I never made no mistake in comin' to see you. And," he boldly announced, "I 've came back."

"And that 's your second mistake, Krist. And, you know, a mistake is no haystack or every one would have a cow."

"Sallie, I tell you right now I don't feel I 'm makin' no mistake this time. I pass you my promise."

"You think you was mistaken in thinkin' you was mistaken?" laughed Sallie. "But *I* don't think I was mistaken, Krist, when I perferred Ebenezer to you. Me and Ebenezer 's promised this two weeks a'ready."

"But you dare have *me*, Sallie," heartily urged Christian, his zeal in his quest getting the better of his compassion for Ebenezer. "Ebenezer he knows I had first chancet, and he has the right to give you back to me."

Sallie threw back her pretty head and screamed with laughter, and Ebenezer joined her with a shout of mirth, the occasion of which Christian could not see.

"*Dare* I have you, Krist?" Sallie chokingly asked.

"Yes, willingly."

"Well, Krist, I 'm much obliged. But you dare n't have *me*."

"Is it you 're afraid of makin' Ebenezer mad, Sallie?"

"It 's that I don't want *you*."

"Is it you want to be coaxed that way, Sallie?"

"Coaxin' would n't do you no good, Krist."

"You know how good fixed I am—better 'n Ebenezer."

"If you was hung with gold dollars and Ebenezer was in rags, I 'd take *him*."

Christian stared at her, his eyes bulging. "What fer, Sallie?" he asked, in genuine wonder.

"Because," spoke up Ebenezer, "I 'm a man and not a pig."

"Och, you 're just mad that I ain't settin' up with Ramah no more," retorted Christian. "But she spends everything at the clo'es."

"Well," cried Ebenezer, "the people says *your* folks is so mean that when they set down to eat, they 're so fer savin', they won't eat theirselves done."

"Sallie,"—Christian turned to appeal to her,—"*is* it that you want to be coaxed?"

"Krist, I said I was promised to Ebenezer. But if I was n't promised to no one, I would n't marry *you*. It 's like what Ebenezer says: you ain't no *man*, Krist. I pity you,—you 're a poor body,—but I ain't marryin' you for my pity."

Christian could hardly believe his ears. He was, in the eyes of her whom he meant to honor with his name, "a poor body," the object of her pity!

"I don't understand you, Sallie."

"Go home and sleep on it," suggested Ebenezer. "Mebbe till morning a'ready you 'll take a tumble to yourself."

"Sallie, I ast you now, for the last time, will you come walk on the cemetery and let 's settle this here?"

"I ain't got nothin' to talk out with you, Krist. I 'm promised to Ebenezer."

"I 'll give you one more chancet. Are you comin'? Or I 'll go right down back to Ramah this here night."

Again Ebenezer and Sallie shouted with laughter.

"Ramah 's out buggy-ridin' with Jake Gochenhauer. He 's been her steady comp'ny since the first Saturdays you did n't go over to set up with her," Sallie informed him.

"And if you go tryin' to sneak back to *her*," threatened Ebenezer, "it won't take pop long to tell you to go right straight on off."

"Yes, anyhow," warmly assented Sallie. "I guess. Why, Krist, you 're wonderful *dumn* [stupid], thinkin' a girl would take you back after your actin' like what you acted by Ramah."

"Well, she knows now it was a good riddance," said Ebenezer.

"Yes, anyhow," responded Sallie, with as much indignation as her abundant good nature could muster.

Christian, his brain dizzy with a set of impressions of himself and others too novel to be quickly digested, turned away and walked back to the gate.

IV

PERMILLA

CHRISTIAN was humbled, but not crushed. After a few days of bewildered wonder at the unlooked-for turn which events had taken, he rallied sufficiently to plan a signal revenge upon his enemies and detractors. He would "spite" them both—Sallie and Ramah—by straightway marrying Permilla Gumpf!

He almost gasped at his own rashness as he set about carrying out this plan. Permilla's father had died two months before, and had left his wife and four children without any support. Permilla and her mother would have to slave day and night to make their rented farm pay expenses and keep them from starving. Christian knew that if he married Permilla he would be expected to do something for her mother and little brothers and sisters to "help along." Nevertheless, he did not falter in his purpose. He had always liked Permilla. *She*, at least, could appreciate what a good thing she was getting, which was what Sallie and Ramah seemed incapable of doing. And she had the virtues, he knew, which each of the other girls lacked: she was as industrious as Sallie was idle and as economical as Ramah was extravagant. These two extenuating circumstances, together with her profound and just admiration of himself,—for Christian had long enjoyed the pleasing consciousness of Permilla's evident though unexpressed passion for him,—made him overlook her poverty and the humble station of the Gumpfs as "renters."

So when on the next Saturday night, clad in his Sunday suit, he walked up the road to the Gumpfs' rented farm, he quite swelled with the delightful anticipation of seeing Permilla overwhelmed with gratitude and happiness at his condescension.

"I can love her better 'n I could ever of loved either of them other two," he told himself.

He met Permilla before he reached her door. She was gathering early apples in the orchard a little distance from the house. He observed, as he jumped the fence and walked toward her, that she was dressed as he had never seen her before: her gown was new, well-fitting, and pretty, and she wore a most fetching hat instead of the sunbonnet usually on her head. He marveled at this unexpected change in her appearance. He knew he had never before seen her look so pretty, and he was sure she was a great deal better-looking than either Sallie or Ramah.

She stopped her work and looked up in surprise as he came toward her.

"Well, Permilla!"

"Why, Krist!"

"How are you this evening?"

"*I 'm* pretty good. How 's yourself, Krist?"

"I 'm pretty good, too. Are you busy this evening?"

"Och, no; I 'm just getting some apples while I 'm—I 'm waitin'. Are you on your way over to Sallie Cougenhauer's, Krist?"

"No, Permilla; I 'm on my way to see *you*," he reassured her, with an encouraging smile.

"Oh!" said Permilla, her eyes opening wide. "Then let 's go through the orchard over, and come insides, will you?"

"Yes; I would n't care to."

"Is it so, Krist, that Ramah Smucher 's promised to Jake Gochenhauer?" Permilla's gentle voice asked as they walked through the orchard.

"I don't know," shortly answered Christian. "You 're lookin' wonderful good this evening, Permilla. You 're some stouter."

"Yes; I 'm takin' on *speck* [fat], mom says."

Christian wondered that the death of her father should have agreed so well with her health. He had expected to find her pale and wan and worn out; but he had never seen her so blooming.

"That 's a pretty hat you 're wearin' on yourself, Permilla. Did you get it a present?" he curiously inquired.

"No; I just got it *so*—to wear on pop's funeral, you know. It 's just my old hat fixed around. It had such red currants on it, and, to be sure, that would n't suit on a funeral, and I sayed to mom, 'I want to wear myself that looks a little *according*—no such red currants,' I sayed. So I ast

Ramah Smucher would she please and take my hat to town when she is going two days before the funeral. Well, don't you think, Krist, she took it with—and then when she come home she did n't have it along, and the day after to-morrow was the funeral yet. I was so sick she has n't got my hat when she come from town! And then Abe *he* went in special and fetched it. And it looks so nice; the people on the funeral don't believe on me it 's my old hat fixed around. I can't tell right what these here flowers on it is," she added dubiously. "White daisies or narcissus—*what* it is?"

"What did it cost you to have it fixed around?" speculatively asked Christian.

"One thirty-nine," answered Permilla; "and it 's as good as new."

"Who 's Abe?" Christian inquired.

"Oh," blushed Permilla, "Abe he 's—why, he 's Abe Schwarz that lives at Klupp's Church over."

"Was it *him* brought your hat with?"

"Yes," briefly answered Permilla. "You must n't mind the way things is tore up at our house, Krist," she abruptly changed the subject. "We 're repairing up the house and barn, and it gives such a dirt."

Christian stared at her in astonishment. "You 're repairin' up the house and barn?" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes; we 're pretty good fixed now, Krist. When pop died, his brother, my Uncle Adam Gumpf, came from Alaska home, and he give mom some money to live on."

Christian's face beamed as he turned it upon Permilla.

"Then your mom can buy you a' aus styer yet, ain't—when you get married?"

"Oh, yes," eagerly answered Permilla.

"Them 's pretty beads you 're wearin' on yourself, Permilla. Does the locket come open? Mebbe I might give you a wisp of my hair to put in—ain't?"

Permilla hastily covered the trinket with her little brown hand. "It 's so funny to open, Krist; I don't try, still, to open it."

"Permilla,"—Christian took her small hand in his big clumsy one as they slowly strolled through the orchard,—"the first house that 's getting empty I 'm renting."

"Are you gettin' married too, Krist?"

"Yes, Permilla," he answered, pressing the hand he held.

"Who to, Krist?" Permilla inquired, drawing away her hand.

"A girl that lives wonderful clost by," facetiously answered Krist, reaching to take her hand again; but she held it out of his reach.

"Is it Sallie Cougenhauer?"

"*No;* it *ain't* Sallie Cougenhauer. Guess again, Permilla!"

"If it ain't Ramah or Sallie, I don't know *whoever*."

"There 's somebody better 'n either of them two, Permilla."

"Livin' clost by?" wonderingly asked Permilla.

"As clost as she otherwise *could* live."

"Why, Krist! there ain't no girl livin' nearer than Sallie and Ramah."

"There 's yourself, Permilla!"

Christian gazed at her in triumph and shouted with laughter.

"*You 're* goin' to be my girl, Permilla. I 'm marryin' *you*. I like you wonderful much. And I was goin' to ast you before I knowed your Uncle Adam was on and give yous all somepin' to live on."

"But, Krist—"

"How much is it your Uncle Adam give yous?"

"That 's neither here nor there, Krist, because—"

"I ain't changin' my mind any if he don't give you *nothin'*," magnificently declared Christian. "I want to get married to you right aways, no matter whatever."

"Thank you, Krist, but—"

"How soon could you get ready to be married, Permilla?"

"I *am* ready, Krist; I 'm getting married—"

"Would n't you have to do some sewin' first?"

"It 's all done. I 'm gettin' married next Saturdays."

"I don't know if I can make it suit *that* quick a'ready, Permilla; but mebbe till next Saturdays a week a'ready."

"I 'm gettin' married next Saturdays, Krist."

"Och, well," said Christian, a little surprised, "if you 're so set on next Saturdays, I guess I can hurry."

"I 'll be pleased to have your comp'ny at my weddin', Krist."

Christian laughed at the joke. "It would be a funny weddin' without the

mister, ain't? Well, *I 'll* be there, Permilla," he facetiously assured her.

"I 'm gettin' married next Saturdays a'ready to Abe Schwarz from Klupp's Church over," firmly and clearly announced Permilla.

Christian stopped short in the path leading up to the house door. His face flamed red and his small eyes sparkled like beads.

"What 's that you sayed?"

"I 'm gettin' married to Abe Schwarz from Klupp's Church over, next Saturdays."

"You 're promised to Abe Schwarz!"

"Yes, Krist."

Permilla stood before him in the path and looked at him with shy pride.

"Would n't you ruther have me, Permilla?" he feebly inquired.

"I 'm wonderful fond of Abe, Krist. And he 's so good fixed—he'll make me such a good provider."

"Yes," hoarsely granted Christian; "he 's wonderful well fixed—even better 'n me. Who 'd o' thought," he added, in growing amazement, "that *Abe Schwarz* would be makin' up to *you?* Why, he could have 'most anybody—good fixed like what he is and so educated yet! I 'd o' thought he would n't have no one but an Ann-wille graduate!"

"He 'd ruther have me," with humble pride answered Permilla.

"But, Permilla, you *would* of had me of I 'd spoke soon enough—ain't it so, you would?"

"Well, Krist," she timidly answered, "two months back a'ready I might of, mebbe. But I heard since how you was so near that way with your money, and how your pop and mom was always so good to you and did n't never make you mind, but give you every will, and that made you so conceity by yourself that you was n't easy to live with no more. And I says to myself, 'Them things don't bring happiness.' And then I did n't think so much about you no more, Krist, like what I used to still. And then, to be sure, when Abe begin to come and keep comp'ny with me, I liked him so well and I felt so wonderful satisfied that nothin' else did n't make nothin' to me."

"Do you mean you would n't have me even if you was n't promised to Abe Schwarz?" asked Christian, unsteadily.

"No, Krist, I would n't," firmly answered Permilla. "I 'm sorry for you, Krist. I hope it don't hurt you in your feelin's. But—but I took such a *kreistled* [disgusted] feeling toward you."

Christian stared at her with bulging eyes; but, before he could answer, Permilla started with a sudden exclamation as the distant sound of buggy wheels fell on the evening stillness.

"Och, here comes Abe's buggy the road up! Will you come in and see him, Krist, for a minute?"

"No."

"Won't you wait and bid Abe the time?"

"No."

Christian turned his back on her and walked out of the gate.

Permilla watched his broad-shouldered figure disappear into the dimness of the long pike, feeling with a great throbbing of her heart what a different fate would have been hers if he had asked her to marry him "two months back," when her feelings toward him had been so different.

"Abe Schwarz will make me so much better a provider and he 's so much nicer a person!" exultantly thought Permilla.

And Christian, going home in the summer twilight, fully realized, for the first time in his young manhood, that the feminine mind held a view of Christian Yundt and his value in the matrimonial market quite other than that which he himself had been falsely cherishing ever since the day on which he had first touched a razor to his sleek, self-satisfied countenance.

THREE CHARACTERS OF TOLSTOI

PICTURES BY SIGISMOND IVANOWSKI

I

KATIA

II

MARIANA

"THE COSSACKS"

III

ANNA KARÉNINA

F C GORDON

KATIA

MARIANA

ANNA KARÉNINA

WILD PANSIES

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.—*Poe.*

IT is something of a ride over green, springy hills, and there are four gates to open, and an upland swamp, about whose edges grows wild cyclamen, before you come to the rolling meadow where the first wild pansies bloom in the early spring. The end of February is early spring in California: but you are well repaid for the trouble, for there are several acres of them, all heading the same way, like ventilators on a ship; and they have long stems, and brown backs, which they turn against the wind, and their little faces are yellow, with black eyes, and are as saucy and attractive as the faces of young girls.

Below you the land falls away with a fine, green, rolling sweep, becomes lost for a little in the depths of a cañon, and, rising more abruptly on the other side, forms a range of lofty, chaparral-covered hills, which are stood there to take the edge off the strong Pacific winds, and temper them against their coming to the inland valleys given over to the growing of fruit, almonds, English walnuts, cherries, pears, apples, oranges, and all. Far away to your left, dark and chiseled, out of the soft green Black Mountain rises like an exclamation-point and dominates the landscape. Behind you the hills run softly away, clothed with many-colored cattle and lined with ragged hedges of eucalyptus-trees; descend to sea-level; pass under a shady-village; and become one upon the other side with a flat, pink salt-marsh, which in turn merges into the pale blue of San Francisco Bay. The farther shore of the bay is mist and mountains.

You may travel much, but you will see no lustier, fresher acreage in the world. Nor do I count it a small thing that, in the viewing of it, the pony upon which you have come stands ankle-deep among the yellow pansies. It is something of a ride to reach that exact spot; but the very devil of a walk, all up hill, every step heavy, no full measure given to the stanchest strides, and the wind in your face.

But a number of years ago Marion left her home, and walked thither and beyond, as you shall hear. I think there was no determined end to the walk that she started upon; she only purposed to keep her back to her home, as the pansies keep their backs to the wind, and to go on,—always on,—avoiding the habitations of men and the eyes of women. On,—always on,—pushed by the heavy hand of trouble and damned by the irony of fate. Who would have believed the pitiful tale she had to tell? The generous fault? Yes, there were those who would have believed that. The collision of two trains which made the fault irreparable? They might have believed; they would not have forgiven. Why should they? The stepmother hard as the nether stone; the old father hard as the rocks of his native Plymouth. There was no excuse, no forgiveness. Nothing but to find a lonely place and die. And so she passed from her home, and went up the long toils of the hills, drifting aimlessly like a little cloud, and came at length, mired to her knees and weeping, to the upland meadows where the pansies stood with their little brown backs to the wind and their sunny faces regarding her. There she abode a while and picked a handful of the pansies. It is not known why.

Then she went on, and the wind blew colder in her face as she toiled up the opposing hills; her dress flapped and snapped in the wind; the chaparral tore it, and scratched her face, and her hands, and her ankles. Night came and stars began to twinkle. Marion lay face down on the cold, wet grass and made sure that she would die. Instead she slept and the pansies died in her hands. And, with all the wet and the cold and the cuts and the bruises, she slept a sounder sleep than she had slept for many a black night.

She did not hear the sounds of a horse neighing violently at something in the chaparral; nor did she hear a strong man's voice speak suddenly the name of God and call him good; nor was she aware of strong hands lifting her. Nor did she know that a man who was in a hurry rode with her through the night—at a walk, that she might sleep.

She awoke in the pink dawn, and found herself resting against a strong, broad breast. Strong arms supported her, and she felt the steady, gentle walking of the horse. But it seemed natural to her—a part and incident of the great plan of death. She had died in the night, and was comfortable and thankful. In her hand the pansies drooped.

"Now that you 've waked, young lady, where shall I take you?"

Waked? Yes; in death. How considerate of Death to ask her where she wanted to go!

She made no answer, and cleared her eyes, and laid her half-raised head back on Death's broad, manly breast. He whom kings and emperors cannot bribe, and must come to in the end, shrugged his shoulders, although they ached with their burden, and rode on. After a while the burden became insupportable as it was, and he shifted it a little. Marion awoke again, but in a new position. She saw a pair of brown ears, one pricked forward and one back; beyond them a white cabin among trees; beyond that a semicircle of white beach guarded by abrupt, bare hills and full of the blue, tumbling Pacific.

Again she closed her eyes, but not in sleep this time. She had fainted.

She lay all day on the little porch of the white cabin, pillows under her head, blankets around her, and the fresh wind across her face. A young giant with a smooth face and gray eyes appeared and disappeared; brought her broth, toast, water with brandy in it; adjusted her pillows; went, came, and went again. Now and then rough-looking men rode up to the porch on rough horses, looked at her curiously out of the corners of their eyes, took orders from the young giant, and rode away. She was not quite clear in her mind as to what was happening, what had happened, or what was going to happen. She knew clearly that she was not dead, that was all. She was very sorry. Turning her head away from the wind, she found at her side a tumbler full of water and yellow pansies; one or two were dead past recovery, but the others had revived and looked her saucily in the face.

Turning in the other direction, she saw that a woman's clothing was drying on a line stretched in the cabin yard. She recognized one garment after another, and felt the blood mount to her eyes.

The young giant saw the look of recognition and the blush.

"Don't take it to heart," he said. "You were soaked through and could n't help yourself. It 's all right. Don't be afraid."

After a while the color left her cheeks, for she was very sick indeed, and her heart needed the blood.

"You can't go away for a while," he said. "But I 'll send for any one you say."

"There is no one," she said.

"I thought so," said the big man, gently. "You are in trouble. Don't think about trouble till you 're stronger. Do you think you could go to sleep a little? It is too windy here—would you rather go inside?"

"No," she said; "I like the wind."

"And there is nobody you want?"

Marion looked straight into the big man's kind eyes.

"Yes," she said desperately; "but he was killed in the collision at San José. We were to have been married the next day. I am very unhappy, and I cannot go to my home. I wish I were dead!"

"Gently," said the big man.

"Please don't be good to me," said Marion. "I don't deserve anything good. I 've got to die—that 's all."

"You 've got to go to sleep," said the big man.

Toward evening the big man carried her, mattress and all, into the cabin. The cabin

was divided into two small rooms. In the one farthest from the door was a cot. On this the big man deposited his burden.

"If you need anything," he said, "sing out. And there 's a key in the door, so that you can lock it. Good night, and remember that there is nothing so bad but what it might have been worse."

On the third day she was better and the fever had left her.

"I 've been thinking," said the big man, "that parties will be searching for you, and eventually you will be found here. Now the best thing is to anticipate the search. Send word to your father, telling him where you are and that you intend to—stay." The big man blushed. "It 's for you to say," he added timidly.

Had she sunk so low and was she held so cheap? He seemed to read the thought.

"I mean to do the square thing," said the big man, gently. "Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes."

Marion's mother had been a Catholic, which goes to show that even Puritans from Plymouth are liable to temptation.

"Then I will send to Spanish Town for a priest. We 'll have a bang-up wedding," said the big man, with unction.

"But—you—d-don't know, then, that—" and she turned her troubled face to the wall and told him.

"Don't turn away from me," he said, after a silence. "I 'm not your judge. I 'm only your good friend. Look at me and you 'll see I mean it."

After a long time she managed to turn her face toward his.

"It 's all right," he said. "It 's all right—you are so—so young."

Tears filled the eyes of both.

"See those pansies," said the big man; "why, they were all wilted and dead when I brought you here; but they 're all right now—mostly all right. They 're like you and me—we 're mostly all right, even if we have had our troubles. Girls have hard rows to hoe," he went on; "but so would men have if every wrong thing they do could be found out. The best man 's not as good as the worst woman, I guess; and you—why, you 're a heap better than me. Do you think you can ever forget that poor feller that—that got killed in the train? I want you to try and forget him if you can, and learn to rely on me. I guess you don't love me much now; but maybe you 'll learn to, if I 'm always good to you, as I mean to be."

"But," said Marion, "can you forget?"

He bent over her. She just put her arms about his neck, and drew his face down to hers. They stayed there for a while, cheek against cheek.

"Can you forget?" she said again.

She felt his cheek moving softly against hers until his lips were on hers.

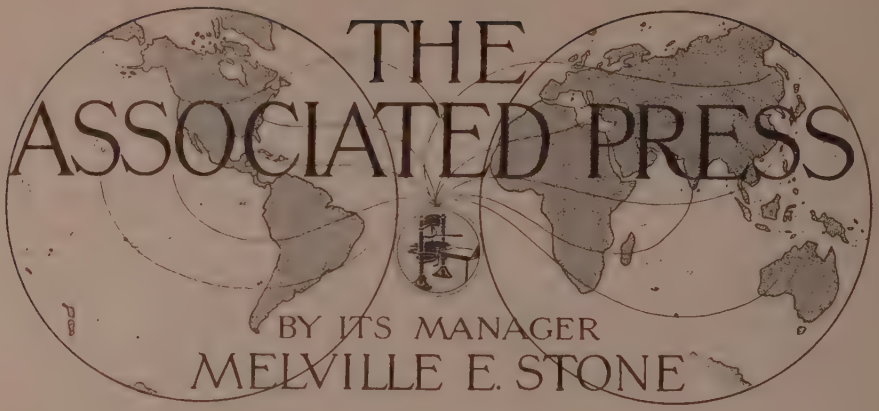
"I have forgotten," said he.

THE VENDORS

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THE rich have brought us gifts in lavish measure
And gold, by which all things on earth are bought;
And bid us give them for their smiling pleasure
The sweetest songs our lonely dreams have wrought.

We gave our sweetest songs and took their payment,
Laughing the while upon the foolish throng—
Knowing a song is but as beggar's raiment
To all save those whose tears are in the song.



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

BY ITS MANAGER

MELVILLE E. STONE

I. ITS GENERAL FOREIGN SERVICE

THESE articles on "The Associated Press," written by Mr. Stone at our solicitation, have to do with a matter that affects the daily lives of the majority of the American people—namely, the news of the world set forth by seven hundred daily papers in all parts of the land. In contents the articles will prove a revelation to the general public and, in great degree, also to newspaper men themselves. They will tell not only of the workings of the system in peace and war, but of the revolution in custom, with regard to news, recently brought about in the countries of the Old World, and by consent of some of its most conservative rulers. On account of the timeliness of this article and the one to follow (which will deal with the circumstances of the abolition of the Russian censorship on foreign news), these two are printed out of the order.—EDITOR.

STUDENTS of American history have long observed that although we established our political independence by the wars of 1776 and 1812, our literary and social dependence upon England has never been fully broken. Our cousins oversea, in the persons of such recognized censors as Gifford of the "Quarterly Review," sneered at our novelists; Tom Moore condemned our democratic institutions; and Charles Dickens accused us of bad manners. We, on the other hand, had not been free from blame. We had taught our children a history of England which related little more of her than the fact that she had fought us in two wars, and we made no account of her splendid record in the development of the world's best civilization. All of these things made for unfriendly relations. Yet, all the while, we suffered London to dictate our opinion respecting every other nation. From its beginning the Associated Press had only one foreign agency, and that was located in the British metropolis. It was from a British news-agency or through the English special despatches that we derived all our European news. True, there were interesting letters from the Continental capitals; but, long before their arrival or publication, the story of any important event had been told from London and had made its impress upon the American mind—an impress which it was not easy to correct. The fact that the British views were presented in the English language obviously made them easier of access and gave them wider currency in this country. Thus British opinion, in large measure, became our opinion.

After the Spanish War of 1898 our vision was suddenly and remarkably widened. Then the ambassadors from the Continental nations at Washington began to urge that the time had come for the United States to look at their peoples through American eyes. M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, was particularly perturbed because all of the news respecting

France came through London and took on a British nuance. It did not follow that such reports were inaccurate, but they were written to supply what the English people were presumed to want; and the London point of view, as Lowell said is:

Whut 's good 's all English; all thet is n't ain't.

There was evidence of a strong desire on the part of European powers for pleasant relations with the United States; they were very anxious that the Associated Press should name its own competent correspondents, who should reside in the different Continental capitals of Europe and should study each country as Americans. An unkind phrase respecting the United States in an altogether inconsequential German paper, when printed in the Associated Press despatches in this country, was likely to cause great friction. Although the character of the paper was unknown, it was assumed to voice German sentiment because it was a German paper. This led to a distinct protest on the part of our German-American newspapers against the character of that service, and an urgent demand that we establish a bureau at Berlin.

I explained to M. Cambon the reasons for the existing method. It had been our experience that if an Associated Press correspondent in any of the smaller cities of France should file a despatch for the Associated Press, it would be hung on a hook by a stupid clerk in the government telegraph office. They would then send all the government messages they had, and all the death messages, and all the commercial messages, and then they would take the Associated Press message from the hook and send it forward; but on its arrival in Paris it would suffer a like delay. The consequence was that it took us from six to seven hours to get a despatch through. On the other hand, we had found that we could obtain this news in Paris, send it by long-distance telephone to London, and there put it on the cable and forward it much more rapidly. To send a message from New York to Rome and secure a reply usually required twenty-four hours. I suggested that if the French government could see its way clear to expedite our service, and if it would throw open all departments of the government and give us the news, I should be very glad to establish a bureau in Paris and take all our news respecting France from Paris direct.

M. Cambon asked me to go abroad and take the matter up with his government, and, after some delay and some discussion of the subject, I agreed to do so. This was in the autumn of 1902. The only preparation made was that Ambassador Cambon had reported to the French Foreign Office on the desirability of some change, and had explained to them my wishes.

On my arrival in Paris I called on M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He received me cordially, was fully advised of the situation, and evinced much interest. He said that while it was a rather serious business, and one which he must take up with his confrères, particularly the Minister of Telegraphs, he sincerely favored my views. He invited me to breakfast in the palace of the ministry of foreign affairs. There I met two or three of the other ministers. I told them that our people must be absolutely free, that there must be no attempt to influence them. While, in order to be useful, the representative of the Associated Press accredited to any capital must be on friendly terms with the government at that capital, he must not be a servile agent of that government; we could not deny ourselves the right of free criticism, and anything we might do must be done with the distinct understanding that the government would not influence the character of the service as to its impartiality.

I found that there was likely to be a good deal of delay, and, after laying the matter before the French minister and telling him what I desired, and receiving an expression of his purpose to work it out as best he could, I left him.

My interview with M. Delcassé was in his private room in the palace set apart for the department of foreign affairs. He called my attention to an old mahogany table at his side, which, he said, had served three times to affect the fate of the American Republic. On it was signed the convention which Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane made with the French government to secure funds for the United States in its struggling days. On it were also signed the treaty of peace following the War of 1812, and the treaty of peace with Spain in 1898.

I returned to New York, and a month later M. Delcassé presented his plan. The

French officials would give the representative of the Associated Press all proper information. They would answer any questions that might be of interest to this country, and they would do all in their power to expedite the service. They issued three forms of telegraph blanks: one bearing across its face, in red ink, the words "Associated Press"; the second form, the words "Associated Press, très pressé"; and the third form, the words "Associated Press, urgent." These they issued to us, to be used at our discretion and subject to a general order of the French government, sent to all telegraph employees throughout France, which provided that when the first form was deposited in any French telegraph office, the operator should send forward all government messages and then the Associated Press message should be transmitted immediately thereafter; if the second form, "Associated Press, très pressé," was used, the despatch should follow the government message then on the wire and precede any other government message; and if an "Associated Press, urgent" message should be presented, the operator should immediately stop the outgoing government message and forward the press despatch immediately. This arrangement was put into force. Since then our despatches from France, long and short, have averaged about twenty-one minutes. We established an adequate bureau in Paris, and employed a large number of subordinate correspondents throughout the country, sometimes Frenchmen and sometimes Americans, and our service has proved highly satisfactory. It is no more expensive than formerly, the rate from Paris direct being precisely the rate from London direct, so that we save the transmission from Paris to London for which we formerly paid. The office expenses may be increased somewhat, but, in compensation, we have reduced the office force in London.

I had suggested that Paris, and not London, was the natural point of concentration for our despatches from the Latin nations, and M. Delcassé, having that in mind, invited me to confer with the Italian and Spanish governments. I therefore went abroad again. The French Foreign Office was pleased with the experience they had had. They issued a formal letter of instructions to M. Barrère, French ambassador at the Quirinal, to take the matter up with the Italian government, with a view to inducing that government to expedite our service from Italy to the French border, where the messages would be forwarded by the French administration and rushed on to New York. I went to Rome and, after paying calls on the American ambassador, saw M. Barrère, who had received his instructions, and who entered upon the work enthusiastically. He desired to secure the concession distinctly on behalf of the French government; while he was glad to receive the coöperation of the American ambassador, he wished to make it his own special work. M. Barrère speaks English perfectly.

The American ambassador, Mr. Meyer, gave a luncheon in my honor, at which were present Signor Prinetti, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Barrère. The subject was talked over in detail with Signor Prinetti, and I was then commanded to an audience with the King. Going to the Quirinal, I entered a small anteroom at noon, where two aides were in waiting. His Majesty received me in an adjoining room. I found him dressed in the costume of an officer of the Italian army—dark-blue blouse and light-blue trousers with black stripes. He greeted me cordially, and asked me to be seated. He sat on a sofa, while I was given a chair, and we entered into a lively conversation. He said he knew the purpose of my visit, having been informed of it through Prinetti. He was glad that we were disposed to take up the matter of a service from Rome direct, assured me that he would do everything that could be done, and thought there would be no difficulty in meeting our wishes; I could rest assured of his loyal effort in the matter, and that it would be pursued without delay.

We talked at some length about Marconi, in whose work he displayed a deep interest, and of the relations between Italy and America. I suggested the difficult position in which an Associated Press representative would find himself in Rome because of the contest between the Vatican and the Quirinal. I found, however, that while officially affairs were strained, personal relations were not unkindly. Leo XIII was Pope. The King spoke most kindly of the Holy Father, and while, of course, they never met, there was no bit-

terness manifested on either side. I told him that ordinarily it would be necessary for me to appoint two representatives, one for the Vatican and one for the Quirinal, but that I had a man in mind whom I thought *persona grata* to both sides. I had talked of this man with Prinetti, who had expressed the highest confidence in him. The King said he thought it would be quite unnecessary to appoint two representatives if the Vatican were disposed to go halfway; with one man there would be less danger of friction.

The King expressed his high appreciation of the work of the association, and called attention to the fact that a number of his own ministers were newspaper men, and that his American ambassador, Signor Mayor des Planches, was an old-time journalist in whom he had great confidence. He said, in speaking of the relations between the United States and Italy, that he trusted that they would always be cordial. The Italians felt that, through Columbus, they had given America to the world, and that they had a peculiar interest, therefore, in the United States. He also said that while Italy is spoken of as a kingdom, it is in fact a republic in disguise, having the same parliamentary freedom that exists in England and the United States. Concerning Italian emigration to the United States, he said he was greatly pleased because a large number of the emigrants who went to the United States perfected themselves by their sojourn there, learned American methods, and then came back to Italy and applied these methods in their home life. He said that the percentage of Italians who emigrated to the United States and remained there was much smaller than was generally supposed. He added that it was the practice of many emigrants to go to the United States for work during the summer season, and then return to Italy and spend their surplus earnings in acquiring lands and bettering their condition. He expressed the hope that Italian citizens would be found to be good citizens of the United States. They were law-abiding and economical.

I also had an audience with the Pope. It, too, was held at noon. I drove to the Vatican, and was received by a secretary. At every turn of the stairway were members of the Swiss Guard in their brilliant uniform. On my arrival at the residence floor, a member of the Noble Guard greeted me and received my wraps. I was then taken through a long series of rooms until I arrived at the throne-room. There I met a French cardinal, who greeted me, and then I entered the anteroom of the papal reception-hall. A door was opened, and I was admitted to the presence of the Holy Father. The room was perhaps twenty feet by thirty. At one end, on a slightly raised dais, sat the Pope. The surroundings formed a striking picture. The venerable prelate was dressed in the cream-white garb of his office. His face was the color of parchment, and not different from the tone of his vestments. A "dim religious light" came in from the high window. On each side of him down the hall were ranged seats at a lower level.

As I entered, I bowed with formality, and in a faint voice I heard him call my name. He reached out his hand and asked me to approach. Grasping my hand, he requested me to sit at his side, though on a lower level. There was no one else in the room. He took my right hand in his and covered it with his left, and during the hour that I talked with him he held it thus in an affectionate, parental way.

I said that I was afraid he could not comprehend all I had to say in bad French. To which he replied: "I am an Italian and speak French with an Italian accent, and if we speak very slowly we shall be able to understand each other."

He was most anxious that the United States should accredit an ambassador to his court. "I am told," he said, "that there are political difficulties about it, but I cannot see why there should be. Germany, which is a Protestant nation, sends an ambassador to my court as well as one to the Quirinal. Russia, which is heretical and believes its own Emperor is the vicegerent of God, also sends one. Why cannot the United States? I should be very happy if I could close my long career by establishing relations with this young republic through their sending an ambassador to my court." Three or four times he referred to the subject with great earnestness. It seemed very near to his heart.

The Pope at the time had shown wonderful capacity in dealing with the Philippine question. He had been very prompt in his decisions, and I took the liberty of saying to him that he was almost an Ameri-

can in the energetic way in which he had dealt with the subject. He laughed and replied: "Yes, yes; but, after all, what is time to the church? What is yesterday, or to-day, or to-morrow? The church is eternal." Something was said about the Quirinal. I cannot tell what led to it, but I shall never forget the dramatic incident. He was leaning over his chair. "Yes, yes," he said faintly; "I am nearly ninety-four years old. I am a prisoner, but I am a sovereign!"

You cannot leave the presence of royalty until dismissed; you must receive your congé. As he was holding my hand and talking on in a kindly, gentle way, I saw no prospect of a dismissal. Finally I ventured to say: "I am afraid I am fatiguing you?" He turned and said: "You will come and see me again?" "Unfortunately, your Holiness," I replied, "I must start for Paris at ten minutes to three to-day." "Yes, yes," he said; "I know you go to Paris to-day; that was the reason I fixed the audience at twelve o'clock. But you will come again? Come any time within ten years and I shall be glad to see you."

I called on Cardinal Rampolla, and had a long talk with him in respect to the man whom I should appoint as our representative, and I named the gentleman whom I had in mind. He said he had a very great regard for him, and that, while he thought his sympathies were with the Quirinal, he still thought he would be just in all questions pertaining to Roman news. I appointed the gentleman, and he has proved very acceptable to both sides.

At a dinner Signor Prinetti had said that he had had a conference with his colleagues, and that he would be able to meet our wishes. Then he turned to me and said: "I have something which may interest you. Some time ago the Italian government issued, in twenty-five or thirty parts, facsimiles of all the known reports and letters of Christopher Columbus,—every known document bearing his handwriting and signature,—and sent them to the royal libraries throughout Europe. I think we have one copy left, and I shall be very glad if you will permit me to present this one to you." I expressed my pleasure and gratitude.

Three or four days after this dinner I went to the hunt outside of Rome. On my return I learned that Prinetti had, while in audience with the King, suffered a stroke of apoplexy. I left my card at Madame Prinetti's and wrote a letter of condolence to his chief assistant. I received a reply expressing Madame Prinetti's appreciation and adding: "I think you will be interested to learn that the last official act of Signor Prinetti, before he was stricken, was to sign an order to deliver the copy of the Columbus books to our consul-general in New York, to be forwarded to you."

Next day my business with the Italian government was arranged, and from that time our despatches have been coming from Italy in less than half an hour. When the Pope died we received the bulletin announcing the fact from the Vatican, two miles distant from our office in Rome, in nine minutes, and retransmitted it to Paris, Berlin, and London, giving them the first news.

I went to Berlin, where I was "commanded" to an *Ordensfest*, and to dine with the Emperor. It occurred on a Sunday. The Ordensfest was an annual reception given by the imperial family to all persons who had been decorated during the preceding year. The most distinguished men of Germany were present to the number of several hundred. At noon, in the chapel of the Schloss in Berlin, all those entitled to admission assembled. I drove to the Schloss, presented my card, and mounted the stairs to the chapel. At the chapel door I was escorted by a court marshal to a seat, where I watched the company gather. There were generals and admirals and many distinguished men. Facing the pulpit was a space reserved for the imperial family, three tiers of seats deep. After I had been sitting for some time, Baron von Richthofen, of the Foreign Office, came up and said: "This is not the seat for you; you are misplaced. A seat has been reserved for you." Then he led me to a seat immediately back of the imperial family.

When the chapel was filled the master of ceremonies, with his mace in hand, rapped, and the imperial party entered. Every one rose as the Emperor and the Empress appeared and passed to the seats reserved for them. Four pages carried the Empress's train. Prince Henry and Princess Irene, his wife; Prince Leopold and Princess Leopold; and Prince Eitel, the Emperor's

second son, followed. The Emperor sat at the extreme end of a row, with the Empress at his side, and next to Prince Henry, Prince Leopold, and their wives. Behind them were the younger members of the imperial family and the court attendants.

The form of service of the Lutheran faith began, and at the proper times the Emperor rose first, and all others followed his action. When he sat, every one else followed. At the close of the service, the imperial party withdrew, and Baron von Richthofen and his chief secretary, Dr. von Mühlberg, led me to the great White Hall, where a one-o'clock dinner was served. I was seated directly opposite the Kaiser. There were two long tables, one slightly raised on a platform, and in front of this another, at which I was seated. Herr Sydow, Postmaster-General, sat on my right, and Dr. Becker, President of the Reichstag, on my left. There were

From a photograph by Gessford. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MELVILLE E. STONE

about twenty at table, including the imperial family. After those at the lower table had assembled, there was a warning of some sort, and we all rose while the imperial party, with the Emperor leading, entered.

They came in at the end of the hall and marched across and took their appointed places, everybody standing until the Emperor was seated. At the Emperor's left sat the Empress, and at his right, Prince Leopold. Farther along sat Prince Eitel and Prince Henry and Princess Irene. The Crown Prince was not present. The dinner proceeded without incident. When it had ended the Emperor rose and offered the health of his guests, and then with a martial air turned and marched out, the imperial family following, while we at the lower table remained standing in our places. Then the Hofmarschall, gorgeously arrayed in the gold-braided costume of his office, came up and asked me to follow him. We went through a long series of halls and came to one where there were two doors with soldiers guarding them with crossed bayonets. As we approached, the guards raised their guns, and we entered. I found myself in the presence of the imperial family of Germany.

The Emperor stood at the farther side of the room, by a mantel, and standing about were the Empress, Prince Henry, Princess Irene, Prince Eitel, and Prince Leopold. Nobody else was in the room. I was presented to the Kaiser. He greeted me very cordially, and spoke in English of my mission to Berlin, and expressed his pleasure at the prospect that the people of the United States would be able to see Germany through American eyes. He said freely and at some length that he bore our people in affectionate regard, and assured me that he would give the necessary orders to put the Associated Press in a satisfactory position in Germany. Finally, turning to Prince Henry, he said: "Here is a gentleman whom you know." The prince was standing by his side and greeted me, adding: "I want you to know my wife." He then presented me to Princess Irene. She was cordial, speaking of her English ancestors, and the delight she had in meeting one who spoke her mother-tongue. Meanwhile several hundred people had gathered in the hall outside, awaiting an audience. The Hofmarschall approached and said that the Empress was ready to receive me. She was very gracious and said: "I hope you will enjoy yourself; we want you to know you are welcome." General von Plessen, who had visited the United States with Prince Henry, entered the room and greeted me cordially. As Von Plessen began talking, a young fellow came up,—a splendid, stalwart boy,—and, clicking his heels together, said: "I am Eitel; and I want to thank you for the courtesies you extended to my Uncle Henry while he was in America. It was very kind of you, and we all appreciated it." I said it was a pleasure for which no American deserved thanks. He was delightfully diffident. "Do you like yachting?" he asked. "Have you seen the *Meteor?*" "Yes," I replied; "she is a fine boat." He answered: "I hope to have a sail in her. I am sorry that my brother, the Crown Prince, is not here. He has gone to Russia. He will be greatly grieved because he is not here. I know you return to Italy. How long will you be in Italy? My brother and I are going to Italy, and if you will do me the honor to call on me there I shall be pleased."

By this time the doors of the great hall opened, and the Emperor and Empress went out among the waiting people. The Emperor walked up on one side of the hall and the Empress on the other, an improvised avenue being arranged for each. Baron von Richthofen presented me to a number of ambassadors. Prince Henry came up in a most informal way and said: "I know you will forgive me if I am not as attentive to you as I should like to be, because this is the one time in the year when every one in Germany who has been decorated has the right to command our attention. But," he continued, "I hope you will enjoy yourself. We want to make you welcome. You will meet here many of the most distinguished men in Germany." The Hofmarschall signaled me to the presence of the Empress. Beside her was standing a little old man to whom she presented me. It was Menzel, the artist. He had just painted a picture of Frederick the Great, which he had dedicated to the people of the United States, and I congratulated him on the splendid work. Then I drifted to the other side of the hall as the Kaiser was coming up. He stopped and said: "I think you will find this an interesting ceremony. Every man who has been decorated within

the year comes here, and we hold this reception. This man," he added, pointing to one obviously of the peasant class, "is a letter-carrier. He has been decorated. Back there is a locomotive-engine driver. A man may be decorated for courage or for skill. They all come here on this occasion."

The reception lasted until four o'clock, when the imperial family withdrew.

I met Postmaster-General Sydow. We talked over the French plan for expediting our telegrams. I said I thought a simpler way could be adopted. We finally agreed upon a small red label bearing the word "America." Pasted on a despatch anywhere in Germany, it meant that the despatch must take first place on the wires.

I had now perfected arrangements of a most satisfactory character with the French, Italian, and German governments, and they all went into effect about the 1st of January, 1903.

A year later, I was again invited to dinner by the German Emperor, and had an hour alone with him. He said he was greatly pleased with the better understanding which had developed between Germany and the United States, which he was good enough to attribute in large measure to the presentation of a just view of German events and German motives by the Associated Press. He freely declared his desire to cement the friendly relations existing between the two nations, not because of any immediate political consequences, but in the larger interests of the world's peace and progress. He made no secret of his impatience over the hypercritical, not to say censorious or malignant, tone of a number of journals of both countries, and said he believed that only harm could result from their utterances. His manner was wholly unrestrained, cordial, and democratic. He was greatly gratified at the reception accorded to his brother, Prince Henry, but hoped that no citizen of the United States would imagine that the visit of the prince meant more than a sincere desire to foster good fellowship between the two peoples.

(To be continued)

THE AMERICAN NURSES IN JAPAN

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

BY ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE

MRS. ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE, M.D. (who in the Spanish War was acting-assistant surgeon in the United States army, in charge of the Army Nurse Corps), took a party of American nurses to Japan in 1904 for six months' uncompensated service. They were the guests of the nation. The visit of the American nurses touched the heart of the entire people of Japan—the poor, the rich, the soldiers, the governing classes. In two articles Dr. McGee has summarized for the readers of THE CENTURY some of the principal features of their reception and of their unique and valuable experience.—THE EDITOR.

HAD we been princesses, the hurrahs of the crowds could not have been louder, nor their friendly greetings more hearty, than they were when my nurses and I landed in Japan. We had crossed a continent and a great ocean to give a little help to a people engaged in a life-and-death struggle, and that people poured out its gratitude in a thousand ways during the whole of our stay in the land. We were told that Japan, high and low, rich and poor, had never before given such a welcome to a foreigner; but, fortunately for our modesty, we knew that this was not a tribute to ourselves as individuals. To the Japanese we were the personal representatives, not of a

From a photograph

DR. McGEE AND PARTY ESCORTED THROUGH THE STREETS OF YOKOHAMA BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE (LEADING) AND THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE

government, but of a nation, and that nation the greatest, and to them the most friendly, on earth. Besides, we were women, we belonged to another race, to another religion, and yet we had traveled from the other side of the world to render service to their heroes. In their eyes this was the height of charity and friendship, and their admiration and gratitude knew no bounds.

The nine trained nurses in my party had served well and faithfully in the army of the United States during and after our war with Spain. Some were in Cuba and in the Philippine Islands, and one was also with our soldiers in the Chinese Boxer campaign. Now they were to serve in another army, under conditions which will be better understood by a word regarding the true meaning of the "Red Cross."

In Geneva, Switzerland, in 1864, certain governments signed a treaty binding themselves in time of war to give the privileges of neutrality to wounded soldiers and to those caring for them. This Geneva, or Red Cross, treaty provides for the recognition of the red cross, when officially authorized, as the emblem of neutrality. There is no reference in it to any society or civil organization; but at the present time most of the governments which have signed it have under their control large and flourishing "Red Cross societies" which are virtually auxiliaries to their army medical departments, operating in war only under orders from their governments, which receive no aid except through them.

The spirit of such organizations finds a much-appreciated expression in the exchange of Red Cross courtesies between societies of different nations; and now no war is declared without many offers of personal aid and supplies being made to the combating armies. America and England have no great official societies comparable with those of Japan and certain European countries; but, notwithstanding this, their people have taken part in such international courtesies. For example, during the Boer War Americans sent the *Maine*, a hospital-ship with physicians and nurses, to South Africa, and many English and Canadian nurses served in our army in the Spanish War time.

Before 1898 the nursing in the United

States army was done exclusively by enlisted men; but the need then became so great that before the close of the war with Spain about fifteen hundred women nurses had been appointed for regular military service, and hundreds more would have been employed had they been obtainable. So successful was the work of the trained nurses that when Secretary Root framed the army reorganization bill, at the close of 1900, one of its important features was a section making the "Nurse Corps" of women a permanent part of the United States army. The organization being thus completed, I resigned my position as Acting-Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, in charge of the Nurse Corps, but my nurses still continue me as president of their society of Spanish-American War Nurses.

Acting in the latter capacity, I addressed a letter to the Japanese minister in Washington, in October, 1903, offering to his government the services of a party of our nurses for six months, without compensation, in case a war with Russia should be declared. Of course hundreds of similar offers had been made by Americans, but it so happened that this was the only one which the Japanese medical and military authorities decided to accept. Immediately after the war began, a cablegram to the minister asked me to bring a small number of nurses, the main factor in this decision evidently having been their previous army training and experience, which, during the time they agreed to serve, could be not only utilized, but also critically observed and compared with the Japanese methods.

The small but active and public-spirited society of the Red Cross of Philadelphia most generously coöperated with the Spanish-American War Nurses in this humanitarian effort, and I selected five of the party from Philadelphia. So it was as representatives of both these societies that my nurses and I arrived in Japan in April, 1904.

We little dreamed what was before us that day and many days thereafter. The governor of the province and other officials of Yokohama, with delegations from

From a photograph

WALKING BETWEEN LINES OF WOMEN FROM THE WHARF AT YOKOHAMA

From a photograph by Katayama

THE AMERICAN NURSES, WITH A FEW OF THE SURGEONS, PHARMACISTS, AND CHIEF NURSES (MALE AND FEMALE) OF THE HIROSHIMA BASE HOSPITAL

In the center, Dr. McGee, supervisor of nurses; at her left hand, Lieutenant-Colonel Dr. Onishi, commander of the hospital; at her extreme left, Captain Tanaka, chief surgeon; the three officers at her right hand are, first, Major-General Fujita, now chief surgeon of General Nodzu's army; Major-General Sato, surgeon-general; and Colonel Watanabe, chief surgeon of the Fifth Division.

Tokio and many representatives of the press and of patriotic societies, came out to our steamer in decorated launches, and hundreds of people were assembled on the wharf to greet us. We passed through the city in beflagged jinrikishas, bowing to the hurrahing crowds, and were entertained at "welcome-meetings" and banquets, until we doubted whether all could be real.

But if such was our reception at Yokohama, how can our welcome to the capital city of Tokio next day be described? Representatives of the government and of the House of Peers; generals of the army; officers of the Red Cross Society; the governor and the mayor; princesses and other distinguished ladies, titled and untitled; missionaries; trained nurses; delegations

of school children, and finally the common people of the city, all offered their heartfelt greetings.

At the time of our arrival in Japan the great battles of the war were yet unfought, and so general was the desire to see and hear us that we were kept in Tokio about four weeks, before being escorted to our main post at Hiroshima in western Japan. This time was filled to the brim with welcome-meetings, receptions, official calls, visits to hospitals, to public, private, and missionary schools, to city improvements (some of them surpassing what we have in our own capital), to churches and temples. Everywhere I was called on to deliver an address or to respond to a speech. We were under orders from the moment of landing, and our movements were directed by the officers of the Red Cross Society, especially by one who kindly acted as escort and guide on all important occasions. This was our honored friend, Dr. Takaki, surgeon-general of the navy, retired, and member of the House of Peers.

From a photograph by Satow

REAR VIEW OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF JAPAN AT TOKIO

From a photograph by Yegi-Honten

REAR VIEW OF THE TOKIO HOSPITAL OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF JAPAN

While we were in Tokio, the Empress visited the Red Cross Society hospital, in which a room is reserved especially for her use on such occasions. Here we were formally presented, and her Majesty's words to me, as interpreted by a maid of honor, were these: "Empress is very glad to hear about Mrs. McGee's kindness of coming to Japan from such far-distant country on purpose to assist in the charity affairs of nursing the Japanese sick and wounded soldiers and also the others who belong to the present war." (The last words evidently refer to the Russian prisoners.)

Both the Emperor and the Empress afterward gave repeated evidences of their interest and sent messages of thanks and appreciation. The same is true of other members of the imperial family and of high officials, especially the Minister of War, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude for numerous kindnesses, both official and personal.

Of the enthusiasm and gratitude shown by the people themselves a few typical instances may give some idea. The trip

from Tokio to Kioto, the ancient capital, took about twenty-four hours, and although the train started at six o'clock of a rainy morning, bearers of some of the most honored names in the empire were there to bid us farewell. At every station we passed in daylight there was a crowd to greet us, to present addresses of welcome, one who, when I bowed, approached to present flowers.

The day in Kioto was full of most delightful and interesting experiences, after which we continued our journey to Hiroshima under the escort of Baron Ozawa, vice-president of the Red Cross Society, and other gentlemen. The garrison city of

From a stereograph, copyright, 1905, by H. C. White Co., N. Y.

PRIVATE AINO SHIMPEI, WHO SURVIVED WOUNDS IN THE KNEE AND FOOT, AND SEVERAL BAYONET THRUSTS THROUGH THE BODY, GIVEN AS HE LAY HELPLESS

gifts of flowers, cakes, fruit, and local productions of all kinds,—and to shout, "*Banzai!*" ("Hurrah!") Besides the governors of the provinces through which we passed, and the mayors of the towns, we met delegations from patriotic societies, from Christian churches, from the army and the schools. Even where there were no stations, the peasants were watching for us and ran toward the train, waving flags.

There was little sleep for any of us that night. At 1 A.M., when we stopped at Gifu, some thirty men and women, each bearing a lantern painted with a red cross, showed their respect by silently standing in a row opposite our car, all immovable except Himeji, west of Kobe, was reached at three in the morning; and in spite of the darkness we were aroused by "banzais" from the hundreds of people who crowded the platform. The train stopped long enough for the lieutenant-general and other high officers, the city officials and their wives, soldiers and citizens, to offer us a welcome to Japan and thanks for our coming, and for me to reply from my window in a little speech which my interpreter knew by heart from scores of previous deliveries. A band —and bands are rare in Japan—was also there to play for us. Instinctively we turned to one another to ask: "How many generals of our army, busy with war duties,

would go in full-dress uniform, in the middle of the night, to thank a party of foreign women for coming to nurse their soldiers?"

Three hours later, the fourth day of our journey was splendidly begun, for I stepped out upon the broad station platform, not only to shake hands with the usual delegations, including several American missionaries, but also to walk before rows of a thousand school children, whose bright, earnest faces made one forget fatigue. The boys and girls of a great orphan-asylum had gathered to sing a song composed in our honor, and they rendered it with genuine enthusiasm.

Later that day, at a hamlet which could boast no officials and no societies, yet where our train stopped ten minutes, there stood a typical country schoolmaster, with his female assistant and their twenty elementary pupils. In very broken English he bashfully told me he had been teaching his pupils about benevolence and charity, and how these virtues were exemplified by our coming so great a distance to aid the people of another land. To impress the lesson more deeply on their memories, he said, he had brought them to see and greet us. An incident like this throws a vivid light on the Japanese mind and ideas of education.

One of the most remarkable things in the Japanese character is the combination of that fiery heroism in battle, of which all have read, with the gentleness, courtesy, and simple-minded, almost child-like frankness which was shown to us.

Every day of our stay we were more impressed by the marvelous possibilities of this new factor in world-history, and by our own need, as a nation, to understand the Japanese people, to be friends with them, and to learn from them. On the other hand, I do not agree with the writers who have called them and their military organization "perfect," any more than they themselves do. In fact, I found less vain self-esteem than we may see anywhere in these United States; and one of their strongest traits is the never-ceasing desire to improve themselves. For a generation they have studied, and they continue to study, the civilization of the outside world, but they are not mere copyists. On the contrary, their greatest strength lies in their ability to judge wisely; to adopt only what is good, and then to improve on that.

But let it not be supposed from the foregoing that we were welcomed only by the men of Japan. On the contrary, the women of this most courteous nation were not behind the men in showing the same feelings, though by somewhat different methods, and for many of them I grew to feel deep affection and esteem. Yet, as every one knows, the growth which contact with the West has produced in Japan has but slightly affected its women. I maintain that a people whose men progress without its women is like a man trying to walk vigorously with one foot free while the other is wrapped in confining bandages. That the Japanese are beginning to appreciate this became evident in various ways. The subject was touched on in speeches, and in several of the scores of addresses which were received from all parts of Japan.

The president of the Red Cross Society, Count Matsukata, one of the "Elder Statesmen" of Japan, in his formal address at the banquet he gave us, said: "We have every reason to believe that your services will be in a great measure helpful, not only to our society, but also to our countrywomen at large."

One of the finest speeches I ever heard was delivered extemporaneously in English by a Japanese professor of science in a school at Kobe. Addressing us, he concluded thus:

> Your coming to the help of our country at the time of great need, I am sure, will revolutionize the old idea that has been so long clung to by our women, that they have no mission outside of their home. They will find out what there is in women by your noble example, and waken to their responsibilities.

Letters from missionaries tell the same story. One of them wrote of the excellent work being done by a patriotic society of women, founded in consequence of our coming to Japan, and she adds:

> The women of this country have taken a great step in advance, since this war began, in finding how much they can do, in public and private, which before they never dreamed possible for them.

To my surprise and great pleasure, the hand of fellowship was cordially extended us not only by the Christians, but also by the Buddhists of Japan. Their largest sect, the Zen or Soto, after gathering represen-

tatives of its priesthood from other parts of the country and assembling a large company of believers, gave us a "welcome-meeting" at its Tokio temple, and other sects were equally friendly and broad-minded.

At the close of the specified six months of our service in the Japanese army, it was planned by the authorities that we were to be taken on a tour of the country; but the nursing work was then so heavy that we begged permission to remain in Hiroshima until the time came for us to sail from Nagasaki on a United States army transport. Before leaving Japan, however, the scenes attendant on our arrival were repeated on an even larger scale.

This story of our reception will have served its purpose if it conveys to Americans the message of Japanese friendship toward them with which I was charged, and if it helps them to understand and appreciate their neighbors across the western sea.

AMERICANS generally supposed that the party would be sent to nurse on the battle-field, as though they were volunteer soldiers instead of nurses. In fact, although they did go to Manchuria and served on the hospital-ships running to Dalny and to the Yalu River, their main work was in the largest and most important hospital of the Japanese army; and this is not in Manchuria, but at Hiroshima, in western Japan. This city of 122,000 inhabitants is the great military base where the armies are assembled, drilled, and embarked for the field. It has a large and easily defended harbor on the Inland Sea, only a few hours by steamer from the Strait of Shimonoseki.

During the war with China, ten years ago, the Mikado resided in Hiroshima and the business of the government was transacted there. In the present war, while Hiroshima is again the principal seat of military activity in Japan, the government is not there. It may be incidentally remarked that this very clever change in the former plan, in consequence of which foreign correspondents recognized nothing between Tokio and "the front," has been of marked benefit in the maintenance of certain military secrets.

The policy of the medical department of the Japanese army makes Hiroshima of even greater importance to its work than it is to that of the line, for wounded soldiers are not operated on in Manchuria. Their first-aid bandages are applied on the field, and then the men are sent to Japan as expeditiously as possible.

The run from Dalny or New-Chwang, or from Antung on the Yalu, is only three or four days; and after landing the Kiusiu soldiers, the rest are taken to Hiroshima, where the great base hospital is located and the serious surgical work is done. The chief (consulting) surgeon here is a famous Japanese, Surgeon-General Sato; and it was interesting to hear him say that he had served in five wars, including his work under German army surgeons in 1870, but that he had never been near a battle-field. This policy of the Japanese army is one of the evidences that its surgeons have well studied the lessons of history; for these have taught the impossibility of obtaining at the front that surgical asepsis which is so essential to good results.

When my party arrived at Hiroshima, Surgeon-General Fujita, who was then the chief (administrative) surgeon there, said to me, "Except for the smoke and noise of battle, Hiroshima is 'the front.'" These words came vividly to my mind one day in September, when a party of soldiers arrived directly from Port Arthur. All had received comparatively light wounds only a few days before, and had been sent directly home on a transport, so they had not received the attentions usual on the hospital-ships. After landing at Ujina, the port of Hiroshima, they had been transferred to the hospital in the usual way, on sampans up the river; and as they walked in the gate they were indeed fresh from the front.

But "fresh" is far from describing their appearance. The khaki uniforms were soiled, blood-stained, and torn,—one man lacking his khaki suit entirely, and having to wear his heavy overcoat instead; one with an arm bandaged below the remnant of a bloody sleeve; one wearing his flannel abdominal band like a skirt, in substitution for missing trousers; many without socks or caps; and all with bandages proclaiming by their externally soiled appearance their original use on the battle-field.

The Hiroshima hospital in October consisted of eight divisions of different sizes, but with a total capacity of about fourteen thousand beds, or seventeen thousand, if closely crowded. These divisions are lo-

cated on previously vacant land in different parts of the city outskirts, and in the largest one must walk, in merely passing by the foot of each bed, a distance of six miles. An amazing fact is that the division for contagious diseases, including both typhoid fever and dysentery, is one of the smallest, with only five hundred beds. The wards are one-story wooden structures, on the "pavilion" plan, similar to those our medical department erected in the autumn of 1898, and are usually planned for sixty or seventy beds each, with increase to one hundred, if necessary. For officers and critical cases certain wards are partitioned into small rooms. Convalescing patients are sent from Hiroshima to the home hospitals of their respective army corps, or to some health resort, at which places many recover so completely as to return shortly to the front. Several train-loads of patients leave Hiroshima daily, so that the wards are scenes of perpetual change.

All the nursing in the field, and part of that on the hospital-ships and in Japan, is done by men. Some are soldiers who have learned only to carry stretchers, while even the most skilled are inferior to the women nurses of the Red Cross Society in the length and completeness of their training.

THE Red Cross Society of Japan is probably, all things considered, the finest organization of the kind in the world. It has been growing and improving constantly since its small origin in 1877, and now has nearly a million members, an excellent relief organization, and large funds. Its methods are radically different from any volunteer aid we have yet seen in America, for its fundamental assumption is that the army knows its own business and is competent to attend to it. Its general attitude, instead of implying, "We know the medical department will break down in the field, and therefore we insist on going to the front and into the camps to supply its defects," indicates this: "The people of Japan appreciate so highly the work of the medical department that they ask the privilege of assisting in it."

On the contrary, in the Spanish-American War we had a multiplicity of small societies, meaning well, but working blindly and at cross-purposes, accomplishing good at an altogether disproportionate cost of money and labor, and not infrequently interfering with and handicapping the work of the responsible medical officers.

But in the Japanese-Russian War there is a single great, well-prepared organization, the ally and assistant of the medical officers, working only where it is instructed that it will be of use, and accomplishing vast good at a minimum cost.

The Japanese Red Cross Society is characteristic of the nation; for every war, campaign, and great disaster since its foundation has been to its officers a lesson by which they have profited. In the present war they are always on the alert to discover their defects, to learn how to remedy them, and to gain new ideas for improvement. It was as one of many means to attain these ends that some American army nurses were wanted in the Japanese hospitals, where their work could be carefully observed; and for the same reason the writer was appointed by the Minister of War as supervisor of nurses of the Red Cross, with the rank of officer; sent to many hospitals; and required to make reports and recommendations to the Red Cross Society. A Japanese lady, by profession a teacher, had formerly held this position, but since her death it had been vacant.

Trained nurses in Japan do not attain the executive positions so commonly held by them in our country. They become head nurses and over-head nurses, but generally, if not always, the superintendents of training-schools and the lecturers in these schools are all doctors. Although some of the best schools try to get applicants from the upper classes of society, the required entrance examination covers only reading, simple arithmetic, and writing. The training-school of the Red Cross Hospital in Tokio requires three months of probation, during which twelve hours daily is spent in cleaning and other manual work about the hospital. For the next year and a half alternate days are spent in the same way, and the others in attending lectures and studying from notes. At the end of this time the pupils receive printed textbooks for reference, and are sent into the wards for eighteen months of practical nursing before graduation.

Women nurses are also trained by the Red Cross Society in various cities besides Tokio, but these schools require only one year of study and one of practical nursing in some selected hospital. The Red Cross

nurses' training is military throughout, and a large proportion of women take it primarily as an act of patriotism, in somewhat the same spirit that their brothers receive a military training and become reservists. These marry or take up other occupations after finishing their hospital course. All nurses trained by the Red Cross Society must take a binding vow to serve in the army, if physically able, at any time within fifteen years after graduation.

By the beginning of autumn, 1904, the society had supplied for military service all available graduates and pupil nurses as well, a total of 2200 women (besides 594 men). As this number was still insufficient, the society, in October last, decided to accept nurses from three other training-schools of the best standing, and perfected plans for utilizing the professional nurses of the country by giving a short course in military requirements to those applicants whose general reputation was excellent. They expected thus to obtain 506 additional nurses.

One of the most remarkable things about these Japanese women, whom we are accustomed to consider delicate, even frail, is their extraordinary strength and endurance. When we first heard that nurses were on duty at the Hiroshima hospital for twenty-eight hours continuously, with only such sleep as they could get in the ward anteroom, subject to calls, we exclaimed, "Impossible!" But they did it. All through the hot summer those dear little women were in their wards from eight one morning till noon the next day, followed by a third day of eight hours, and beginning on the fourth another long period. Like all Japanese, they drank hot tea at any hour, but they took scarcely fifteen minutes to eat their light, cold meals. They thought nothing of carrying a man on their backs, just as in childhood they had probably carried their little brothers, or perhaps more recently their own children.

But if the women of the Japanese army rival the soldiers in their marvelous endurance, with little sleep, and on a habitually slender diet, they are also like them in their cheerful, generous, and uncomplaining disposition. Their unfailing kindness and willingness to serve are charming traits. The Red Cross Society considers the essentials in a nurse to be obedience to discipline and the possession of a fine sentiment of humanity. Nurses with these qualities and, incidentally be it noted, paid only one yen (fifty cents) a day, are certainly to be valued highly, even if, as an American surgeon says, "they are not half doctors, as is the case with many from our training-schools."

The work of the Japanese nurses in the operating-room is the same as that of nurses in America. If in the wards the Japanese do not appear to accomplish as much in a given time as our nurses do, this is largely because they pay far more attention to the wishes of the individual patient. If he is asleep, his temperature-taking is postponed; if he feels hungry and wants one of his eggs boiled, or if he needs water after drinking his medicine from its bottle, he calls a nurse to wait on him. It is perfectly evident that such attentions are impossible in a ward where everything must be on schedule time; but perhaps we Americans, in some cases, carry our ideas of system too far. In the opinion of more than one person, there exist hospitals in our country where a somewhat larger corps of nurses, with a little more time to give individuals attention, would be of material advantage to the patients. The Japanese patients' ideal of a trained nurse is one as kindly attentive as are his own female relatives.

The greatest difference between the work of Japanese hospitals and those of our country is the former's greater simplicity of equipment and economy of management. We are apt to surround ourselves with so many "labor-saving devices" that the mere care of them becomes a burden, and in our hospitals there is generally a liberal use of supplies. At Hiroshima the really important things (including an X-ray and photographing outfit and a chemical and bacteriological laboratory) are all to be found, but not things which are considered unessential. Bandages from clean wounds are washed, rolled by hand, and used repeatedly, while laundry is kept at a minimum by rules specifying the length of time bedding and kimonos are to be used.

All military patients wear as their sole garment an unbleached cotton kimono fastened by tying a strip of the same material around the waist, and this gives an effect of order and cleanliness which is exceedingly attractive. One of the hospital rules is, "Patients shall attend to keeping their kimonos and themselves clean," and they obey it to the best of their ability. Each

soldier furnishes his own little towel, which he washes out after using. A sink on the roofed veranda of each ward offers washing facilities, and the bath-house is open at certain hours for the use of patients who are able to bathe themselves.

One of the most important duties of the American nurses, both at Hiroshima and on the hospital-ships, was giving bed-baths, for the doctor at the former place promptly ordered a supply of towels when he learned of their ability in that direction. The gratitude of the patients on this account cannot be described. The poor helpless paralytics smiled volumes, and men who had forgotten how it felt to be clean expressed their delight and thanks anew with the washing of each portion of their bodies. One patient said that he had taken his last bath in Japan six months before, and that he had not even been able to wash himself for three months. And there were many with dirt so ground into their skins that it took long and repeated applications of soap and hot water to restore them to a normal appearance. More than once a man's comrades would preside over the interesting process and add their repeated thanks to his. Sometimes it happened that a new arrival who was in pain or had some fever objected to being touched, but he never objected a second time.

Most of the patients felt it a special honor to receive the attentions of the Americans. One, whose wound had resulted in a partial paralysis of arm and hand, had great faith in the effects of their massage, and, eagerly showing me the improvement from two treatments, he asserted that with two more he would be entirely cured. When the Crown Prince sent his representative to visit the hospital, he encouraged such sentiments by the following message to the men in the wards: "The wounded here must specially endeavor to recover quickly, since they have the great good fortune to be nursed by the ladies who have come from so great a distance."

According to a visitor who spent considerable time in our hospital, the amusement some of the men got from the broken Japanese speech and sign-language of their American nurses was a distinct factor in their improvement. One of my nurses assisted in the operating-room, and those on duty in the wards at the Hiroshima hospital and on the hospital-ships shared in all the tasks of their Japanese co-workers, except the keeping of records, of which a large number were necessary on account of the frequent changes.

It was unusual, not only for nurses, but also for any one at the hospital, to know the manner in which the men received their wounds; but now and then an unusually interesting story would come to our attention. The general appearance of the great majority of the patients was one of abundant health and strength. One of these robust-looking persons was Private Shimpei of the Imperial Guards. On July 18 he and a comrade were on outpost duty when they were surprised by Russian scouts, and he was shot in the left knee and in the foot. His comrade, while trying to rescue him, was shot in the head and instantly killed. At that time and place bits of disputed ground were being held first by one side and then by the other, so Shimpei was left where he fell, with only the dead for company. After a long day and night, and at the close of a still longer second day of pain, he saw five men at last approach; and though they wore the Russian uniform, he called to them for help. Incredible as it seems, each of these five scouts answered his appeal by running a bayonet through his body. Then the tide of battle turned, the Russians vanished, and comrades came and carried him to safety. Two months later, when his photograph was taken at Hiroshima, his knee was stiff, but otherwise he was in excellent condition, with only a collection of harmless scars to tell the story of what he had suffered.

One of the interesting features of the hospital work was the presence on certain days of the members of the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, an auxiliary of the Red Cross Society, with branches in the provinces. The ladies of the Hiroshima branch have an office-room at the main division, from which they send cards to the relatives of each newly arrived patient announcing his return from the field and whether sick, lightly wounded, or severely wounded. Besides such work as this, members of the society meet the hospital-trains at each stopping-place, make immense quantities of bandages and first-aid dressings, and use their funds to secure comforts of various kinds for their country's soldiers.

During the time our party spent in Tokio, I was invited to give an address

before a special meeting of the society. In the course of remarks about our army nursing, I showed the little book on emergency diet framed by one of our own army nurses for use in teaching our hospital-corps men how to prepare dishes for the sick from the army ration and standard hospital supplies. Beyond furnishing plenty of milk and eggs and cooking the rice soft, special diets for the sick seem unknown in Japan, and the greatest interest was taken in the subject by the large audience, which included four imperial princesses and several officers and doctors of the Red Cross. As a result, the little book was borrowed and translated into Japanese.

The Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association is an admirable part of the Red Cross Society work, for it utilizes in an eminently wise and practical way the patriotic zeal of ladies who are not trained nurses, yet are able to give important assistance to the army. Its original purpose was to raise the social and ethical standing of the trained army nurses through the influence of its imperial and aristocratic members.

SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

XIX

THE TRIALS OF AN ASSISTANT POSTMASTER

BY all laws of mercy the postmaster in a small town should be old and mentally near-sighted. Jimmy Reed was young and curious. He had even yielded to temptation once in removing a stamp on a letter from Annette Fenton to a strange suitor. Not that he wanted to delay the letter. He only wanted to know if she put tender messages under the stamp when she wrote to other people.

During the two years Sandy remained at the university, Jimmy handed his letters out of the post-office window to the judge once a week, following them half-way with his body to pick up the verbal crumbs of interest the judge might let fall while perusing them. The supremacy which Sandy had established in the base-ball days had lent him a permanent halo in the eyes of the younger boys of Clayton. "Letter from Sandy this morning," Jimmy would announce, adding somewhat anxiously, "Ain't he on the team yet?"

The judge was obliging and easy-going, and he frequently gratified Jimmy's curiosity.

"No; he 's studying pretty hard these days. He says he is through with athletics."

"Does he like it up there?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I guess he likes it well enough," the judge would answer tentatively; "but I am afraid he 's working too hard."

"Looks like a pity to spoil such a good pitcher," said Jimmy, thoughtfully. "I never saw him lose but one game, and that nearly killed him."

"Disappointment goes hard with him," said the judge, and he sighed.

Jimmy's chronic interest developed into acute curiosity the second winter—about the time the Nelsons returned to Clayton after a long absence.

On Thanksgiving morning he found two letters bearing his hero's handwriting. One was to Judge Hollis and one to Miss Ruth Nelson. The next week there were also two, both of which went to Miss Nelson. After that it became a regular occurrence.

Jimmy recognized two letters a week from one person to one person as a danger-signal. His curiosity promptly rose to fever-heat. He even went so far as to weigh the

letters, and roughly to calculate the number of pages in each. Once or twice he felt something hard inside, and upon submitting the envelop to his nose, he distinguished the faint fragrance of pressed flowers. It was perhaps a blessing in disguise that the duty of sorting the outgoing mail did not fall to his lot. One added bit of information would have resulted in spontaneous combustion.

By and by letters came daily, their weight increasing until they culminated, about Christmas-time, in a special-delivery letter which bristled under the importance of its extra stamp.

The same morning the telegraph operator stopped in to ask if the Nelsons had been in for their mail. "I have a message for Miss Nelson, but I thought they started for California this morning."

"It 's to-morrow morning they go," said Jimmy. "I 'll send the message out. I 've got a special letter for her, and they can both go out by the same boy."

When the operator had gone, Jimmy promptly unfolded the yellow slip, which was innocent of envelop.

Do not read special-delivery letter. Will explain.

S. K.

For some time he sat with the letter in one hand and the message in the other. Why had Sandy written that huge letter if he did not want her to read it? Why did n't he want her to read it? Questions buzzed about him like bees.

Large ears are said to be indicative of an inquisitive nature. Jimmy's stood out like the handles on a loving-cup. With all this explosive material bottled up in him, he felt like a torpedo-boat deprived of action.

After a while he got up and went into the drug-store next door. When he came back he made sure he was alone in the office. Then he propped up the lid of his desk with the top of his head, in a manner acquired at school, and hiding behind this improvised screen, he carefully took from his pocket a small bottle of gasolene. Pouring a little on his handkerchief, he applied it to the envelop of the special-delivery letter.

As if by magic, the words within showed through; and by frequent applications of the liquid the engrossed Jimmy deciphered the following:

—like the moan of the sea in my heart, and it will not be still. Heart, body, and soul will call to you, Ruth, so long as the breath is in my body. I have not the courage to be your friend. I swear, with all the strength I have left, never to see you nor write you again. God bless you, my—

A noise at the window brought Jimmy to the surface. It was Annette Fenton, and she seemed nervous and excited.

"Mercy, Jimmy! What's the m-matter? You looked like you were caught eating doughnuts in study hour. What a funny smell! Say, Jimmy; don't you want to do something for me?"

Jimmy had spent his entire youth in urging her to accept everything that was his, and he hailed this as a good omen.

"I have a l-letter here for dad," she went on, fidgeting about uneasily and watching the door. "I don't want him to g-get it until after the last train goes to-night. Will you see that he d-does n't get it before nine o'clock?"

Jimmy took the letter and looked blankly from it to Annette.

"Why, it 's from you!"

"What if it is, you b-booby?" she cried sharply; then she changed her tactics and looked up appealingly through the little square window.

"Oh, Jimmy, do help me out! That 's a d-dear! I 'm in no end of a scrape. You 'll do as I ask, now w-w-won't you?"

Jimmy surrendered on the spot.

"Now," said Annette, greatly relieved, "find out what time the d-down train starts, and if it 's on time."

"It ought to start at three," reported Jimmy after consulting the telegraph operator. "It 's an hour late on account of the snow. Expecting somebody?"

She shook her head.

"Going to the city yourself?"

"Of course not. Whatever made you think that?" she cried with unnecessary vehemence. Then, changing the subject abruptly, she added: "G-guess who has come home?"

"Who?" cried Jimmy, with palpitating ears.

"Sandy Kilday. You never saw anybody look so g-grand. He 's gotten to be a regular swell, and he walks like this."

Annette held her umbrella horizontally, squared her shoulders, and swung bravely across the room.

"Sandy Kilday?" gasped Jimmy, with a clutch at the letter in his pocket. "Where 's he at?"

"He 's trying to get up from the d-depot. He has been an hour coming two squares. Everybody has stopped him, from Mr. Moseley on down to the b-blacksmith's twins."

"Is he coming this way?" asked Jimmy, wild-eyed and anxious.

Annette stepped to the window.

"Yes; they are crossing the street now." She opened the sash and, snatching a handful of snow, rolled it into a ball, which she sailed out of the window. It was promptly answered by one from below, which whirled past her and shattered itself against the wall.

"Dare, dare, double dare!" she called as she flung handfuls of loose snow from the window-ledge. A quick volley of balls followed, then the door burst open. Sandy and Ruth Nelson stood laughing on the threshold.

"Hello, partner!" sang out Sandy to Jimmy. "Still at the old work, I see! Do you mind how you taught me to count the change when I first sold stamps?"

Jimmy tried to smile, but his effort was a failure. The interesting tangle of facts and circumstances faded from his mind, and he resorted instinctively to nature's first law. With an agitated countenance, he sought self-preservation by waving Sandy's letter behind him in a frantic effort to banish, if possible, the odor of his guilt.

Sandy stayed at the door with Annette, but Ruth came to the window and asked for her mail. When she smiled at the contrite Jimmy she scattered the few remaining ideas that lingered in his brain. With crimson face and averted eyes, he handed her the letter, forgetting that telegrams existed.

He saw her send a quick, puzzled glance from the letter to Sandy; he saw her turn away from the door and tear open the envelop; then, to his everlasting credit, he saw no more.

When he ventured forth from behind his desk the office was empty. He made a cautious survey of the premises; then, opening a back window, he seized a small bottle by the neck and hurled it savagely against the brick wall opposite.

XX

THE IRONY OF CHANCE

THE snow, which had begun as an insignificant flurry in the morning, developed into a storm by afternoon.

Four miles from town, in a dreary stretch of country, a dejected-looking object tramped along the railroad-track. His hat was pulled over his eyes and his hands were thrust in his pockets. Now and again he stopped, listened, and looked at his watch.

It was Sandy Kilday, and he was waiting for the freight-train with the fixed intention of committing suicide.

The complications arising from Jimmy Reed's indiscretion had resulted disastrously. When Sandy found that Ruth had read his letter, his common sense took flight. Instead of a supplicant, he became an invader, and stormed the citadel with such hot-headed passion and fervor that Ruth fled in affright to the innermost chamber of her maidenhood, and there, barred and barricaded, withstood the siege.

His one desire in life now was to quit it. He felt as if he had read his death-warrant, and it was useless ever again to open his eyes on this gray, impossible world.

He did not know how far he had come. Everything about him was strange and unfriendly: the woods had turned to gaunt and gloomy skeletons that shivered and moaned in the wind; the sunny fields of ragweed were covered with a pall; and the river—his dancing, singing river—was a black and sullen stream that closed remorselessly over the dying snowflakes. His woods, his fields, his river,—they knew him not; he stared at them blankly and they stared back at him.

A rabbit, frightened at his approach, jumped out of the bushes and went bounding down the track ahead of him. The sight of the round little cottontail leaping from tie to tie brought a momentary diversion; but he did not want to be diverted.

With an effort he came back to his stern purpose. He forced himself to face the facts and the future. What did it matter if he was only twenty-one, with his life before him? What satisfaction was it to have won first honors at the university? There was but one thing in the world that made life worth living, and that was denied

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by Walter Aikman

"HE SAW HER TURN AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND TEAR OPEN THE ENVELOP"

him. Perhaps after he was gone she would love him.

This thought brought remarkable consolation. He pictured to himself her remorse when she heard the tragic news. He attended in spirit his own funeral, and even saw her tears fall upon his still face. Meanwhile he listened impatiently for the train.

Instead of the distant rumble of the cars, he heard on the road below the sound of a horse's hoofs, quickly followed by voices. Slipping behind the embankment, he waited for the vehicle to pass. The horse was evidently walking, and the voices came to him distinctly.

"I 'm not a coward—any s-such thing! We ought n't to have c-come, in the first place. I can't go with you. Please turn round, C-Carter,—please!"

There was no mistaking that high, childlike voice, with its faltering speech.

Sandy's gloomy frown narrowed to a scowl. What business had Annette out there in the storm? Where was she going with Carter Nelson?

He quickened his steps to keep within sight of the slow-moving buggy.

"There 's nothing out this road but the Junction," he thought, trying to collect his wits. "Could they be taking the train there? He goes to California in the morning, but where 's he taking Nettie to-day? And she did n't want to be going, either; did n't I hear her say it with her own lips?"

He moved cautiously forward, now running a few paces to keep up, now crouching behind the bushes. Every sense was keenly alert; his eyes never left the buggy for a moment.

When the freight thundered up the grade, he stepped mechanically to one side, keeping a vigilant eye on the couple ahead, and begrudging the time he lost while the train went by. It was not until an hour later that he remembered he had forgotten to commit suicide.

Stepping back on the ties, he hurried forward. He was convinced now that they meant to take the down train which would

pass the Clayton train at the Junction in half an hour. Something must be done to save Annette. The thought of her in the city, at the mercy of the irresponsible Carter, sent him running down the track. He waited until he was slightly in advance before he descended abruptly upon them.

Annette was sitting very straight, talking excitedly, and Carter was evidently trying to reassure her.

As Sandy plunged down the embankment, they started apart, and Carter reached for the whip. Before he could urge the horse forward, Sandy had swung himself lightly to the step of the buggy, and was leaning back against the dashboard. He looked past Carter to Annette. She was making a heroic effort to look unconcerned and indifferent, but her eyelids were red, and her handkerchief was twisted into a damp little string about her fingers. Sandy wasted no time in diplomacy; he struck straight out from the shoulder.

"If it 's doing something ye don't want to, ye don't have to, Nettie. I 'm here."

Carter stopped his horse.

"Will you get down?" he demanded angrily.

"After you," said Sandy.

Carter measured his man, then stepped to the ground. Sandy promptly followed.

"And now," said Carter, "you 'll perhaps be good enough to explain what you mean."

Sandy still kept his hand on the buggy and his eyes on Annette; when he spoke it was to her.

"If it 's your wish to go on, say the word."

The tearful young person in the buggy looked very limp and miserable, but declined to make any remarks.

"Miss Fenton and I expect to be married this evening," said Carter, striving for dignity, though his breath came short with excitement. "We take the train in twenty minutes. Your interference is not only impudent—it 's useless. I know perfectly well who sent you: it was Judge Hollis. He was the only man we met after we left town. Just return to him, with my compliments, and tell him I say he is a meddler and a fool!"

"Annette," said Sandy, softly, coming toward her, "the doctor 'll be wanting his coffee by now."

"Let me pass," cried Carter, "you common hound! Take your foot off that step or I 'll—" He made a quick motion toward his hip, and Sandy caught his hand as it closed on a pearl-handled revolver.

"None of that, man! I 'll be going when I have her word. Is it good-by, Annette? Must I be taking the word to your father that you 've left him now and for always? Yes? Then a shake of the hand for old times' sake."

Annette slipped a cold little hand into his free one, and feeling the solid grasp of his broad palm, she clung to it as a drowning man clings to a spar.

"I can't go!" she cried, in a burst of tears. "I can't leave dad this way! Make him take me b-back, Sandy! I want to go home!"

Carter stood very still and white. His thin body was trembling from head to foot, and the veins stood out on his forehead like whip-cord. He clenched his hands in an effort to control himself. At Annette's words he stepped aside with elaborate courtesy.

"You are at perfect liberty to go with Mr. Kilday. All I ask is that he will meet me as soon as we get back to town."

"I can't go b-back on the train!" cried Annette, with a glance at her bags and boxes. "Every one would suspect something if I did. Oh, why d-did I come?"

"My buggy is at your disposal," said Carter; "perhaps your disinterested friend, Mr. Kilday, could be persuaded to drive you back."

"But, Carter," cried Annette, in quick dismay, "you must come, too. I 'll bring dad r-round; I always do. Then we can be married at home, and I can have a veil and a r-ring and presents."

She smiled at him coaxingly, but he folded his arms and scowled.

"You go with me to the city, or you go back to Clayton with him. You have just three minutes to make up your mind."

Sandy saw her waver. The first minute she looked at him, the second at Carter. He took no chances on the third. With a quick bound, he was in the buggy and turning the horse homeward.

"But I 've decided to go with Carter!" cried Annette, hysterically. "Turn b-back, Sandy! I 've changed my mind."

"Change it again," advised Sandy as he laid the whip gently across the horse's back.

Carter Nelson flung furiously off to catch

the train for town, while the would-be bride shed bitter tears on the shoulder of the would-be suicide.

The snow fell faster and faster, and the gray day deepened to dusk. For a long time they drove along in silence, both busy with their own thoughts.

Suddenly they were lurched violently forward as the horse shied at something in the bushes. Sandy leaned forward in time to see a figure on all fours plunging back into the shrubbery.

"Annette," he whispered excitedly, "did you see that man's face?"

"Yes," she said, clinging to his arm; "don't leave me, Sandy!"

"What did he look like? Tell me, quick!"

"He had little eyes like shoe-buttons, and his teeth stuck out. Do you suppose he was hiding?"

"It was Ricks Wilson, or I am a blind man!" cried Sandy, standing up in the buggy and straining his eyes in the darkness.

"Why, he 's in jail!"

"May I never trust me two eyes to speak the truth again if that was n't Ricks!"

When they started they found that the harness was broken, and all efforts to fix it were in vain.

"It 's half-past five now," cried Annette. "If I don't get home b-before dad, he 'll have out the fire department."

"There 's a farm-house a good way back," said Sandy; "but it 's too far for you to walk. Will you be waiting here in the buggy until I go for help?"

"Well, I guess not!" said Annette, indignantly.

Sandy looked at the round baby face beside him and laughed. "It 's not one of meself that blames you," he said; "but how are we ever to get home?"

Annette was not without resources.

"What 's the matter with riding the horse b-back to the farm?"

"And you?" asked Sandy.

"I 'll ride behind."

They became hilarious over the mounting, for the horse bitterly resented a double burden. When he found he could not dispose of it he made a dash for freedom, and raced over the frozen road at such a pace that they were soon at their destination.

"He won the handicap," laughed Sandy as he lifted his disheveled companion to the ground.

"It was glorious!" cried Annette, gathering up her flying locks. "I lost every hairpin but one."

At the farm-house they met with a warm reception. "Jes step right in the kitchen," said the farmer. "Mommer 'll take care of you while I go out to the stable for some rope and another hoss."

The kitchen was a big, cheerful room, full of homely comfort. Bright red window-curtains were drawn against the cold white world outside, and the fire crackled merrily in the stove.

Sandy and Annette stood, holding out their hands to the friendly warmth. She was watching with interest the preparations for supper, but he had grown silent and preoccupied.

The various diversions of the afternoon had acted as a temporary narcotic, through which he struggled again and again to wretched consciousness. A surge of contempt swept over him that he could have forgotten for a moment. He did not want to forget; he did not want to think of anything else.

"They smell awfully g-good," whispered Annette.

"What?"

"The hoe-cakes. I did n't have any dinner."

"Neither did I."

Annette looked up quickly. "What were you d-doing out there on the track, Sandy?"

The farmer's wife fortunately came to the rescue.

"Hitch up yer cheers, you two, and take a little snack afore you go out in the cold ag'in."

Annette promptly accepted, but Sandy declared that he was not hungry. He went to the window and, pulling back the curtain, stared out into the night. Was all the rest of life going to be like this? Was that restless, nervous, intolerable pain going to gnaw at his heart forever?

Meanwhile the savory odor of the hoe-cakes floated over his shoulder and bits of the conversation broke in upon him.

"Aw, take two or three and butter 'em while they are hot. Long sweetening or short?"

"Both," said Annette. "I never tasted anything so g-good. Sandy, what 's the matter with you? I never saw you when you were n't hungry b-before. Look! Won't you try this s-sizzly one?"

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SANDY SAW HER WAVER"

Sandy looked and was lost. He ate with a coming appetite.

The farmer's wife served them with delighted zeal; she made trip after trip from the stove to the table, pausing frequently to admire her guests.

"I 've had six," said Annette; "do you suppose I 'll have time for another one?"

"Lemme give you *both* a clean plate and some pie," suggested the eager housewife.

Sandy looked at her and smiled.

"I 'll take the clean plate," he said, "and—and more hoe-cakes."

When the farmer returned, and they rode back to the buggy, Annette developed a sudden fever of impatience. She fidgeted about while the men patched up the harness, and delayed their progress by her fire of questions.

After they started, Sandy leaned back in the buggy, lost in the fog of his unhappiness. Off in the distance he could see the twinkling lights of Clayton. One was apart from the rest; that was Willowvale.

A sob aroused him. Annette, left to herself, had collapsed. He patiently put forth a fatherly hand and patted her shoulder.

"There, there, Nettie! You 'll be all right in the morning."

"I won't!" she declared petulantly. "You don't know anything ab-b-bout being in love."

Sandy surveyed her with tolerant sadness. Little her childish heart knew of the depths through which he was passing.

"Do you love him very much?" he asked.

She nodded violently. "Better than any b-boy I was ever engaged to."

"He 's not worth it."

"He is!"

A strained silence, then he said:

"Nettie, could ye be forgiving me if I told you the Lord's truth?"

"Don't you suppose dad 's kept me p-posted about his faults? Why, he would walk a mile to find out something b-bad about Carter Nelson."

"He would n't have to. Nelson 's a bad lot, Nettie. It is n't all his fault; it 's the price he pays for his blue blood. Your father 's the wise man to try to keep you from being his wife."

"Everyb-body 's down on him," she sobbed, "just because he has to d-drink sometimes on account of his lungs. I did n't know you were so mean."

"Will you pass the word not to see him again before he leaves in the morning?"

"Indeed, I won't!"

Sandy stopped the horse. "Then I 'll wait till ye do."

She tried to take the lines, but he held her hands. Then she declared she would walk. He helped her out of the buggy and watched her start angrily forth. In a few minutes she came rushing back.

"Sandy, you know I can't g-go by myself; I am afraid. Take me home."

"And you promise?"

She looked appealingly at him, but found no mercy. "You are the very m-meanest boy I ever knew. Get me home before d-dad finds out, and I 'll promise anything. But this is the last word I 'll ever s-speak to you as long as I live."

At half-past seven they drove into town. The streets were full of people and great excitement prevailed.

"They 've found out about me!" wailed Annette, breaking her long silence. "Oh, Sandy, what m-must I do?"

Sandy looked anxiously about him. He knew that an elopement would not cause the present commotion. "Jimmy!" He leaned out of the buggy and called to a boy who was running past. "Jimmy Reed! What 's the matter?"

Jimmy, breathless and hatless, his whole figure one huge question-mark, exploded like a bunch of fire-crackers.

"That you, Sandy? Ricks Wilson 's broke jail and shot Judge Hollis. It was at half-past five. Dr. Fenton 's been out there ever since. They say the judge can't live till midnight. We 're getting up a crowd to go after Wilson."

At the first words Sandy had sprung to his feet. "The judge shot! Ricks Wilson! I 'll kill him for that. Get out, Annette. I must go to the judge. I 'll be out to the farm in no time and back in less. Don't you be letting them start without me, Jimmy."

Whipping the already jaded horse to a run, he dashed through the crowded streets, over the bridge, and out the turnpike.

Ruth stood at one of the windows at Willowvale, peering anxiously out into the darkness. Her figure showed distinctly against the light of the room behind her, but Sandy did not see her.

His soul was in a wild riot of grief and

revenge. Two thoughts tore at his brain: one was to see the judge before he died, and the other was to capture Ricks Wilson.

XXI

IN THE DARK

An ominous stillness hung over Hollis farm as Sandy ran up the avenue. The night was dark, but the snow gave a half-mysterious light to the scene.

He stepped on the porch with a sinking heart. In the dimly lighted hall Mr. Moseley and Mr. Meech kept silent watch, their faces grave with apprehension. Without stopping to speak to them, Sandy hurried to the door of the judge's room. Before he could turn the knob, Dr. Fenton opened it softly and, putting his finger on his lips, came out, cautiously closing the door behind him.

"You can't go in," he whispered; "the slightest excitement might finish him. He 's got one chance in a hundred, boy; we 've got to nurse it."

"Does he know?"

"Never has known a thing since the bullet hit him. He was coming into the sitting-room when Wilson fired through the window."

"The black-hearted murderer!" cried Sandy. "I could swear I saw him hiding in the bushes between here and the Junction."

The doctor threw a side glance at Mr. Meech, then said significantly:

"Have they started?"

"Not yet. If there 's nothing I can do for the judge, I 'm going with them."

"That 's right. I 'd go, too, if I were not needed here. Wait a minute, Sandy." His face looked old and worn. "Have you happened to see my Nettie since noon?"

"That I have, doctor. She was driving with me, and the harness broke. She 's home now."

"Thank God!" cried the doctor. "I thought it was Nelson."

Sandy passed through the dining-room and was starting up the steps when he heard his name spoken.

"Mist' Sandy! 'Fore de Lawd, where you been at? Oh, we been habin' de terriblest times! My pore old mas'r done been shot down wifout bein' notified or nuthin'. Pray de Lawd he won't die! I knowed somepin' was gwine happen. I had a division jes 'fore daybreak; dey ain't no luck worser den to dream 'bout a tooth fallin' out. Oh, Lordy! Lordy! I hope he ain't gwine die!"

"Hush, Aunt Melvy! Where 's Mrs. Hollis?"

"She 's out in de kitchen, heatin' water an' waitin' on de doctor. She won't let me do nuthin'. Seems lak workin' sorter lets off her feelin's. Pore Miss Sue!" She threw her apron over her head and swayed and sobbed.

As Sandy tried to pass, she stopped him again, and after looking furtively around she fumbled in her pocket for something which she thrust into his hand.

"Hit 's de pistol!" she whispered. "I 's skeered to give it to nobody else, 'ca'se I 's skeered dey 'd try me for a witness. He done drap it 'longside de kitchen door. You won't let on I found it, honey? You won't tell nobody?"

He reassured her, and hastened to his room. Lighting his lamp, he hurriedly changed his coat for a heavier, and was starting in hot haste for the door when his eyes fell upon the pistol, which he had laid on the table.

It was a fine, pearl-handled revolver, thirty-eight caliber. He looked at it closer, then stared blankly at the floor. He had seen it before that afternoon.

"Why, Carter must have given Ricks the pistol," he thought. "But Carter was out at the Junction. What time did it happen?"

He sat on the side of the bed and, pressing his hands to his temples, tried to force the events to take their proper sequence.

"I don't know when I left town," he thought, with a shudder; "it must have been nearly four when I met Carter and Annette. He took the train back. Yes, he would have had time to help Ricks. But I saw Ricks out the turnpike. It was half-past five, I remember now. The doctor said the judge was shot at a quarter of six."

A startled look of comprehension flashed over his face. He sprang to his feet and tramped up and down the small room.

"I know I saw Ricks," he thought, his brain seething with excitement. "Annette saw him, too; she described him. He could n't have even driven back in that time."

He stopped again and stood staring intently before him. Then he took the lamp

and slipped down the back stairs and out the side door.

The snow was trampled about the window and for some space beyond it. The tracks had been followed to the river, the eager searchers keeping well away from the telltale footsteps in order not to obliterate them. Sandy knelt in the snow and held his lamp close to the single trail. The print was narrow and long and ended in a tapering toe. Ricks's broad foot would have covered half the space again. He jumped to his feet and started for the house, then turned back irresolute.

When he entered his little room again the slender footprints had been effaced. He put the lamp on the bureau, and looked vacantly about him. On the cushion was pinned a note. He recognized Ruth's writing, and opened it mechanically.

There were only three lines:

I must see you again before I leave. Be sure to come to-night.

The words scarcely carried a meaning to him. It was her brother that had shot the judge—the brother whom she had defended and protected all her life. It would kill her when she knew. And he, Sandy Kilday, was the only one who suspected the truth.

A momentary temptation seized him to hold his peace; if Ricks were caught, it would be time enough to tell what he knew; if he escaped, one more stain on his name might not matter.

But Carter, the coward, where was he? It was his place to speak. Would he let Ricks bear his guilt and suffer the blame? Such burning rage against him rose in Sandy that he paced the room in fury.

Then he re-read Ruth's note and again he hesitated. What a heaven of promise it opened to him! Ruth was probably waiting for him now. Everything might be different when he saw her again.

All his life he had followed the current; the easy way was his way, and he came back to it again and again. His thoughts shifted and formed and shifted again like the bits of color in a kaleidoscope.

Presently his restless eyes fell on an old chromo hanging over the mantel. It represented the death-bed of Washington. The dying figure on the bed recalled that other figure down-stairs. In an instant all the floating forms in his brain assumed one shape and held it.

The judge must be his first consideration. He had been shot down without cause, and might pay his life for it. There was but one thing to do: to find the real culprit, give him up, and take the consequences.

Slipping the note in one pocket and the revolver in another, he hurried down-stairs.

On the lowest step he found Mrs. Hollis sitting in the dark. Her hands were locked around her knees, and hard, dry sobs shook her body.

In an instant he was down beside her, his arms about her. "He is n't dead?" he whispered fearfully.

Mrs. Hollis shook her head. "He has n't moved an inch or spoken since we put him on the bed. Are you going with the men?"

"I 'm going to town now," said Sandy, evasively.

She rose and caught him by the arm. Her eyes were fierce with vindictiveness.

"Don't let them stop till they 've caught him, Sandy. I hope they will hang him to-night!"

A movement in the sick-room called her within, and Sandy hurried out to the buggy, which was still standing at the gate.

He lighted the lantern and, throwing the robe across his knees, started for town. The intense emotional strain under which he had labored since noon, together with fatigue, was beginning to play tricks with his nerves. Twice he pulled in his horse, thinking he heard voices in the wood. The third time he stopped and got out. At infrequent intervals a groan broke the stillness.

He climbed the snake-fence and beat about among the bushes. The groan came again, and he followed the sound.

At the foot of a tall beech-tree a body was lying face downward. He held his lantern above his head and bent over it. It was a man, and, as he tried to turn him over, he saw a slight red stain on the snow beneath his mouth. The figure, thus roused, stirred and tried to sit up. As he did so, the light from Sandy's lantern fell full on the dazed and swollen face of Carter Nelson. The two faced each other for a space, then Sandy asked him sharply what he did there.

"I don't know," said Carter, weakly, sinking back against the tree. "I 'm sick. Get me some whisky."

"Wake up!" said Sandy, shaking him roughly. "This is Kilday—Sandy Kilday."

Carter's eyes were still closed, but his lip curled contemptuously. "*Mr.* Kilday," he said, and smiled scornfully. "The least said about *Mr.* Kilday the better."

Sandy laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Nelson, listen! Do you remember going out to the Junction with Annette Fenton?"

"That 's nobody's business but mine. I 'll shoot the—"

"Do you remember coming home on the train?"

Carter's stupid, heavy eyes were on Sandy now, and he was evidently trying to understand what he was saying. "Home on the train? Yes; I came home on train."

"And afterward?" demanded Sandy, kneeling before him and looking intently in his eyes.

"Gus Heyser's saloon, and then—"

"And then?" repeated Sandy.

Carter shook his head and looked about him bewildered.

"Where am I now? What did you bring me here for?"

"Look me straight, Nelson," said Sandy. "Don't ye move your eyes. You left Gus Heyser's and came out the pike to the Hollis farm, did n't you?"

"Hollis farm?" Carter repeated vaguely. "No; I did n't go there."

"You went up to the window and waited. Don't you remember the snow on the ground and the light inside the window?"

Carter seemed struggling to remember, but his usually sensitive face was vacant and perplexed.

Sandy moved nearer. "You waited there by the window," he went on with subdued excitement, for the hope was high in his heart that Carter was innocent. "You waited ever so long, until a pistol was fired—"

"Yes," broke in Carter, his lips apart; "a pistol-shot close to my head! It woke me up. I ran before they could shoot me again. Where was it—Gus Heyser's? What am I doing here?"

For answer Sandy pulled Carter's revolver from his pocket. "Did you have that this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Carter, a troubled look coming into his eyes. "Where did you get it, Kilday?"

"It was found outside Judge Hollis's window after he had been shot."

"Judge Hollis shot! Who did it?"

Sandy again looked at the pistol.

"My God, man!" cried Carter; "you don't mean that I—" He cowered back against the tree and shook from head to foot. "Kilday!" he cried presently, seizing Sandy by the wrist with his long, delicate hands, "does any one else know?"

Sandy shook his head.

"Then I must get away; you must help me. I did n't know what I was doing. I don't know now what I have done. Is he—"

"He 's not dead yet."

Carter struggled to his feet, but a terrible attack of coughing seized him, and he sank back exhausted. The handkerchief which he held to his mouth was red with blood.

Sandy stretched him out on the snow, where he lay for a while with closed eyes. He was very white, and his lips twitched convulsively.

A vehicle passed out the road, and Sandy started up. He must take some decisive step at once. The men were probably waiting in the square for him now. He must stop them at any cost.

Carter opened his eyes, and the terror returned to them.

"Don't give me up, Kilday!" he cried, trying to rise. "I 'll pay you anything you ask. It was the drink. I did n't know what I was doing. For the Lord's sake, don't give me up! I have n't long to live at best. I can't disgrace the family. I—I am the last of the line—last Nelson—" His voice was high and uncontrolled, and his eyes were glassy and fixed.

Sandy stood before him in an agony of indecision. He had fought it out with himself there in his bedroom, and all personal considerations were swept from his mind. All he wanted now was to do right. But what was right? He groped blindly about in the darkness of his soul, and no guiding light showed him the way.

With a groan, he knotted his fingers together and prayed the first real prayer his heart had ever uttered. It was wordless and formless, just an inarticulate cry for help in the hour of need.

The answer came when he looked again at Carter. Something in the frenzied face brought a sudden recollection to his mind.

"We can't judge him by usual standards;

he 's bearing the sins of his fathers. We have to look on men like that as we do on the insane." They were the judge's own words.

Sandy jumped to his feet, and, helping and half supporting Carter, persuaded him to go out to the buggy, promising that he would not give him up.

At the Willowvale gate he led the horse into the avenue, then turned and ran at full speed into town. As he came into the square he found only a few groups shivering about the court-house steps, discussing the events of the day.

"Where 's the crowd?" he cried breathless. "Are n't they going to start from here?"

An old negro pulled off his cap and grinned.

"Dey been gone purty near an hour, Mist' Sandy. I 'spec' dey 's got dat low-down rascal hanged by now."

(To be continued)

COMO IN APRIL

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

THE wind is Winter, though the sun be Spring:
The icy rills have scarce begun to flow;
The birds unconfidently fly and sing;

As on the land once fell the northern foe,
Th' exhaustless mountains from the passes fling
Their vandal blasts upon the lake below.

Not yet the round clouds of the Maytime cling
Above the world's blue wonder's curving show,
And tempt to linger with their lingering.

Yet doth each slope a vernal promise know:
See, mounting yonder, white as angel's wing,
A snow of bloom to meet the bloom of snow.

. . . . . .

Love, need we more than our imagining
To make the whole year May? What though
The wind be Winter if the heart be Spring?

A MOTHER IN EGYPT

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill."

IS the noise of grief in the palace over the river
For this silent one at my side?
There came a hush in the night, and he rose with his hands a-quiver
Like lotus petals adrift on the swing of the tide.
O small cold hands, the day groweth old for sleeping!
O small still feet, rise up, for the hour is late!
Rise up, my son, for I hear them mourning and weeping
In the temple down by the gate!

Hushed is the face that was wont to brighten with laughter
When I sang at the mill;
And silence unbroken shall greet the sorrowful dawns hereafter,—
The house shall be still.
Voice after voice takes up the burden of wailing—
Do you heed, do you hear?—in the high priest's house by the wall.
But mine is the grief, and their sorrow is all unavailing.
Will he wake at their call?

Something I saw of the broad dim wings half folding
The passionless brow.
Something I saw of the sword that the shadowy hands were holding,—
What matters it now?
I held you close, dear face, as I knelt and harkened
To the wind that cried last night like a soul in sin,
When the broad bright stars dropped down and the soft sky darkened
And the presence moved therein.

I have heard men speak in the market-place of the city,
Low-voiced, in a breath,
Of a God who is stronger than ours, and who knows not changing nor pity,
Whose anger is death.
Nothing I know of the lords of the outland races,
But Amun is gentle and Hathor the mother is mild,
And who would descend from the light of the Peaceful Places
To war on a child?

Yet here he lies, with a scarlet pomegranate petal
Blown down on his cheek.
The slow sun sinks to the sand like a shield of some burnished metal,
But he does not speak.
I have called, I have sung, but he neither will hear nor waken;
So lightly, so whitely, he lies in the curve of my arm,
Like a feather let fall from the bird that the arrow hath taken,—
Who could see him, and harm?

"The swallow flies home to her sleep in the eaves of the altar,
And the crane to her nest."—
So do we sing o'er the mill, and why, ah, why should I falter,
Since he goes to his rest?
Does he play in their flowers as he played among these with his mother?
Do the gods smile downward and love him and give him their care?
Guard him well, O ye gods, till I come; lest the wrath of that Other
Should reach to him there.

HOLY SATURDAY IN FLORENCE

THE STRANGE CEREMONY OF THE EXPLOSION OF THE CAR

BY HELEN ZIMMERN

FOR the Italians Easter is the most important festival of the ecclesiastical year: they attach far more value to it than even to Christmas. Throughout the whole peninsula the date brings with it its family reunions, its fêtes, its ceremonies, its local usages, all of which are rooted, as regards their origin, in remotest antiquity, while each and all are connected more or less directly with the worship of fire as the great purifying element. The appropriation of forms connected with old pagan associations and adapted to convey spiritual meaning adds an antiquarian interest to the study of Catholic symbolism. Of this principle the blessing of fire and water in the rites of Holy Saturday is an exemplification.

The religious meaning attached to fire may be traced in almost all antique worships. The Eleusinian Mysteries, the sanctuaries of Vesta and the Persian Mithras, the festivals of Bacchus, and Druid altars all had their sacred fire. It has been a practice since the earliest date for the church to extinguish all lights on the vigil of Easter; and the reproduction of this fire was proceeded with by the most various means and according to the most various rituals. Florence has always been distinguished in that it boasts a unique ceremony in connection with this rekindling of the altar fires. It is known as the "Scoppio del Carro" (the "Explosion of the Car"), and is undoubtedly of most ancient origin. Indeed, the genesis of the custom as practised in Florence is lost in hoary antiquity. As early as 850 the custom of

carrying the sacred fire about on Easter eve was made the subject of a homily by Pope Leo IV. Giovanni Villani, the gossiping Florentine chronicler, who wrote in the early fourteenth century, says: "The blessed fire of Holy Saturday is carried all over the city, as was the fashion in Jerusalem; and in this solemnity the fire is first taken to Casa Pazzi, because in the year of the great torch-light procession a certain Pazzi, very tall and large, carried a bigger torch than anybody else."

Popular legend tells a much more marvelous tale than this. The myth goes that the Pazzi in question, finding himself one Easter at Jerusalem, whither he had gone as a crusader, had joined the throng who lighted their tapers at the sacred flame within the Holy Sepulcher. Anxious to bring this back unextinguished to his native town, to protect it from the wind he rode the whole of the land journey on a donkey, with his face to its tail. The devil tried, but unsuccessfully, to blow it out, and Pazzi brought his taper back still alight; whereupon he presented it to the city of Florence, only claiming as his privilege to be the first to take a light from it on Holy Saturday to rekindle the lamp that burned before the shrine at the street corner of his house.

According to Ghinozzo dei Pazzi, who wrote a chronicle of his family in the early sixteenth century, one Pazzo dei Pazzi, a famous warrior, had command of the Tuscan militia in the crusade of 1088, and was the first to plant the Christian banner on the walls of Jerusalem. For this he was rewarded by the leader, Godfrey of Bouillon, with three pieces of flint from the Holy Sepulcher and a new coat of arms—two dolphins or, within an orle of six crosses on a field azure. On his return to Florence, Pazzi was received with great honor, and he in his turn presented the three stones he had brought with him to the Signoria, or city government, who very reverently deposited them in the Church of Santo Biagio, then one of the important churches of the city. At once these stones, on account of their sacred origin, assumed a great importance in the eyes of the citizens; and as time went on the Florentine devotion to the flints reached such a pitch that the Signoria prayed of the bishop of the diocese that he would draw thence the sacred fire for the ceremonies of Holy Saturday. They further begged him to carry the fire thus obtained in procession to the other churches of the town, and above all to Santa Reparata, as the cathedral was called in those days. Little by little the custom then sprang up for the Florentines to light little candles called *facelline* from this sacred fire and to go through the town, carrying them and trying to keep them alight, much after the manner in which, until recently, the Romans carried lighted candles during the last evening of Carnival.

And since this fire was held to be sacred, as it was derived from the stones that had lain around Christ's tomb, every man wanted to be the first to light his candle from it. In 1300 it so chanced that the first person to light his facellino was a young man of the Pazzi family. At this the whole clan were so greatly pleased that they resolved that the next Holy Saturday they would celebrate the circumstance with great pomp and with a display of fireworks such as to this day is a sign of Italian rejoicing. The Signoria gave the permission asked, and also gave the Pazzi leave to accompany the fire procession as far as Santa Reparata; and since the family spared no expense in marking the occasion, and it drew the interest of the populace and brought many country dwellers into the town, they were permitted to repeat it year after year.

Year after year these demonstrations grew more showy, the family expending more and more upon rockets and crackers and catherine-wheels. At last it occurred to them to build a car, to be crammed full of fireworks; and this they proposed to place in front of the cathedral, lighting the whole mass from the sacred fire and causing it to explode at the moment when the city bells, silent since Holy Thursday, should burst forth again into merry peals at the stroke of midday, when was celebrated the symbol of Christ's resurrection and the priests were chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The notion caught the popular fancy. The people were more delighted than ever, and it silently became an established thing that the Pazzi should repeat the performance.

After a while the Pazzi asked as a grace, in consideration of the sums they expended for the popular pleasure, that the car, after

having discharged half its contents in the Piazza del Duomo, should be borne to the corner of their palace, and that the rest of the fireworks should be exploded there. The permission was granted, and to this hour, after the car has exploded at the stroke of midday in front of the cathedral, the magnificent four white oxen which have drawn it there are yoked to it again, and take it to the Via del Proconsolo, to the Canto dei Pazzi, and at the corner of the Palazzo Nonfinito, now the post-office, but once the home of the Pazzi, the noisy amusement of fireworks in the full light of day is once more repeated.

CHURCH OF THE SANTI APOSTOLI IN THE PIAZZETTA DEL LIMBO

From the Church of Santo Biagio, suppressed in the last century, and turned into a firemen's station, the venerable stones about which so much interest centered were removed to the Church of the Santi Apostoli. This church, one of the oldest in Florence, is said to have been founded

by Charlemagne, as an apocryphal inscription outside records, which also adds that it was consecrated by Archbishop Turpin. Situated in the tiny Piazzetta del Limbo, it is one of the hidden architectural treasures of Florence; for not only do few tourists traverse the narrow and not overclean Borgo Santi Apostoli, where it is situated, but its campanile, which is of great beauty both as regards form and the patina given to it by time, cannot be seen at any point from the street, and is familiar only to those privileged few who are the happy owners of roof-terraces in its immediate vicinity.

The present learned prior of the Church of the Santi Apostoli, to whose courtesy is due the fact that I have been allowed to photograph for this article these most ancient and revered stones, casts great doubt upon the tale of the Pazzi having brought the stones to Italy, and specially at the date named. He told me that he found records among his archives of the striking of the sacred fire from these stones at dates as early as the eighth century. He believes with time that he will be able to trace it back even further. He particularly drew my attention to the bit of iron.

"See," he said, "how from concave it has become convex with successive striking; and when you bear in mind that it was used but once a year, you will appreciate how old it must be."

He is also very skeptical about the legend that the stones had been taken from the Holy Sepulcher, pointing out to me that they were flints, while it is known that the Holy Sepulcher was built of limestone. Still, he thinks it not improbable that the stones may have been brought at some remote time by a pious pilgrim from the Mount of Olives.

These three stones, not much larger than walnuts, are kept by the prior under many locks and keys. Extracted from the ancient press that contains them, I saw that they were inclosed in a dainty little bag of golden brocade tied with golden cords, and this in its turn was inclosed in a small box also covered with fine old brocade. Two are white and one is black.

On the morning of Holy Saturday it is the prior's duty and privilege to carry the stones into the church and strike fire from them—not always a quick operation, as he explained to me, as it is not only a question of striking fire from the flints, but of getting a spark that will ignite the cotton or other material. When this is obtained, he lights a taper from the spark, and this taper is then with much care and ceremony placed in the upper portion of a special *porta fuoco*, shaped like a dove with outspread wings. This porta fuoco, which is carried on the top of a long pole, is a fine piece of fourteenth-century copper and iron work. The eagle, beneath the dove,

From a photograph by H. Burton

THE SACRED STONES, BAG, AND BOX

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CAR, DRAWN BY OXEN

which crushes a dragon under its claws is the arms of the Guelph party, and recalls the fact that the *capitani di parte Guelfa* were for centuries the legal guardians of the stones. In the brazier below were formerly placed live coals kindled from the stones, but the lighted taper now takes their place as being more convenient.

This porta fuoco is taken from the church with much pomp, even in these days, when most church ceremonies have been shorn of their splendor. The archbishop as often as not comes in person. In any case, he sends a substitute, and the municipality sends representatives. When it is a clerical municipality that is in power, the syndic comes himself. Then there is always a flag-bearer with the church banner, the red cross in a white field, as well as the flag of the city, the red lily of Florence.

Never absent, too, are some of the municipal attendants called, in the ancient style, *donzelle*, to whom has recently been restored their traditional costumes of red-and-white jerkin and hose—one stocking and one sleeve red and one white, with the Florentine lily embroidered on their breasts, and on the bannerets that hang from their silver trumpets. These bear the porta fuoco in triumph from the Borgo Santi Apostoli to the baptistery, where it rests on the high altar while the Holy Saturday services are being recited.

While these formalities have been going on in the churches, others have been no less busy in getting ready the traditional car. At first the Pazzi made a new machine every year, but after a certain time they decided to have a durable one. Accordingly they built a huge triumphal car, carved and gilded, and this served for some time; but after a while it was worn out, and others were burned. The present car was made in 1622, as an inscription on the inside testifies. Yet another inscription tells how it was restored in the eighteenth century at a cost of one hundred and thirty-one scudi. Indeed, so many times has it been restored that the inside is a patchwork of many kinds of wood, each piece inscribed with the name of the carpenter

who fixed it there. As it now presents itself, it is a massive square structure four stories high, made of great beams and boards clamped together and supported on low solid wheels. Thick coatings of paint and varnish have overlaid the paintings that commemorated the Pazzi's deeds, but the coats of arms can still be made out. On three sides are the present arms of the family, but on the fourth side are the original arms—six crescents intertwined. A mural crown supported by four inverted dolphins, emblematic of the honors conferred on Pazzo, tops the whole.

When this strange construction has been packed with fireworks, it is adorned with artificial flowers, and the tall light-blue doors of the stable in which it is kept for three hundred and sixty-four days are thrown open—doors the strange color and shape of which must often have puzzled tourists. Here are harnessed to this bulky pile four stately oxen of the beautiful breed so common in the Chianti and the province of Siena, snow-white, with long, wide-spreading horns. These oxen are always selected with great care and from the finest breeds, and owners vie with one another for the honor of drawing the famous car. The big beasts are always richly decked with bright-scarlet trappings, and on their heads and necks are hung garlands of fresh flowers. Creaking and swaying, the car then makes its way through the streets of Florence, followed by crowds of urchins, until, shortly before midday, it is brought to a halt in front of the cathedral doors. Here is fixed to it a wire connected with the high altar at the farther end of the cathedral. At the other end of this wire is a mechanical device made of wood, with a wheel and a slow fuse inside it, known as the *colombina*, or dove. In ruder and earlier times this dove was a living bird.

THE PORTA FUOCO FOR THE SACRED FIRE

During this time high mass is being sung at the high altar of the cathedral, the archbishop, escorted by red-and-white-robed priests, having previously brought the sacred fire from the baptistery, and in the course of the service acolytes rekindle from it the candles and lamps of the high altar. At last approaches the moment of moments for which the densely packed crowd inside and outside the cathedral have been anxiously waiting for many hours.

Midday strikes from the city clocks, the cannon booms midday from Michelangelo's fortress of Santo Giorgio, the choir at the altar intones the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," the great full-toned bell of Giotto's campanile imparts the fact in glad and solemn chimes, followed immediately by the other church bells of the city, which have been silent since Holy Thursday (in old days a heavy fine was imposed for disobedience); and amid this joyous clamor the archbishop applies a light from the sacred fire to the dove, which goes hissing down the wire that stretches the length of the nave over the heads of the mass of people, out through the wide-opened central door of the cathedral, and on to the car, the fireworks of which are thus ignited; after which the dove once more returns by the way that it came. Loud explosions now follow, crack upon crack, and boom upon boom, which

From a photograph by Mr. G. St. Gem

THE EXPLOSION IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL

can be heard the whole length and breadth of the city, drowning the din of the clanging bells and accompanied by the frenzied shouts of joy of the peasants assembled in square and church. For the peasants are deeply superstitious with regard to this dove, and consider its successful passage as a sign that the coming harvest will be good. As for the stay-at-homes, some wash their eyes at the moment they hear the first boom of the explosion, deeming it lucky and wholesome for their sight to do so; while mothers make a practice of loosing the swaddling-clothes of their babes and making them take their first steps while the bells are ringing after the "Scoppio."

All this, of course, presuming that the dove goes well; and by "going well" is meant that it flies straight like a rocket from the high altar to the car, ignites the fireworks instantly, and returns as swiftly and directly as it came. But woe if it sticks, if it fails to ignite, if there be any hitch! The huge close-packed crowd of peasants curse as loudly as otherwise they cheer, and the blackest of omens are drawn from this incident. And the effects are truly far-reaching. Thus, for example, last year the dove stuck half-way down the nave, the fire was extinguished, and the car had to be ignited by hand. It was hoped that the peasants, hearing the traditional crackling and explosion, would not notice; but they did. Hisses and imprecations made themselves heard, and after all was over there was but a poor market for the itinerant venders of miscellaneous wares, who usually do a roaring trade on this occasion. Thus I was told that not a single new straw hat was bought by the country folk, though it is the custom for the peasants to buy after this ceremony, and on this visit to the town, a new straw hat for the coming season; and the number who stream in for this quaint ceremony are legion.

In former times, when the dove did not go well, the man who had stretched the wire was imprisoned. Now he is only left without payment for his labor when such a contretemps occurs.

When the fireworks destined to explode before the cathedral have spent their force, and the tightly packed crowd has dispersed from windows, balconies, roofs, sidewalks, and roadway, the oxen are once more brought round and fastened to the top-heavy structure. The car is then drawn through some of the busiest streets of Florence until it reaches the Canto dei Pazzi, where a fresh wire is attached and the performance of letting off fireworks by daylight is once more repeated until the last crackers are spent and the last rocket is exploded. But this second affair, though it collects some spectators, does not attract the interest of the first, since no augural omen attaches to it.

When all is at last ended and the citizens have returned home, the groaning, lumbering machine laboriously wends its way to its stable near the Cascine, its annual outing over, and the oxen are released from their burden. The "Scoppio del Carro," with its augury for good and evil, is over for the year, and a curious ceremony has been once more repeated, to the delight of thousands of peasants and hundreds of tourists. Certainly there is not a stranger who would miss it, and many come to Florence on purpose. Thus Queen Victoria witnessed it when she was wintering here, and expressed herself as strangely interested and amused. There certainly is no falling off in interest in the show, or likelihood that the quaint custom will be discontinued.

Nevertheless, the Pazzi family, who for years gloried in this signal distinction, some years ago tried to free themselves from the expensive onus of providing for a people's holiday. The head of the house proposed to suppress the festival. The authorities dared not second his proposal or facilitate it. Knowing how attached the common people were to the ancient custom, they feared it might cause a small revolution, especially among the country folk, who honestly believe that the success or failure of their crops is influenced by this usage. To get over the difficulty, the Pazzi gave over a sum of money to the city of Florence, the interest of which should pay for the expenses of the show. This sum, however, proved inadequate; and in order that the people shall not lose their holiday the city makes good the deficit.

AFRICA'S APPEAL TO CHRISTENDOM

BY PRINCE MOMOLU MASSAQUOI OF GHENDIMAH (GALLINAS)

Of the British Protectorate of Sierra Leone

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—*Acts xvi, 9.*

INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D.

Momolu Massaquoi, Prince of the Veis, is the son of King Lahai of Gallinas and of Queen Sandi-Mannie of N'Jabacca. He speaks of his mother as "a woman of rare intellect, energy, power, and ambition—qualities which promoted her to the position which no other woman has occupied in the Vei territory."

He was born in 1872, and was required by his mother to begin to study at an early age. The Veis are exceptional among African tribes in having a written language. Their alphabet, which comprises more than one hundred characters and is not usually undertaken by Vei children until well advanced in their teens, had been mastered by Momolu when eight years of age. The native teacher, called to examine the young prince, wrote to the boy's mother: "The letters have grown upon the child's brain. I can see the roots when he opens his mouth [i.e., when he speaks]; I see the leaves thereof in his eyes."

His parents were both Mohammedans, and that their son might learn to read the Koran they placed him under the tuition of a Mohammedan priest when eight years old. Two years later he came under Christian influence at a mission school of the Protestant Episcopal Church, where he was sent to learn the English language. After several years' residence at the mission he was baptized and confirmed.

In 1888, when only sixteen, he came to America and entered Central Tennessee College, at Nashville.

Before the completion of his college course, the death of his mother made him the rightful ruler of N'Jabacca, and he felt it to be his duty to return to his people.

After a brief stay in his own country he again visited the United States to represent Africa at the Parliament of Religions and the African Ethnological Congress in connection with the Chicago Exposition.

It was at that time that I became acquainted with him; and I was much impressed by his gentlemanly bearing and by the accuracy with which he used the English language, which he spoke with great fluency and without the slightest foreign accent.

The exposition was a revelation of civilization which deeply impressed the young ruler. After returning to Africa he wrote: "Since I came in contact with the white man and saw the glory of the civilized world, and especially since attending the World's Fair, I have daily asked myself, How can my people be saved?"

The fitting outcome of his study and solicitude is an industrial school, which was opened in May, 1900, at Ghendimah, the capital of Gallinas. Here the pupils are instructed in English, Vei, and Arabic, and in the industrial arts of civilized life. He is not attempting to make Caucasians out of Africans, but he is endeavoring, in his own words, "to develop an African civilization independent of any, yet, like others, on a solid Christian principle."

Among the evils which contact with civilization has inflicted on Africa, Prince Massaquoi recognizes the liquor traffic as supreme. It is debauching whole races, plunging

them into the horrors of savage warfare, and pouring vitriol into the "open sore of the world." Dean Farrar a few years ago declared that this traffic was becoming a deadlier evil than the slave trade. Such a council of the friends of Africa as the prince suggests might well be called, in the name of justice and of humanity, with a view to protecting the undeveloped races of the world from the vices of civilization.

The enlightened nations should unite to end the African rum traffic as they did to stop the African slave trade.

Josiah Strong.

From a photograph by G. W. Varney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRINCE MOMOLU MASSAQUOI OF GHENDIMAH

THE Vei territory is situated on the western coast of Africa. Including the tribes in alliance with the Vei, but which do not speak the Vei language, the territory is about three hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide, extending along the seaboard from Gallinas to Cape Mount.

The principal articles of commerce are palm-kernels, palm-oil, camwood, piassava, rubber, and some ivory. In return the na-

tives get calico, guns, gunpowder, tobacco, hardware, rum, and whisky. To the latter two must be attributed the most lamentable crimes and misfortunes. The forest of the territory contains some of the rarest and most costly timber in existence. That the highlands of the interior abound with minerals is beyond contradiction; the Mandingoes, in whose territory lies the eastern end of these mountains, having dug gold and other minerals therefrom.

The coast of the country is low and marshy, and sometimes proves unhealthful to the Caucasian on his first arrival, unless he conforms in some measure to native health rules. The greater part of the low-land is annually covered by the water at high tide; hence the fertility of the soil, which is prodigious.

There are two distinct seasons, the dry and the rainy. The dry season is from October to May, and the rainy from May to October. There is, however, an intermediate time, the last month of the dry season and the first month of the rainy, during which it is neither extremely wet nor dry. During the months of July and August it rains almost continuously. Terrific downpours are accompanied by a peculiar sound like the cry of an owl, which the Veis call *sonah la keendee coola* ("the snoring of the rain").

GOVERNMENT

The Vei territory is divided into petty kingdoms: Jaryalor, Sowolo (which two are called Gallinas), Teywa, Konae, Garwoola, and Tombei. Each of these has its own king, and each village or town its own chief. These kings form a sort of double triumvirate, meeting occasionally for the discussion of subjects concerning the whole tribe. The result of these convocations is communicated by each king to his own people, so that the laws throughout the territory are the same.

The king is absolute in certain things only. He has an advisory council, who follow him wherever he goes, and to whom he refers all matters brought before him before discussing them. The most eloquent member of this council is generally the king's spokesman. He understands the law, the language, and the art of persuasion. Each one sets forth the claims or demands of his own tribe. The king does not settle a question by referring it to the council, although he may if he so wishes. In a case requiring instant decision the king acts at once.

Questions between two parties are discussed not by lawyers, but by the parties themselves, before judges appointed by the parties, but approved by the king. A relative cannot be a judge. These judges, together with the king and his council, reason together, casting votes if they disagree. Great crowds gather to hear the judgment. The spokesman gets up, bearing a long scepter in his left hand, and announces the decision. The guilty party is made to pay a fine to the other, but both have to pay the judges. There is then a feast, and the parties thenceforth are friends.

If one man kills another he may be killed by a friend or relative of the deceased. If a man kills his own brother, sister, or relative, nothing is done to him. A father can do what he pleases with his children in case of disobedience. If an idle, good-for-nothing fellow is killed by a brave or patriotic man, nothing is done, as it perhaps is for the country's good that such a man should die. But he must be known by all to be worthless; he is not to be killed solely because he is lazy. When a slave steals, he is whipped and let go; but when a free man steals, a bunch of rice straw is tied tightly round his hand and arm and set on fire. This will burn so as to leave the rogue a spotted mark, which will forever accompany him and show him to be dishonest. Nothing is expected from a slave, but the free man disgraces not only himself, but his entire family.

Upon the king's death, his brother, or the first child of his head wife, takes his place, so that the successor is known long beforehand, and virtually rules while the king is sick or absent. But the people must unanimously proclaim his name before he is considered king. In that sense the government is democratic.

All public questions among the people are settled by vote.

The king receives no regular salary, but only voluntary tribute, the valuable spoils of war, and the profit of his slaves' labor. The subject chiefs of villages and towns, wishing to become prominent in the eyes of the king or to encourage him in his services to the country, will give almost

one third of their annual earnings for his support.

Soldiers go to war at their own expense, depending entirely on the spoils of war for support. Whenever the king announces war, every man gets ready his weapon—gun, spear, or sword. Arrows and slings are seldom used in our territory. Those who do not possess arms may get them from the king or from some man of wealth without price. Before starting for the scene of action they are provided with native bread, cooked rice, and meat. Each soldier ties up in leaves as much as he can conveniently carry, and hangs it round his body.

The spoils of war are retained by each person until his return home, when all are put together. The king takes his choice, and what remains is divided between the soldiers. Mercenaries are sometimes employed, and the amount of their hire is paid to their king for distribution.

EDUCATION

From the cradle, the child learns to be interested in the tribal legends. The older members of the family breathe into his ears the songs of the departed braves who fought for their country, thus implanting the seed of patriotism, which forever grows with undying vitality.

Leaving the cradle, the attention of the child is soon attracted by the beautiful bow and arrow. His next ambition is to be allowed to carry it for his father or brother. He then begins target practice with arrows, and afterward joins in the regular game, hunting, for which the boys are noted. When about twelve he begins the study of the Vei character, and at fourteen goes to the tribal school, called Bellee, situated in the heart of the forest. Boys are then supposed to be in the inside of a great monster—a monster whose growl is thunder and whose breath is a flame, who rules all heathendom, and nightly covers the Vei country with the palm of his hand. God excepted, he is the most powerful of beings. This monster, as the women and strangers are made to believe, receives yearly all male children of a certain age in the Vei territory and devours them. Inside his huge body the children unconsciously get their education without study. They learn fine cloth-making, farming, canoe-making, woodwork of all kinds, the art of magic, prophecy, hoodooism. In fact, they are instructed in everything necessary for boys in Africa to fill their positions as men and husbands.

A similar training-school for girls is the Sandee. In it they learn basket-making, fishing, cooking, and other matters necessary for African girls to know. When the boys are ready to leave the school, the people are surprised, some morning, at the sight of a crowd of boys rushing into the towns and killing everything they come across except the men and the cats. The excuse for this behavior on the part of the boys is that their minds are disturbed with the novelty and freedom of their situation. Four days afterward each father takes his own boy and makes a feast for him, with drum-beating, dancing, singing, and, since the coming of the white man, drinking. At the close, the boy, if of age, is presented with a wife or wives. From this time he is considered a man, and must be called by the honorary name conferred upon him while in the Bellee.

During the four or more days between the turning out and the feast, the boy's head is completely covered with a thick cotton cap, so as to keep him from hearing the voice of a woman.

In other ways than by the preparation mentioned, morality is deeply impressed on the minds of these young people. Every girl undergoes a strict examination before marriage. A man or a woman who violates the laws of virtue is severely whipped, dragged all over the town, and proclaimed an outcast throughout the whole country. They are thenceforth not recognized even by members of their own family.

ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE

In many cases, while a boy is young, his mother engages a young girl or girls for him, the idea being that she can train them as he would wish. It is common to find friends engaging a young woman for a man whom her people have never seen, and they meet only a very short time before the marriage; but the whole history of the young woman is generally known beforehand, so that the husband feels almost acquainted when they meet.

WOMEN

The women lead a somewhat secluded life, seldom joining in conversation with men, unless they are relatives. The girls grow

up to fear and honor men, to be dignified and feminine, thereby helping men to feel their own importance as well as that of the women, whose seclusion is a result of the esteem in which they are held.

The respect paid to a woman soon to become a mother is on a purely Christian basis. She seldom wants for anything; whatever she asks for is given to her. Every one considers it a duty to minister to her comfort.

Even in war women retain their honorable position. They are seldom killed in warfare, although often taken captive, in which case they become slaves, so-called, or wives; but even in captivity they marry only the man they love, and as slaves they are entitled to all the respect belonging to free women. The labors which they perform, and which civilized men consider a degradation, are simply a part of their life and enjoyment, and the cause of their healthy and robust appearance, and do not entail any disrespect whatever. In my own territory, however, they do very little, if any, hard work. Most of the sewing is done by men, formerly with fish-bone or thorn, but now with a needle. The women prepare cotton thread and also cotton for the loom. They also fish with a dipping-net, swimming and catching fish at the same time.

INDUSTRIES

Every man in the Vei territory may be called "Jack of all trades," but each one has his own specialty.

The principal occupations are farming, hut-building, canoe-making, wooden bowl- and spoon-making, or woodwork in general, climbing the palm-tree to gather its kernels, sewing, leather-work, fishing, cloth-weaving, pottery-making, etc.

Farming is simple. During the dry season a man cuts first the undergrowth of the forest, and, when that is dry, the larger trees. When all is thoroughly dried, he prepares torches of bamboo, and gets his friends, or slaves, if he has any, to burn it down. During this operation every one calls out, "Oh, Ngomboo! Oh, Ngomboo!" (which, in the Mendi dialect, means "Oh, thou fire! Oh, thou fire!"), believing that the more noise they make, the angrier gets the flame. In a few hours the site will be perfectly cleared. The farmer then scatters the seed over as much as he can work in one day, using a rude kind of hoe to rake the ground. If it is cassava that he plants, he cuts the sticks and buries them about four inches deep; if sweet potatoes or other roots, he plants them. The soil is so rich that everything grows rapidly without plowing.

The huts are made with poles, mud, and thatch, setting the poles in the shape required, and covering the roof with thatch or leaves. Then some clay is put inside, water poured over it, and the clay beaten with a flat board. This floor soon becomes compact and dry, and friends are invited to mud or daub the house. Some fine red earth is obtained, wetted, and trodden underfoot until sufficiently mixed and plastic. Then it is thrown upon the poles, inside and out. A few days later the wife or wives get better clay and smooth it all over, repeating the operation every few weeks, while the husband attends to the roof.

HOSPITALITY TO STRANGERS

Hospitality may be considered as one of the characteristics of not only the Veis, but of the whole African race. It is considered the duty of every citizen to entertain strangers without the smallest compensation. Places of rest stand always open, and when these are found occupied by strangers, a man goes and tells his wife, who will send her servants with water for the strangers to wash their feet; for, as they wear no shoes, they naturally need such accommodation. Afterward rooms and cloth wrappers are given them, food is brought from all quarters, or they are invited to eat with the people. They continue to be so provided for, even if they stay months. Their garments are also washed and returned to them. On leaving, they generally make a small gift to the wife of the host, though not more than two or three cola-nuts or two or three English pennies.

PAGAN RELIGION

"They condemn what they understand not."

It seems beyond possibility to make some people realize that the pagan African believes in the existence of a Supreme Being. Yet the Scriptures say, God "left not himself without witness." Who spreads

that boundless sky over our heads? Who fills the earth with the joy of sunlight? Who hangs those twinkling stars and gives the bright moonlight nights? Who carpets this vast earth with grass and all kinds of pleasant herbs? It is something or somebody. You may call him Deus, Theos, God, Kamba, or Gol, or whatever name you wish; they will all apply to the same Person, and that Person is known to all. It is he, therefore, whom the Africans "ignorantly worship."

The idea of a mediator is one upon which nearly all religions agree. Wherever we find the idea of God, we also find the idea of a medium between God and his creatures. The Mohammedans have Mohammed; the Zoroastrians, Zoroaster; the Brahmans, Brahma; the Buddhists, Buddha; and the Christians, Christ: and all believe these persons to be perfect, or nearly so. The pagan takes a piece of wood or stone, which cannot lie or steal, and is free from any crime, and through this he approaches and supplicates the great Creator. It is from the point of mediatorship that these things are worshiped by pagans in Africa.

When a Christian reads of the natives on the shores of the Niger sacrificing their children to crocodiles, he shudders at the ignorance of the African; but when he reads of Abraham offering Isaac on the mount, he calls it faith! It is faith in both cases; each has faith enough to sacrifice his only son to God. I do not wish these remarks to be taken as coming from a pagan, but as from one who can see the foundation of good in the pagans' belief.

CHRISTIANITY IN AFRICA

One of the greatest hindrances in presenting Christianity to Africans, and the reason why Mohammedanism is often preferred by them, is the sectarianism which prevails in Christendom. A Mohammedan from the Sudan can pray with the same belief, and using the same form, as his brother in Mecca. What does it matter to the Mussulman how Mohammed entered the cave, or how far he was in it when the revelation was made? Why should he bother himself in discussing how Mohammed began the hegira? All he cares to believe is that God made a revelation to Mohammed in the cave near Mecca; that that revelation exists, and is sacred and infallible; that the prophet really fled from the holy city to Medina; that God is God, and Mohammed his prophet, and all believers should walk as commanded in the sacred book, the Koran.

Christians, on the contrary, have made secondary matters so important as to cause their grand faith to appear unreliable and even ridiculous to the heathen. Some are so blinded by prejudice to the true interest of their cause as to criticize Christians of another denomination in the presence of those they wish to convert.

Christianity should be offered to the heathen as Christianity, not as this or that church. Very little of the gospel is being preached to them, notwithstanding the number of missionaries, who merely preach the doctrines of their individual churches. They get the mind of the heathen packed with this and that creed, what this or that reformer says, and when they get through with him he is anything but a Christian. Why? Because he has never heard the gospel. And the poor fellow, in his ignorance, thinks he will go to heaven because he has gone through certain forms. Perhaps he will; for I do not believe God will burn a man for neglect of Christian duty when he has never in his life heard the gospel. Then let missionaries to Africa preach Christ and his love, and give example of that love in their actions, and they will obtain Christians as the natural fruits of their labors.

At the same time, no one can ignore the grand work that missionaries in general have been doing; nor do I wish my readers to gain the impression that I do not respect the different dogmas of the denominations. That is not the point at issue: I simply affirm that such varying creeds are not what heathen require. They believe that when two or more witnesses give different testimony, somebody is wrong; hence, in Christianity, some denomination must be wrong: therefore they pay no attention when different sects are preaching.

The details incidental to climate, temperament, heredity, etc., could be left to regulate themselves if all devout-minded souls would but obey the grand injunction, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

MISSIONARY WORK

About the year 1860 the Rev. Daniel Ware, an Americo-Liberian, settled in Grand Cape Mount. He took a few native boys and girls into his family and taught them their letters and a little English; but before anything could be accomplished this good man was called by his society to a charge up the St. Paul River, near Monrovia. From that time no Vei man saw a book until 1877, when the St. John's Mission was founded by Bishop C. C. Penick, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. The influence of this mission has been wonderful, not only among the Veis, but also among the adjacent tribes. In 1877 there were not five men in the Vei territory who spoke decent English: to-day hundreds of young men and women express themselves well in that language. In that year there was not a single man who could read the Roman characters: to-day nearly all business letters, petitions, and other diplomatic documents from Vei kings and merchants are written by Vei boys and girls in civilized language. In 1877 there was not a single Christian among us: to-day we have hundreds in the fold of Christ. You will not find a single civilized town in Liberia where there are not boys who have belonged to the St. John's Mission. Many of them have become officers in the Belgian army down the Kongo coast; many are clerks in different places in West Africa; and some have been prize-winners in competitive examinations, or successful debaters and original essayists in reputable American colleges.

But while all this has been done for the Veis, we are still greatly in need of an industrial school. The best pedagogical method, and one that would promote the evangelization of Africa, would be the education of the head, the heart, and the hands, as well as the collateral training of the boys and girls. Comparatively nothing has been done in the line of manual training. Such knowledge as brickmaking, carpentry, blacksmithing, masonry, mechanics in all its branches, agriculture, and how to use modern implements of husbandry, would do more good to Africa than all the classics, mathematics, and philosophies. Just imagine an educated, refined, and Christian man being obliged to continue living in a rude, inclement hut! If he cannot build a better house he will naturally fall back to his old ways. But an industrial institution which would teach the building of Christian homes, of churches, of public halls and houses for transacting public affairs, and thereby cause the people to feel their own strength, would be of incalculable benefit, and its moral influence would be like a star shining forever.

Another advantage in industrial education is that it would put a stop to war. When a man's house is burned to-day and he rebuilds it to-morrow or in a few days, it does not hurt him much; hence "war" is not a very formidable word to him. But no man will feel warlike when he has a nice little house with furniture and other things conducive to comfort, knowing, as he does, their worth, and the time it takes to make them.

It is generally known that the continent of Africa is only a playground for European lions and tigers. Every nation in Europe claims the right of possession and colonization, regarding only the so-called rights of other European nations, without paying any attention to those of the natives themselves. When the question arises, What right has Europe to possess Africa? we hear only the unreasonable reply: "The right of discovery, and because the African is ignorant and uneducated and cannot cultivate the land."

With respect to my own country, these foreign powers say it belongs to them now, and the civilized world in general seems to agree with them. But we think our country belongs to us. The African may be ignorant and unable to develop his country, but would a man be justified in taking possession of his neighbor's house just because the time for the neighbor has not come, or he is unable, from any cause, to make necessary improvements? Would it not better become the part of a Christian to go in and show the neighbor his deficiencies and how he may remedy them, and leave him to enjoy the results of whatever he may be able to accomplish? But greed is at the bottom of it all. They cannot hear of a country possessing anything which can be converted into tangible profit without desiring to possess it for themselves.

It is believed by some that the African himself sells his country to the European.

I have never heard of a single case of the kind. On the coast there is a system of presenting gifts which the English-speaking people in Africa call "dash." All Europeans visiting native kings generally "dash" the king with something from "white man's land." By men who wish to steal the land of the natives presents are offered the chiefs as being from the English king or some other European monarch. This the native king understands to be merely a recognition of him on the part of the monarch. He therefore receives the gifts, and sends back others in return. This means friendship; and from that time all Europeans are treated with great consideration, and even invited to settle in the country as long as they wish. The Europeans, in the meanwhile, keep account of what they have given, and when the old king dies, or at some other opportune moment, the natives are told that their land has been bought.

Some time before this announcement is made, however, the chiefs are called together to sign a "paper of friendship." Not being able to read, they touch the pen, and somebody signs their names to the document which puts them under the dominion of some foreign power, while altogether in ignorance of its meaning. Naturally the natives do not always take such treatment quietly, and a great war is begun, in which they are slaughtered like wild beasts. All readers of the daily papers are acquainted with the bloody contest which resulted in the expulsion of King Lobengula by France, as well as many other German and English wars in Africa during the last half-century. These disturbances arose from the fact that the rights of the natives had been abused, and they were unwilling to be forced, on their own soil, to obey European orders.

My readers know that the vices of civilization are as degrading as its virtues are uplifting; yet it is an acknowledged fact that these vices have been introduced in the African continent entirely by European representatives. All who have traveled on our continent will bear me out in the assertion that there is a remarkable contrast morally between the natives of the coast and those of the interior. This is owing simply to the fact that the people on the coast have been demoralized by the vices of civilization from European sources.

As an instance, in none of the various native dialects with which I am acquainted, about eighteen in number, are there any words with which to curse or swear, and I am told that the same is true of the other languages of Africa. They have words to express anger or abuse, but not to swear or curse; and when one hears a profane word, it is always in English, German, or other foreign language. The absence of these words surely shows a great respect for religion.

Again, polygamy is practised just as much by Europeans as by natives, although against their own laws and code of morality. It is very common to find a European merchant with from two to five or even more native wives. Now, according to the still more degrading system which Europeans have introduced on the coast, the wives of a Caucasian are the wives of all his friend visitors. When the so-called husband returns to Europe, these women are left unprovided for, and scatter their evil lesson wherever they go.

I know that in Europe there are noble men and noble women. I know, too, that the home governments are not aware of these nefarious practices. But I also know that travelers and residents, as well as colonial officers of these governments, are aware of them, and yet nothing, so far, has been done to protect the virtue of our women.

I believe fully in the protective authority of the European governments, but I cannot be imbued with the idea that European or American supremacy in Africa is to result in the elevation of the African.

I claim that Africans who have come in contact with European civilization are just as good and just as bad as any other nation; and that in their native state they are superior in some respects to the untrained European or American.

This is shown by the easy management of vast tribes by their untutored chiefs, who, in a few minutes, settle questions that would puzzle a senate or parliament, or bring up a lifelong discussion.

As long as the two antagonists to real civilization, money-making and prejudice, are allowed to exercise permanent control, the unsafety of the African and his brother in white on the same soil is quite obvious. Therefore I believe that the political elevation of the African, which bears such a

close relation to his elevation in other directions, must be left dependent upon himself or upon those of his race. This can be done only by permitting or restoring native lineages to power in their respective tribes; by special attention to the education of native princes, as well as the masses, from the revenue of their own country; by having only a few officers to represent the government in authority.

An account of European civilization and missionary work in any country would not be complete without some notice of the cursed liquor traffic by which, so far, it has been accompanied. The evils referred to in the preceding pages are merely forerunners of that abominable curse on our coasts.

From actual calculation I find that nearly one half of the goods imported into my territory is in the form of liquor, and that of the very worst and most injurious kind. The native has an idea that everything the white man uses and exports must necessarily be good and an essential element in civilization. It is therefore common to find a man who is poor, and not able to get sufficient liquor on which to get drunk, rubbing a drop on his head or on his mustache in order that people may smell it and call him civilized.

The evil practice has really been introduced into everything. A feast is not now a feast unless every participant gets drunk with liquor. Mohammedans excepted, those of the natives who have the means to buy liquor are drunk nearly every day. Our chiefs themselves have already gone so far in this practice that the least disturbance always results in war; and I can prove from my own knowledge that all the wars that have been fought by my tribe since the advent of civilization have been brought on by rash action on the part of drinking men.

Here is our beautiful country, teeming with every natural advantage, ripe for improvement, and promising enormous returns commercially, if properly handled. The people are strong, healthy, docile, and willing to work for those having lawful authority over them. In many localities, my own among the number, their intelligence is above the average, certainly far above that of the God-forsaken (if such a word be possible) populations of mining and manufacturing districts throughout Europe.

Here we are on our soil, planted here by an Original Power, our advent lost in the mists of time. So far we have been able to govern and maintain ourselves without more vicissitudes than have marked the rise and progress of other nations. Surely, then, we have a right to be considered when the disposal of our land and the rearrangement of our social condition are under consideration.

If we have not advanced higher in the scale of civilization, neither had we,—I speak again for my own people,—until this fatal liquor was forced upon us, fallen so low as many. We need but an honest helping hand to raise us to as high a state of culture as was possessed by most of the dark races at a time when the Western Continent was still in the gloom of barbarism. To judge by those nations who have been fortunate enough to obtain education and Christianity in a wholesome atmosphere, and without their attendant evils, there seems to be no inherent difficulty in the way of such a result. We are willing to be taught; we are willing to give a large share of the results to those who teach and employ us: but we are not willing to sell body and soul for the very doubtful advantages of civilization as it looks to us.

If the present policy continues, we cannot fight as men should against the wrong. The poison is fast doing its deadly work, and in a few years there will be none of us left to resist the oppressors. But our blood will be on their heads, and will cry to Heaven for vengeance.

It is but very little that we ask—the right to work on our own soil, among our own people, ruled by some, at any rate, of our own rulers, and to be permitted to eat and drink what we think good for us, instead of having deadly poison poured down our throats. Even if foreign powers should for a time be financial losers, they cannot eventually be anything but gainers—aided by a country almost unlimited in its capabilities, and the willing, grateful service of twenty millions of people rescued from the moral as well as physical death now staring them in the face. They will not have the obstacles presented to them in their own country: all will be with them in this crusade; leaders and people alike are stretching out their hands for aid.

We appeal, not to England, not to

France, not to Germany, not to other empires and states, but to the consciences of the individual men forming such nations. We appeal, not for a gift or favor, but for our right. Even as the Americans appealed for their rights, and obtained them by heroic measures, so do we claim the right for "freedom to worship God," and to worship him by sobriety, industry, good will, and all the Christian graces.

Knowing the deep interest which the great monarchs of Europe have taken in our continent, the faithfulness of some European officials, the sympathy of lovers of humanity the world over, the zeal and energy of Christians for the uplifting of my people, I here venture to offer a plan for their betterment which may be suggestive to some who have the ability and inclination to carry out some such idea.

Let a council of friends of Africa be called at some central point. Let men of all countries interested in the subject be invited to present papers on topics relating to the salvation of Africa. Let intelligent natives, missionaries, and travelers from different parts of the "Dark Continent" present papers relating to the dealings of Europeans with natives.

At such council let a definite plan be made for the protection of Africans from the evils of civilization. Let this petition be sent to the great governments on behalf of Africans. From this same council let there be a society formed, the duty of which shall be to see that laws made by these governments for the protection of natives be carried out; that complaints from the native chiefs shall reach the colonial or the home government; that native women in particular shall be specially protected, and, when abandoned by a European husband, that such husband be made to support her and her children.

Let such society have a journal whose correspondents shall be all over Africa, so that fresh facts may be directly known. Let there be a branch of such society in every European colony in Africa.

If some such plan, or a wiser one, be suggested to the friends of Africa, might it not be the basis of a great reformation and the improvement of Africa for the Africans?

Of course the very first step in our forward career must be the absolute demolition of the liquor traffic. That once effected, and the people given a chance to recover from the deadly glamour it has cast over them, their eyes will be opened to the depth into which they have fallen, their manhood will return, and they will once more take their stand among the free races of the earth in their diverse journeys toward the one heavenly kingdom.

YESTERDAY

BY MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

SHIP of To-day! I watch you sail
Across the lessening hours to me.
What storm can those brave wings assail,
What tempest toss that peaceful sea?

All happy things you seem to bring,
A cargo of long-sought desires,
Rebirth of joy, glad songs of spring,
And subtle hints of hidden fires.

Yet stand I silent and apart,
Unwelcoming your fair array,
With eyes turned toward you, but with heart
Still with the Ship of Yesterday!

Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington. See "Open Letters"

ONE OF THE BRONZE DOORS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

THE BREAKING UP OF GEE HAW

BY EMILY HEWITT LELAND

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST

IT was conceded by all the residents of Kane's Knob that Mr. George Haw was the most bashful man and the queerest man that ever lived. To be forty-five years old and as sensitive to human approach as a mimosa is bad enough, but to be labeled "queer" is to bear a burden heavier in its way than a reputation for stealing. One's simplest speech or act is certain to assume more or less strangeness and mystery.

Mr. Haw kept a small shop in which books, stationery, and wall-paper predominated, with some minor effects in the way of confectionery, cigars, games, and toys. In the rear were three rooms—a kitchen, which served also as dining-room, a bedroom, and a large closet with a high window, in which it was said that this peculiar man took all-over baths every day. His bedroom had cases of bugs and butterflies and a few small stuffed animals arranged on the walls, and shelves of books held many large volumes of botanical specimens. No woman had ever been known to obtain a glimpse of these rooms; but a mason, once called in to patch some plaster, reported that "no old maid in the county could beat Haw for keepin' things slicked up."

In these rooms Mr. Haw lived unto himself, coming out into the shop when called by a little bell fastened to the front door. The bell had a gentle, deprecatory tinkle, as if pained to disturb the peaceful silence. In answer to its summons, Mr. Haw would open the door of his private domain and cautiously survey the customer. If it was a man, he would come forward quite promptly; if a child, he would call out, "Ah, there!" in the boldest way; but if a woman, he would involuntarily step back and take a second or two to nerve himself; then, with a little flush on his always clean-shaven face, and softly rubbing his hands together, he would gingerly emerge.

In all his life, since early childhood, he had never known any women associates. His mother dying when he was very young, he had been brought up by a bookish, half-hermit father, from whom he had inherited a love of quiet and a gentle independence of all human ties. People wondered how such a man came to set his hand to business. But Kane's Knob business was hardly of the seething-whirlpool order, and Mr. Haw had plenty of time for his housework and reading, and, in its season, the cultivation of a bit of garden under his kitchen windows. On pleasant Sundays he took long walks to distant fields and woodlands, sometimes bringing home a new plant or insect for his neatly arranged collections. Upon the shores of his peaceful life it is true that the tidal waves of new spring and fall stocks came sweeping in with such power as to make him postpone his breakfast dishes or forget his luncheon; but in a few hours everything would be settled in place—the wall-paper rack sumptuously full, and the other departments making a brave display of new goods at popular prices.

It was in spring and fall, too, that Mr. Haw experienced his sorest trials, for then it was that women came to buy wall-papers. When they came in pairs it was not so dreadful, but when one came alone and sat down, severely or playfully critical, according to her temperament, while he unrolled the various patterns and sought out the borders that matched, the perspiration would start out on his partly bald head, although a cold east wind might be blowing, and his hands would tremble until

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BEETLE, EH? WELL, I DON'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM. MUST BE PRETTY WELL DOWN'"

he was glad to find refuge for them in searching for still another style. Every spring and fall, mopping his head and neck in the privacy of his apartment, he would vow to go out of the wall-paper business at once and forever; but as the season was so soon over, and the money much needed, he would forget his painful experiences, and in due time again order samples for the season's trade.

Mr. Haw had lived in Kane's Knob so long that the settled inhabitants paid little attention to him personally. He was good for nothing in politics, and he never smoked, drank, or gossiped, so men had little use for him. And as he could not have gone out to a tea-party or a church "social" without wearing his sensibilities on his sleeve, so to speak, kindly matrons grew tired of inviting him, and finally ceased to do so.

But to the summer boarder he was new and odd and interesting. It was to a smart youth of this genus that he became indebted for his new name, "Gee Haw," which proceeded to stick to him. And it was a woman boarder who came one summer and pervaded his shop like a brisk west wind, overhauling the books, some of which were interestingly ancient, scoffing at the stationery, which contained no "un-

ruled," advising him as to the arrangement of his windows, demanding to know how he managed to live in those back rooms, and expressing her horror that he had never even heard of entire-wheat bread.

And yet, as the season wore on, whenever bad weather or an excursion to some distant point made a hiatus in the calls of this brisk woman, Mr. Haw, instead of wildly rejoicing, had a vague uncomfortable sensation of being "lost." Could it be possible that he *missed* her?

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'WILL THERE BE ROOM IN THAT GREAT CITY FOR—FOR OUR IDEAL KITCHEN?'"

Mr. Haw dreaded her calls so much that he came to fancy that the intense relief of her departure more than atoned for the dread. "She has gone—for to-day! Once more I live and breathe and have my being! Thank Heaven!" were the thoughts that flashed through his mind as soon as the tinkling bell sounded its faint applause to her receding footsteps.

Miss Marcella White was one of those women who make themselves missed in one way or another. She was thirty-six years old, with advanced ideas on dress and food, and yet neat and comely in appearance, and a crisp and incisive contributor to the home columns of various

worthy publications. Learning that Mr. Haw was his own housekeeper, she lent him several instructive productions of her pen such as she thought appropriate to his needs—among them being "Death in the Dish-cloth," "Dust and Doctors," "Satan and Soda," "The Pie-Python," and other alliterative and alarming themes.

Mr. Haw had thought himself a fairly neat and capable housekeeper, but after reading Miss White's stirring papers, he made it a point to rise extra early that he might sweep and scrub and air with yet more thoroughness, and in all possible ways discourage the swarming microbes and insidious bacilli which, according to Miss White, were assailing him on all sides as well as internally.

"I hope I shall be rich enough before I die," she said to him one day while looking over a book on architecture, "to have my ideal kitchen: not a costly affair, but a pleasant, airy room with painted walls and ceiling, a ventilator over the stove to carry off smoke and smells, a nice linoleum floor, a marble-top cooking-table, the latest thing in gas-ranges, and just *all* the agate and aluminum ware I can possibly use."

"Most women would prefer silk gowns and Paris bonnets, would they not?" Mr. Haw ventured to ask.

"Well, I 'm not most women," answered Miss White.

After she went away, Mr. Haw looked up aluminum and linoleum in his encyclopedia without being aware of any motive beyond a desire for knowledge, and was vaguely pleased to learn that both were within the scope of moderate means.

It was Miss White's second summer in Kane's Knob, and she had become so well acquainted with the inhabitants that she thought nothing of expressing herself freely on all subjects, personal and otherwise; and it was at a church supper that she remarked to a neighboring tea-sipper: "It is strange that your Mr. Haw *never* mingles in social affairs. He 's such a dear, clean little man, and extremely intelligent."

Next day the tea-sipper's husband dropped in for a cigar, and fired the compliment at Mr. Haw—"just to see him squirm," he reported to his wife.

Mr. Haw did squirm, and turned red to his collar; and after his guffawing customer had gone away, continued to feel uncomfortable and, in fact, pained. He was *not* "little"—he was certainly two inches taller than Miss White; and, anyhow, such an extremely personal remark—from a lady! He earnestly hoped and believed that he had in no way *invited* such—such shocking—familiarity.

A day or two later, when Miss White called to consult a dictionary, Mr. Haw was not only shy, but coldly so. He might be slightly undersized and of small account in the world, but he did not desire to be regarded as a small, well-mannered poodle-dog.

Miss White went away with a new impression of Mr. Haw. "For a little man he is really quite dignified—one of the old courtly school, so rapidly disappearing," she said to herself.

It so happened that she had no business at the book-store for several days, and Mr. Haw began to wonder if he had in any way offended her. He missed her. No woman in Kane's Knob said such bright, original things and gave such helpful suggestions—ideas that lingered and led into new paths of thought.

As he washed his dishes he, too, thought of an ideal kitchen and the strange new pleasure of having a certain bright person in it, cooking advanced forms of food. And then at the boldness of such thoughts he would shiver with shame.

It was at this time that a most humiliating calamity befell Mr. Haw. Whether it was a Sunday indulgence in tinned clams or the wildly raging storm sweeping over the town that caused him to start from his slumber, feverish and but half-awake, may never be known. It is enough that he hastily reached for a tumbler on his dressing-table, eagerly drank its contents, and immediately became possessed of the awful consciousness that he had swallowed a rare and extremely interesting beetle which he had a few hours before brought from the woods, intending to classify it early in the morning before business hours. It appeared to belong decidedly to a water family, and he had placed it in a half-filled tumbler on his dressing-table. He did *not* remember placing a glass of drinking-water on the table. He lighted his lamp and gave one look at the tumbler from which he had drunk.

The beetle was gone! And those powerful, well-remembered mandibles! Mr. Haw could feel them fastened low down in his throat, with the tenacious grip of a beetle of *prey*—an outraged, malignant beetle who was going to fight for his life! He could feel those scraggly legs bracing themselves for a still firmer hold. He coughed, gargled, tried holding up his left arm while he essayed to hit himself between the shoulders with his right. He held his head low down, opening his mouth very wide above a basin of water, hoping to lure the creature to its native element. In vain! What if the thing were poison? He fought against swallowing, and yet his throat would spasmodically close again and again, increasing the horrible grip and scramble of the monster.

Something must be done. He thought of the town's one physician, Dr. Scott. Hurrying into his trousers and shoes and dashing into a voluminous mackintosh, he fled forth into the storm. He pounded upon the doctor's door again and again before he could make himself heard above the uproar of the elements. At length a frightened woman's voice screamed from an upper window, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Geor' Haw. I wa' see 'octor," he answered, trying to tax his throat as little as possible.

"Oh, Mr. Haw? Well, doctor has gone to Brockville, and won't be home until morning. Anything serious?"

But Mr. Haw was already in the street. He must see some helpful human being at once. There was Doc Butler—called "Doc" because he knew something about sick horses and cattle and could pull a tooth at a pinch. He lived in the suburbs, but Mr. Haw was soon at his door, beating upon it hand and foot. Doc had just settled down in comfort after setting out tubs, fixing rain-troughs, and getting a portion of the shower inside his collar, and he came hastily to the door in an unamiable state of mind.

"What the blank do you want?" he demanded.

"I 've swallowed a water-bug—beetle—some kind—it 's fast in my throat." Mr. Haw's voice was tremulous and indistinct from his effort to disturb the insect as little as possible.

"Swallered a *beetle!*" shouted Doc. "And who the blank *be* you—swallerin' beetles this time of night?"

A lightning flash here revealed the anguished face of the visitor.

"Gee Haw! Well, of all the— But come in—come in!"

"Don't disturb family," pleaded the poor wretch, sinking into a chair.

Doc lighted a candle and proceeded to pour its radiance into Mr. Haw's widely opened mouth.

"Beetle, eh? Well, I don't see hide nor hair of him. Must be pretty well down."

Mr. Haw placed his finger on his throat, indicating the seat of his affliction. Doc manipulated the spot gently. "Seems as if I could feel him about *there*. Can't you get him down? Tried a crust of bread?"

Mr. Haw shook his head. "Won't let go—mandibles clinched."

"What 's clinched? Well, now, hold your head over—so—and open your throat wide 's you can. Now, then!" And Doc delivered his subject such a blow between the shoulders that he nearly felled him to the floor. He set him up and repeated the whack.

"No go, eh? Well, we 'll try—"

A head now appeared in the bedroom door—the head of Mrs. Butler.

"For pity's sake, Jim, what 's the matter?"

"Gee Haw 's up and swallered a beetle—or tried to. Sticks in his throat," answered Doc, with great calmness.

"For pity's sake! Can't you do something for him?"

"Ain't I doing?" answered Doc, surveying his patient meditatively. "If you was only a cow, now, I could put my hand down and grab him out in no time. Or, I could take hold—so—and squash him." Mr. Haw here shrank visibly. "But you ain't a cow." Mr. Haw mentally wished that he was.

"Wake up little Jen," commanded Doc, wheeling toward the face in the door. "Her hand 's no bigger than a frog's—*she* can reach him."

"Well, for pity's sake!" repeated Mrs. Doc, withdrawing her head.

Then followed sounds of hastily donned apparel, a child's sleepy whines and expostulations, and presently the mother came out, bearing little Jen in nightgown and tousled hair.

"Now, Sissy," began Doc, in a coaxing

voice, "poor Gee Haw has swallered a—a pretty little bug, and it 's sorter stickin' in his throat, and we want you to put in your nice little hand and pull him out. Open your mouth, Haw, as wide 's you can. *Now*, Jen!"

Little Jen gave one look and then snuggled into her mother's neck.

"I 's 'fraid of Gee Haw," she whimpered.

"Aw, Jen," said her father, taking her in his arms and kissing her. "You don't want poor Gee Haw to get sick and die, do you? 'Cause then you could n't run over to his store in the mornin' and buy a stick of candy big as your arm. You 've got 'em that big, hain't ye, Gee Haw?"

Mr. Haw was so demoralized that he nodded in the affirmative.

Jen, sorely tempted, extended her hand toward the yawning mouth and then drew back.

"I 's 'fraid he 'll bite."

"Aw, *he* won't bite. He likes little girls awful well, but he don't like 'em bad enough to eat 'em—ha! ha! And just think of the candy—big as your arm!"

"And you can wear your new pink dress and carry ma's parasol when you go after the candy—bright and early in the morning," encouraged the mother.

"Just put your little hand 'way down," coaxed Doc, "and when you feel something smooth and round,—like a nice little bug,—just jerk him out. 'T won't take but a jiffy."

Little Jen shut her small mouth very tight, and bravely thrust her small hand into Mr. Haw's throat. He wriggled and choked and promptly rejected, so to speak, the little hand.

"Did you feel him, Sissy?" asked her father, anxiously.

"Me feeled him—but he 's so slipp'ry."

"Try once more, darlin', and you shall have *two* sticks—two monstrous sticks," urged her father.

The second trial ended like the first, and Mr. Haw groaned in despair.

"Can you breathe all right?" asked Doc.

"Y-e-s," admitted Mr. Haw, doubtfully.

"Then there 's nothing to do but go home and keep quiet until Scott comes back. I hain't got any sort of instrument for *human* chokers, and I ain't goin' to try nothin' more, for I might do more harm than good. Come on, I 'll go home with you, and stay until you can get Scott."

"Thank you," said Mr. Haw, grateful for any companionship, and staggering to his feet.

A wail burst from little Jen. "Tan't me have n-o-o tandy?"

Mr. Haw turned to her and nodded, and measured many invisible sticks of sweetness in the air.

The rain still poured. Under Doc's umbrella the two men took their way as speedily as possible to the abode of the bookseller. Mr. Haw was shaking with cold and fright, and, as he walked, the water in his low shoes gurgled uncomfortably about his stockingless feet.

"The first thing to do is to get dry and warm. A chill may be worse 'n a choke, and you 've no call to have both," said Doc; and treating the faintly struggling little man as if he were an infant, he disrobed him and, rubbing him from head to toes until he appeared ready to burst into flames, bundled him about with all the blankets and quilts he could lay hands on, and placed him in his high-backed easy-chair.

"Better to set up than to lay down, you know; and now if you 'll take a swaller—about two fingers neat—" and Doc extended a flat bottle half filled with an amber liquid.

"Oh, no, I never take—I dare not attempt—to swallow anything," moaned Mr. Haw.

"Might kind of let it *trickle* down," said Doc, coaxingly. "Best thing to knock a chill you ever see—and you don't want no chill, man!"

Mr. Haw obediently took a mouthful from the flask and permitted it to trickle. Entirely unused to such strong liquids, he began to choke and strangle.

"Han'k'chief!" he gasped, pointing to a coat hanging near the dressing-table.

Doc sprang to the coat, and as he felt in its various pockets his eyes rested casually on the dressing-table and settled into a stare.

"Was your bug in a tumbler of water?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; unfortunately."

"Unfortunately nothing! What do you call this thing?" and Doc lifted the glass from behind Mr. Haw's Sunday hat and held it so closely before that gentleman's

eyes that he had to draw back in order to see it clearly.

"Oh—my—Lord!" gasped Mr. Haw.

"Is that the critter?" demanded Doc.

"The very one! And he 's not in my throat—after all?" Mr. Haw gazed upon the bug with an expression of ecstatic relief.

"*You 're* a nice one!" glowered Doc, setting the glass on the table and standing before his patient with feet wide apart and hands on hips.

"Eh?" said Mr. Haw, with the smile of totally relaxed nerves.

"You 're a *nice* one! Pretendin' to choke to death over a drop of whisky, while all the time you 've got 'em—and got 'em bad."

"Got—what?" questioned Mr. Haw, feebly.

"Jim-jams, snakes in your boots, mud turtles in your throat, delirium trimmins—whatever you *want* to call 'em, Mr. Gee Haw!"

Mr. Haw slowly became aware of his terrible position.

"Shuttin' yourself up here so mighty sly and swiggin' it down all by yourself! I 've heared of sech cases, but I 'd never dremp it of *you*, Gee Haw."

Mr. Haw suddenly sat up very straight.

"Mr. Butler—you—you *dog!*" he shouted, throwing aside his blankets. "Do you dare to insinuate that I am a drinking man? Never, sir! never! Look at me! Do I *look* like a drinking man? Search these premises—leave nothing unexamined! Those bottles, sir, contain, respectively, bay-rum,—for external use *exclusively*,—a preparation for the extermination of moths, ammonia for the bath, chloroform for the humane killing of insects, and—and a harmless and, I may truthfully add, ineffectual hair restorative. In the kitchen you will find, sir, if you will kindly look, a small jug of vinegar and a bottle of blacking. And I defy you, sir, to find any other bottle or jug or *smell* in this establishment, in support of your most uncalled-for—your most *vile*—accusation."

Doc stared at the glowing orator for a moment before he asked slowly: "Then what in time do you mean—tearin' round town at midnight—in a storm like this—rousin' people from their beds with your bug-swallerin'?"

Mr. Haw calmed himself with a great effort.

"Mr. Butler, I started up from sound sleep very suddenly, and, feeling thirsty, reached, mechanically and only partly awake, for the glass of drinking-water which I usually place on the table here, close at hand, but which even now I do not remember placing there to-night. After hastily drinking, I felt what I considered to be a distinctly foreign substance in my throat; and lighting the lamp, I saw the *one* glass—and the beetle gone. I had every reason, sir, to infer that he was in my throat, and as I had not yet classified him, the uncomfortable thought that he might be a member of a venomous family—"

Doc, who had choked back several convulsions during this earnest recital, now burst into screams of laughter. But for the pouring rain and crashing thunder he might have aroused the neighborhood. Poor Mr. Haw collapsed into his blankets and buried his face in his hands.

"Streakin' it half a mile—in the dead of night—in a storm like this! And me wakin' up little Jen—and she rammin' her little hand—" Doc gave up all further attempts at speech and fell into a chair, feebly shrieking.

Mr. Haw roused himself, reached for his dressing-gown, and thrusting his feet into his slippers, caught up the lamp with a polite apology, and went into the shop. He returned in a moment with a large package neatly wrapped in white paper.

"I regret, sir," he said stiffly, "that I allowed your little daughter to infer that the sticks were as large as her arm. These are the largest I have, but I trust I have made up the difference in quantity. And for your own kindness I shall be glad to make most ample—"

"Oh, don't mention it," moaned Doc, preparing to go.

"I shall see that you are repaid," insisted Mr. Haw. "And I must ask of you a still greater kindness: will you most generously refrain from making any—any *public* allusion to this humiliating occurrence? You cannot realize how terribly I—"

"Oh, don't worry, old fellow! I 'll *try* to keep it. And thanks for the candy—enough to last a year, I should say. Good night. Don't get another chill! And look out you don't swaller another—" Doc converted a snort into a cough, and took himself away.

Alas! before twelve hours had passed Mr. Haw felt himself a disgraced and ruined man. The people who came into his shop either spoke openly of his night's experience or, what was worse, looked at him with wide and silent grins. And whenever he heard long and loud guffaws borne along the summer breeze, he shuddered and grew hot to his shoes, well knowing that to some new listener the affair was being graphically recited.

"I will go away; I will leave this place forever!" he vowed to himself again and again during that interminable day.

He closed the shop at the earliest possible hour and hastened into the refreshing privacy of his rooms and to some expeditious packing.

"I have enough money to keep me for a while. I will write to Squire Billings soon and have him dispose of everything, at no matter what price. Gracious Heaven! I would rather live in the woods—in a cave—on wild roots—than stay here another day." Such were the thoughts with which he fiercely punctuated his hurried preparations.

Later, as he sat at a hastily prepared supper, but with small appetite, considering the point to which he should fly on the wings of the night train, the outer door of the shop was vigorously shaken.

"I shall not respond. Not another grinning human, man, woman, or child, shall lay eyes on me again in this town!" he muttered. Yet, in spite of his brave words, his hands trembled slightly as he buttered his bread.

After two more rattling shakes the person, or persons, left the door, and Mr. Haw drew a breath of relief, which ended, however, in a start and a posture of rigid attention as footsteps hurried along the side path which led to his kitchen entrance.

"Oh, we 'll find him somewhere, dear," he heard a brisk and cheerful voice exclaim. "Just come right along with me! My, what a trim little garden! And mignonette! Who would ever imagine—" and then came a smart knock on the kitchen door.

Mr. Haw remained motionless.

Another knock, still smarter.

Mr. Haw, rejoicing that he had shoved the bolt before sitting down to supper, held his breath.

"Three times and then out!" laughed the cheery voice, and then came such a knock that the dishes in the wall cupboard rattled.

A cough which had been perversely tickling Mr. Haw's throat now burst forth, and he was undone.

"Oh, Mr. Haw, *please!*" called the voice. "Here 's a little cherub who has had no birthday present, and I 've promised to buy him one. I 'll wait out here until it is quite convenient for you to let us in."

It was the voice of Miss White, and it conveyed the conviction that she would wait all night if necessary.

Mr. Haw gave an irrepressible groan.

"Oh, you are not ill, I hope?" queried Miss White in a softer voice as she inclined her head to the keyhole.

"Thank you, no," answered Mr. Haw, approaching the door, and inclining his head also. "I am going away to-night, and I closed early in order to make some necessary preparations."

"Ah, going for new stock so soon?"

"No, ma'am; going away for—ever!"

Miss White gave a little cry of dismay, and her voice trembled a little when she asked if she might know the cause of such a sudden step.

"How can you ask, Miss White, after the talk that has filled the town to-day? I simply cannot and will not endure any more of it."

There was a sound outside which might have been a smothered cough, but Miss White's tones were very clear and even when she replied: "Oh, my dear—sir, you are much too sensitive! And you take everything so seriously. Now, if you would only laugh *with* the people, you would take the sting out of the affair in no time. Dear me! How often we hear of people having a great hunt for their spectacles which all the while are reposing on top of their heads!"

"Ah, but they don't go about in the dead of night insisting that they have swallowed them, do they?" Mr. Haw, behind the safely bolted door, began to feel as if he might enjoy prolonging the conversation.

"They might, if they kept them in their drinking-water," laughed Miss White.

Mr. Haw laughed, too, greatly to his surprise.

"Where do you contemplate going?" asked Miss White, after a pause.

"I don't know—and I don't care—very much."

"Business is rather dull here, I know," said Miss White, in a musing tone, "but you certainly ought to *care*."

"I have no one but myself; why should I care?" demanded Mr. Haw.

"Because—because—there may be those who care for *you*—and your welfare—and who might be greatly worried about you—if you go away—like this."

"You are very kind," murmured Mr. Haw, feeling a grateful moisture stealing into his eyes.

"I hope I am *sincere*, Mr. Haw." Then followed a little silence.

"Since you are undecided about a location, why not move to *our* city—as I 'm fond of calling it? A well-conducted little book- and news-store would do a comfortable business there. I have a little capital which I have often thought of investing in such an enterprise. And I feel that you are the ideal person, Mr. Haw, to take charge of it. I could trust you—*perfectly*."

"Oh, my dear Miss White, you surely overestimate—"

"No, Mr. Haw. I have known you quite a long time,—in fact, it seems as if I have known you all my life,—and I—I *like* you—very much—if you can forgive me for being so bold."

Mr. Haw felt a sudden warmth and comfort in his heart. What if it were love—that tender, beautiful passion of which he had read so much? The new thought scared him and yet, queerly enough, it made him brave.

"Dear Miss White," he said, leaning closer to the door, "I will gladly work for you all my life, provided you can answer favorably one little question: Will there be room in that great city for—for our ideal kitchen?"

There was something of a pause. The cherub, thinking of his promised gift, now rattled the latch and called out lustily, "Ope' door; ope' door!"

Miss White restrained his hand and inclined her head yet lower.

"If you won't think me *frightfully* forward and unwomanly, Mr. Haw, I will say that I *hope* there will be room. Good night," she said gently.

But the cherub, with a whimper of disappointment, attacked the latch with both hands.

Mr. Haw, without waiting even to smooth his hair, dashed back the bolt and flung wide the door.

"Come in—*my dear!*"

His hand was on the child's head, but his eyes were on Miss White's softly blushing face.

SCRAP

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

AT the gray end of afternoon the regiment, twelve companies, went through Monterey on its way to the summer camp, a mile out on the salt-meadows; and it was here that Scrap joined it.

He did not tag at the heels of the boys who tagged the last company, or rush out with the other dogs who barked at the band; but he appeared, somehow independent of any surroundings, and marched, ears alert, stump tail erect, one foot in front of the tall first lieutenant who walked on the wing of Company A.

The lieutenant was self-conscious and so fresh to the service that his shoulder-straps hurt him. He failed to see Scrap, who was very small and very yellow, until, in quickening step, he stumbled over him

and all but measured his long length. He aimed an accurate kick that sent Scrap flying, surprised but not vindictive, to the side lines, where he considered, his head cocked. With the scratched ear pricked and the bitten ear flat, he passed the regiment in review until Company K, with old Muldoon sergeant on the flank, came by.

As lean, as mongrel, as tough, and as scarred as Scrap, he carried his wiry body with a devil-may-care assurance, in which Scrap may have recognized a kindred spirit. He decided in a flash. He made a dart and fell in abreast the sergeant of Company K. Muldoon saw and growled at him.

"Gr-r-r-r!" said Scrap, not ill-naturedly, and fell back a pace. But he did not slink. He had the secret of success. He kept as close as he could and yet escape Muldoon's boot. With head high, ears stiff, tail up, he stepped out to the music.

Muldoon looked back with a threat that sent Scrap retreating, heels over ears. The sergeant was satisfied that the dog had gone; but when camp was reached and ranks were broken he found himself confronted by a disreputable yellow cur with a ragged ear cocked over his nose.

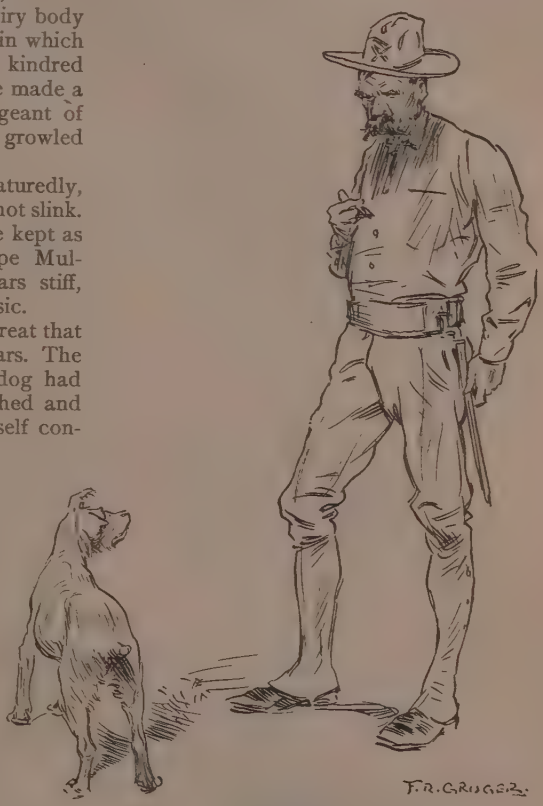
"Well, I 'm domned!" said Muldoon. His heart, probably the toughest thing about him, was touched by this fearless persistence.

"Ar-re n't ye afraid o' nothin', ye little scrap?" he said. Scrap, answering the first name he had ever known, barked shrilly.

"What 's that dog doing here?" said the tall lieutenant of Company A, disapprovingly.

"I 'm afther kickin' him out, sor," explained Muldoon, and, upon the lieutenant's departure, was seen retreating in the direction of the cook-tent, with the meager and expectant Scrap inconspicuously at his heels.

He went to sleep at taps in Muldoon's tent, curled up inside Muldoon's cartridge-belt; but at reveille the next morning the sergeant missed him. Between drill and drill Muldoon sought diligently, with insinuations as to the character of dog-stealers that were near to precipitating personal conflict. He found the stray finally, in Company B street, leaping for bones amid the applause of the habitants. Arraigned collectively as thieves, Company B declared that the dog had strayed in and remained only because he could not be kicked out. But their pride in the height of his leaps was too evidently the pride of possession; and Muldoon, after vain attempts to catch the excited Scrap, who



"'AR-RE N'T YE AFRAID O' NOTHIN', YE LITTLE SCRAP?'"

was eager only for bones, retired with threats of some vague disaster to befall Company B the next day if *his* dog were not returned.

The responsibility, with its consequences, was taken out of Company B's hands by Scrap's departure from their lines immediately after supper. He was not seen to go. He slid away silently among the broken shadows of the tents. Company B reviled Muldoon. Scrap spent the night in a bugler's cape, among a wilderness of

brasses, and reappeared the next morning at guard mount, deftly following the stately manœuvers of the band.

"Talk about a dorg's gratitude!" said the sergeant of Company B, bitterly, remembering Scrap's entertainment of the previous evening.

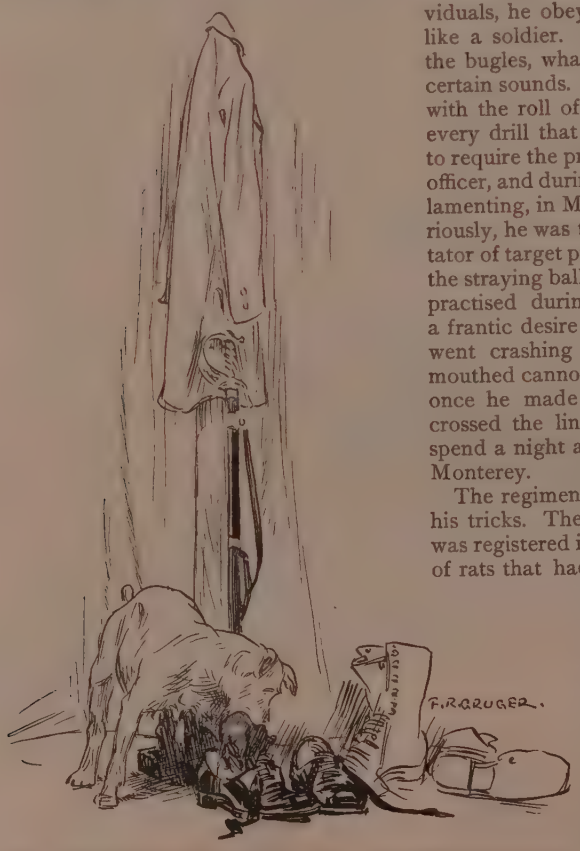
"I 'm on to his game!" muttered old Muldoon. "Don't ye see, ye fool, he don't belong to any *wan* of us. He belongs to the crowd—to the rigiment. That 's what he 's tryin' to show us. He 's what that Frinchman down in F calls a—a mascot; and, be jabers, he moves like a soldier!"

The regiment's enthusiasm for Scrap, as voiced by Muldoon, was not extended to the commanding officer, who felt that the impressiveness of guard mount was detracted from by Scrap's deployments. Also the tall lieutenant of Company A disliked the sensation of being accompanied in his social excursions among ladies who had driven out to band practice by a lawless yellow pup with a bitten ear. The lieutenant, good fellow at bottom, was yet a bit of a snob, and he would have preferred the colonel's foolish Newfoundland to the spirited but unregenerate Scrap.

But the privates and "non-coms" judged by the spirit, and bid for the favor of their favorite, and lost money at canteen on the next company to be distinguished as Scrap's temporary entertainers. He was cordial, even demonstrative, but royally impartial, devoting a day to a company with a method that was military. He had personal friends,—Muldoon for one, the cook for another,—but there was no man in the regiment who could expect Scrap to run to his whistle.

Yet independent as he was of individuals, he obeyed regimental regulations like a soldier. He learned the guns and the bugles, what actions were signified by certain sounds. He was up in the morning with the roll of the drums. He was with every drill that was informal enough not to require the presence of the commanding officer, and during dress parade languished, lamenting, in Muldoon's tent. Barking furiously, he was the most enthusiastic spectator of target practice. He learned to find the straying balls when the regimental nine practised during "release," and betrayed a frantic desire to "retrieve" the shot that went crashing seaward from the sullen-mouthed cannon on the shore. More than once he made one of a company that crossed the lines at an unlawful hour to spend a night among the crooked ways of Monterey.

The regiment was tiresome with tales of his tricks. The height of his highest leap was registered in the mess, and the number of rats that had died in his teeth were an ever increasing score in the canteen. He was fairly aquiver with the mere excitement and curiosity of living. There was no spot in camp too secure or too sacred for Scrap to penetrate. His invasions were without impertinence; but the regiment was his, and he deposited dead rats in the lieutenant's shoes as



"HE DEPOSITED DEAD RATS IN THE LIEUTENANT'S SHOES"

casually as he concealed bones in the French horn; and slumbered in the major's hat-box with the same equanimity with which he slept in Muldoon's jacket.

The major evicted Scrap violently, but, being a good-natured man, said nothing to the colonel, who was not. But it happened, only a day after the episode of the hat-box, that the colonel entered his quarters to find the yellow mascot, fresh from a plunge in the surf and a roll in the dirt, reposing on his overcoat.

To say that the colonel was angry would be weak; but, overwhelmed as he was, he managed to find words and deeds. Scrap fled with a sharp yelp as a boot-tree caught him just above the tail.

His exit did not fail to attract attention in the company street. The men were uneasy, for the colonel was noticeably a man of action as well as of temper. Their premonitions were fulfilled when, at assembly the next morning, an official announcement was read to the attentive regiment. The colonel, who was a strategist as well as a fighter, had considered the matter more calmly overnight. He was annoyed by the multiplicity of Scrap's appearances at times and places where he was officially a nuisance. He was more than annoyed by the local-paper's recent reference to "our crack yellow-dog regiment." But he knew the strength of regimental sentiment concerning Scrap and the military superstition of the mascot, and he did not want to harrow the feelings of the "summer camp" by detailing a firing squad. Therefore he left a loophole for Scrap's escape alive. The announcement read: "All dogs found in camp not wearing collars will be shot, by order of the commanding officer."

Now there were but two dogs in camp, and the colonel's wore a collar. The regiment heard the order with consternation.

"That 'll fix it," said the colonel, comfortably.

"Suppose some one gets a collar?" suggested the major, with a hint of hopefulness in his voice.

"I know my regiment," said the colonel. "There is n't enough money in it three days before pay day to buy a button. They 'll send him out to-night."

Immediately after drill there was a council of war in Muldoon's tent, Muldoon holding Scrap between his knees. Scrap's scratched ear, which habitually stood cocked, flopped forlornly; his stump tail drooped dismally. The atmosphere of anxiety oppressed his sensitive spirit. He desired to play, and Muldoon only sat and rolled his argumentative tongue. From this conference those who had been pres-

"A BOOT-TREE CAUGHT HIM JUST ABOVE THE TAIL"

ent went about the business of the day with a preternatural gloom that gradually permeated the regiment. The business of the day was varied, since the next day was to be a field day, with a review in the morning and cavalry manœuvers in the afternoon.

All day Scrap was conspicuous in every quarter of the camp, but at supper-time the lieutenant of Company A noted his absence from his habitual place at the left of Muldoon in the men's mess-tent. The lieutenant was annoyed by his own anxiety.

"Of course they 'll get him out, sir?" he said to the major.

"Of course," the major assented, with more confidence than he felt. The colonel was fairly irritable in his uncertainty over it.

Next morning the sentries, who had been most strictly enjoined to vigilant observation, reported that no one had left camp that night, though the man on beat

four must have failed in an extraordinary way to see a private crossing his line six feet in front of him.

The muster failed to produce any rag-eared, stub-tailed, eager-eyed, collarless yellow cub. Nor did the mess-call raise his shrill bark in the vicinity of the cook's tent. The lieutenant felt disappointed. He thought that the regiment should at least have made some sort of demonstration in Scrap's defense. It seemed a poor return for such confidence and loyalty to be hustled out of the way on an official threat.

It seemed to him the regiment was infernally light-hearted, as, pipe-clay white and nickel bright in the morning sun, it swung out of camp for the parade-ground, where the dog-carts and runabouts and automobiles were gathering from Del Monte and the cottages along the shore.

The sight of the twelve companies moving across the field with the step of one warmed the cockles of the colonel's pride. The regiment came to parade rest, and the band went swinging past their front, past the reviewing-stand. As it wheeled into place, the colonel, who had been speaking to the adjutant, who was the lieutenant of Company A, bit his sentence in the middle, and glared at something that moved, glittering, at the heels of the drum-major.

The colonel turned bright red. His glass fell out of his eye-socket.

"What the devil is the matter with that dog?" he whispered softly. And the adjutant, who had also seen and was suffocating, managed to articulate, "Collars!"

The colonel put his glass back in his eye. His shoulders shook. He coughed violently as he addressed the adjutant:

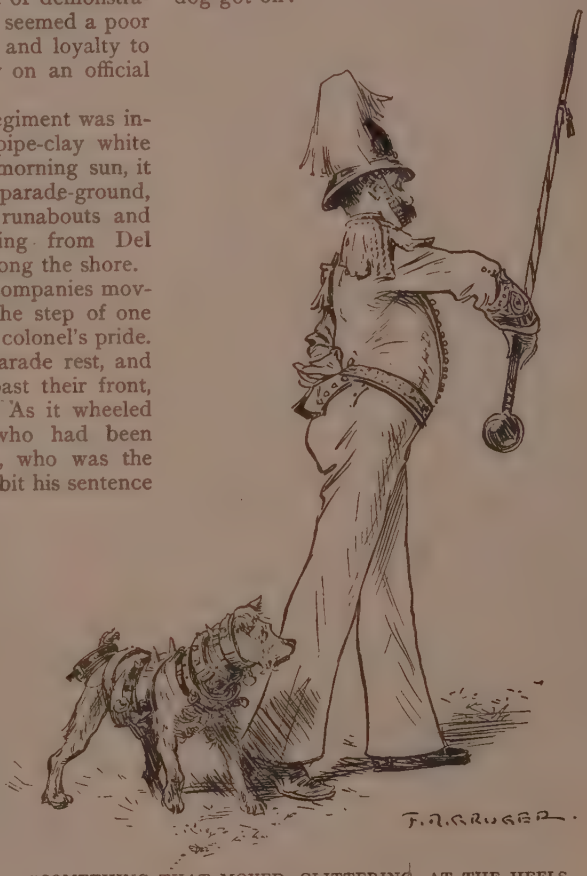
"Have that dog removed—no, let him alone—no, adjutant, bring him here!"

So the adjutant, biting his lip, motioned Muldoon to fall out.

Tough old Muldoon tucked Scrap, struggling, squirming, glittering like a hardware-shop, under his arm, and saluted his commander, while the review waited.

The colonel was blinking through his glass and trying not to grin.

"Sergeant, how many collars has that dog got on?"

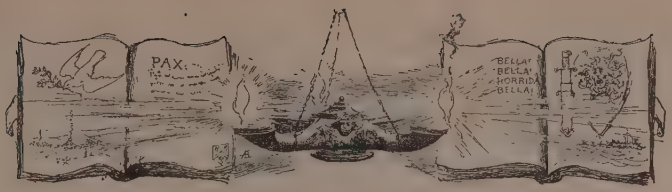


"SOMETHING THAT MOVED, GLITTERING, AT THE HEELS OF THE DRUM-MAJOR"

"Thirteen, sor," said Muldoon.

"What for?" said the colonel, severely.

"Wan for each company, sor, an' wan for the band."



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS A READER

IT is a matter of interest to the literary world that President Roosevelt is himself a man of letters—a historian and biographer, author of books of Western hunting and adventure, a writer of essays, and a friend of authors. That he is also one of the greatest readers we have among our literary men is a circumstance of interest and significance which is not so well known. He has always read widely, but those who are acquainted with him most intimately have been astonished at the discovery that, though one of the busiest of Presidents, he has been able to carry his habit of "omnivorous and insatiable" reading into the White House.[1]

I have noticed in the papers, occasionally, evidences of the President's extensive knowledge of books, ancient and modern, as reported by visitors from his own and other countries; and some instances of the rapidity and breadth of his reading have come under my own observation, or have been brought to my knowledge through the testimony of friends. In these "inauguration days" I have thought it would not be inappropriate to print some notes on this subject, particularly for the benefit of the guild of writers, but also as a hint to others as to what can be done in the way of reading in a life full of the most exacting demands.

I am fortunate enough to be able, with the help of one of the President's personal acquaintances, to present a pretty full, though far from complete, list of the President's reading for two years, up to the first week in November, 1903. This catalogue omits his newspaper and magazine reading, the latter remarkably extensive; also a number of ephemeral novels. More than half of the books enumerated had been read before, so that he read in them only the parts he liked best. For instance, in "Waverley" he omitted the opening part, and in "Pickwick" he took only his favorite scenes. In Macaulay he read simply the essays that specially appealed to him, while in Keats and Browning he omitted much, reading, however, again and again, a tenth or a twentieth of the volumes. Eighty or ninety per cent. of the work of these two poets he never succeeded in reading at all. The old names on the list may be counted as representing his favorite authors, taken up again somewhat at random. All the reading in this list, as he said to a friend, was "purely for enjoyment."

Here, then, is a partial list of books read, as this friend has said, during "the first two years of an exceptionally exciting and difficult administration":

Parts of Herodotus; the first and seventh books of Thucydides; all of Polybius; a little of Plutarch; Æschylus's Orestean trilogy; Sophocles's "Seven Against Thebes"; Euripides's "Hippolytus" and "Bacchæ"; Aristophanes's "Frogs"; parts of the "Politics" of Aristotle,—the foregoing in translation; Ridgeway's "The Early Age of Greece"; Wheeler's "Life of Alexander the Great," and some six volumes of Mahaffy's studies of the Greek world,—of which only chapters here and there were read; two of Maspero's volumes of the early Syrian, Chaldean, and Egyp-

[1] Trevelyan speaks of Macaulay's "omnivorous and insatiable appetite for books."

tian civilizations,—these read superficially; several chapters of Froissart; the memoirs of Marbot; Bain's "Charles XII"; Mahan's "Types of Naval Officers"; some of Macaulay's "Essays"; three or four volumes of Gibbon, and three or four chapters of Motley; the lives of Prince Eugene, of Admiral de Ruyter, of Turenne, and of Sobieski,—all in French; the battles in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great"; Hay and Nicolay's "Lincoln," and the two volumes of the "Complete Works" of Abraham Lincoln—these were not only read through, but parts were read again and again; Bacon's "Essays"—curiously enough, he had not really read these until now; "Macbeth"; "Twelfth Night"; "Henry the Fourth"; "Henry the Fifth"; "Richard the Second"; the first two cantos of "Paradise Lost"; some of Michael Drayton's poems—he cared for only three or four; portions of the "Nibelungenlied"; portions of J. A. Carlyle's prose translation of Dante's "Inferno"; "Beowulf"; Morris's translation of the "Heimskringla," and Besant's translation of the sagas of Gisli and Burnt Njal; Lady Gregory's and Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga," together with "The Children of Lir," "The Children of Turaine," the tale of "Deirdre," etc.[1]

After a pause to take breath, let us go on again with the list: Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules"; Beaumarchais's "Le Barbier de Séville"; most of Ambassador Jusserand's books (among which he was most interested in his studies of the "King's Quhair"); Holmes's "Over the Teacups"; Lounsbury's "Shakespeare and Voltaire"; various numbers of the "Edinburgh Review" from 1803 to 1850; Tolstoi's "Sebastopol" and "The Cossacks"; Sienkiewicz's "With Fire and Sword," and parts of his other volumes; Scott's "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Waverley," "Quentin Durward," parts of "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; Cooper's "The Pilot"; some of the earlier stories and some of the poems of Bret Harte; Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer"; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Adventures of Philip"; Conan Doyle's "The White Company"; Lever's "Charles O'Malley"; the romances of Charles Brockden Brown (from motives of curiosity, but without real enjoyment, when he was confined to his room with an injured leg); an occasional half-hour's reading in Keats, Browning, Poe, Tennyson, Longfellow, Kipling, Bliss Carman; also in Poe's tales and Lowell's essays; some of Stevenson's stories, and of Allingham's "British Ballads"; and Wagner's "The Simple Life." He read aloud to his children, and often finished afterward to himself, Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," Hans Andersen's stories, some of Grimm's, some Norse folk-tales, and stories by Howard Pyle; "Uncle Remus" and the rest of Joel Chandler Harris's stories (he is known, by the way, to have said, "I should be willing to rest all that I have done in the South, as regards the negro, on his story 'Free Joe'"); two or three books by Jacob Riis; also Mrs. Van Vorst's "The Woman who Toils," and one or two smaller volumes; the nonsense verses of Carolyn Wells, first to the children, and afterward for Mrs. Roosevelt and himself; Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age"; what he has called "those two delightful books" by Somerville and Ross, "All on the Irish Shore" and "Experiences of an Irish R. M."; Townsend's "Europe and Asia"; Conrad's "Youth"; "Phœnixiana"; Artemus Ward; Octave Thanet's stories—he especially liked those that deal with labor problems; various books on the Boer war, of which he liked best Viljoen's, Steevens's, and studies by the writer signing himself "Linesman"; Pike's "Through the Subarctic Forest," and Peer's "'Cross Country with Horse and Hound," together with a number of books on game-hunting, mostly in Africa; several volumes on American outdoor life and natural history, including the re-reading of much of John Burroughs; Snellendam's "The Real Malay"; David Gray's "Gal-

[1] Professor Maurice F. Egan, in "Men and Women" for January, 1905, says: "From the moment he read one of the Celtic sagas he saw the beauty, the virility and delicacy of these interpretations of the heroic age of Cuchullin and of Finn. The ideal of Christian chivalry in pagan conditions so unusual he found at once. 'Gods and Fighting Men,' the Irish myths preserved by Joyce and Elinor Hull, the bugle sounds of Miss Lawless's poems of the Wild Geese,—in a word, all that is best and highest in the literature of the Gael,—charmed him. . . . To him these wonderful stories, illuminating the past of the Irish race, are as new and moving as the Grecian tales were to Keats when he found them in Chapman's 'Homer.'"

lops"; Mrs. Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson"; Janvier's "The Passing of Thomas, and Other Stories"; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "The People of the Whirlpool," by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife"; London's "The Call of the Wild"; Fox's "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"; Garland's "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"; Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana"; Churchill's "The Crisis"; Remington's "John Ermine of the Yellowstone"; Wister's "The Virginian," "Red Men and White," "Philosophy Four," and "Lin McLean"; White's "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," and "The Claim Jumpers"; Mrs. Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary"; and Trevelyan's "The American Revolution."

It should be reiterated that this astonishing list takes no cognizance of the fact that the President reads all the leading magazines regularly, nothing in them of importance escaping him. He has, also, of course, an immense amount of official reading to do,—manuscripts and documents of all kinds,—and he is burdened with an enormous correspondence to which he attends with remarkable punctiliousness. Besides this, he is not neglectful of the news and comments of the weekly and daily press.

I have no record of the President's recent reading, but it is not a secret that he is "keeping up the pace." Some of my friends are still "reading at" Morley's three thick volumes of Gladstone's "Life." The President, of course, read them promptly, gaining, I am told, not only a fresh, but a much more favorable view of the great leader, whom he confessed he had hitherto failed to understand. A publisher not long ago told me that Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have his eye on the authors of their house, and now and then a private letter, full of appreciation, would pass through the publisher's hands on the way to an author. In the thick of the campaign of 1904 I happen to know that he re-read all of Macaulay's "History of England," all of Rhodes's "History of the United States," and Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The other afternoon he was handed a new book—a not very long dissertation on a matter of current interest. That evening he entertained a number of guests at dinner, and later there was a musical party at the White House, at which he was present. At luncheon, the next day, the giver said to him: "Mr. President, of course you have not had time to look at that book." "Oh, yes," said the President; "I have read it." Whereupon he proved that he had done so by his criticism of the work. One day, lately, a book of short stories was sent to him; almost by return mail came a letter thanking the sender and saying he had already enjoyed the stories greatly in serial publication.

"How does he manage to do it?" All I know about this is that, in the first place, he has by nature or practice the faculty of extremely rapid reading. There are some men of letters, and "general readers," who never have been able to acquire this art. Others can take in paragraphs or pages well-nigh at a glance. The President must be one of these photographic readers, who take almost instantly the impression of a whole paragraph, or nearly a whole page, the eye running along the line with lightning-like rapidity, and leaping to the more important phrases as by instinct. I have known the following to occur: a Congressman makes a statement to him and hands him a type-written paper. Almost immediately the President hands it back to him; whereupon the Congressman says, deprecatingly: "Mr. President, may I not leave this paper with you? I am anxious that you should read it." "But," answers the President, "I *have* read it; you can examine me in it, if you wish."

In the second place, this reader evidently never wastes a moment. Not that he does not spend much time in recreation and social relaxation, but that, whenever it is convenient, he is peering intently into a book or magazine,—at home or on his journeys.

In the third place, the President's reading is only another evidence of his peculiar temperament,—of a mind eager, of wide sympathies, and full of wholesome curiosity. Said Professor Maurice F. Egan, after first meeting the President, "He is a man of letters in love with life."

I had a good friend once who, having nothing on earth to do except read, read nearly as many books as the President, and forgot in the afternoon everything that she had read in the morning. Not so with the subject of this sketch, whose memory is as exceptional as is his power of literary absorption.

President Roosevelt has been over and over described as leading an extraordinarily active life. This characteristic has been constantly written about and variously caricatured. That, along with his responsible and forcible part in great affairs, his physical activity, and his energy as a writer and speaker, should go the power and habit of persistently concentrating his mind upon the printed page, is a matter which I have no intention of commenting upon, either by way of comparison with other great readers, or as a psychological phenomenon. I have merely wished to set forth some of the facts, because they are so interesting and suggestive in themselves, and because of the light they throw upon an important individuality.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

CHANGING RUSSIA

"AS for political institutions, they are all challenged, and statesmen, conscious of what is at hand, are changing nations into armies." So, with characteristic epigram, speaks a character of Lord Beaconsfield's in the recently published fragment of his unfinished romance. Governmental methods that are outworn inevitably pass away either by cataclysmic violence or by quiet growth—by "revolution or evolution." Old-fashioned Spanish government in a New-World province became an anachronism and was removed by war—whether or not actual war was necessary to the accomplishment of the end in view, namely, the removal of Old-World methods from New-World administration. However Asiatic, as a whole, Russia may still be, a good part of Russia is in Europe and not in Asia; Russia in Europe has long been becoming more and more Europeanized,—more and more brought into touch with the culture, intellect, and the ideas of the western part of the Old World,—and therefore more and more has the situation been felt by the civilized world, including civilized Russia, to be absurd, intolerable, impossible.

That the welfare of millions should hang upon the will, whim, and word of a single individual—and this individual walled away from all real knowledge of the people's condition and natural wishes—is an anachronism of tragic proportions—an anachronism which leads to deplorable assassination on the one side, and on the other to such hideous massacres of the confiding innocent as took place in St. Petersburg on Sunday, the 22d of January, 1905.

In all the history of man no more pregnant opportunity was ever offered to a sovereign than that offered to the Czar Nicholas when his people came to him, not with swords and guns, but bearing a petition, carrying the sacred icons, and pictures of the Czar, and following a cross. The humblest Turk is protected in presenting a petition to his Sultan; but the White Czar, the beloved Little Father, allows his petitioning subjects to be slaughtered like mad dogs!

The psychologist and the philosopher can find a score of explanations of the conduct of the troubled, perplexed, and wrongly advised Czar on that day of judgment for him and for the exploded system of government which he represents. Yet it remains true that, strive as he may to undo the awful effects of his action, on that 22d of January the doom of the Russian oligarchy was sealed. Through whatever slow or rapid processes, by means of whatever wise concessions or hysterical convulsions, Russia from now on will advance painfully, perhaps with pitiful reactions, toward some modern and rational form of government. The new government may or may not retain imperial forms, as in Japan. The danger is that the blind, brutal, stupid measures of repression, the grinding system of imperial uniformity, may so inflame the people that fearful reprisals and chimerical schemes of reform will take the place of wise and orderly measures, and that the "man on horseback" may, for a time, stand in the path of progress.

The articles in the February and March numbers of THE CENTURY, by Mr. Mac-

gowan, on "The Conflict in Finland" and "The Outlook for Reform in Russia" give an idea of the movements with which the empire is seething. Last summer there came to our desk certain private letters, not originally addressed to us, but from which we are allowed to quote and for the genuineness of which we can vouch. They were written by a Russian lady of high position. The writer's frank comments were suggested largely by the war in the East, and are significant of the trend, more evident since the letters were written, toward attempts on the part of the conservative forces of society to bring about political amelioration. We present detached passages in translation:

It is true that despotism has a demoralizing influence. Men, under the yoke, end by having no sentiment left of honor or morality; there is a complete lack of ethics—nothing but a fierce desire to grow rich by any possible means. That is what has happened with us. For those of us who are serious and thoughtful the position is frightful. Knowing in what hands are placed the destinies of our country, and feeling completely powerless to come to her assistance, we can only cry, "The country is in danger." . . .

Our condition is aggravated by favoritism. There is always one person—the most corrupt of all—who has the absolute confidence of the master and profits by it to do all the evil possible. The feeling of personal insecurity is so strong that really one must have courage to live here. No matter how the war may end, a complete change must take place; otherwise we shall become like the Turks—we shall die. . . .

Despotism cannot be a victor; it is a corrupter of peoples. With us it is quite an anarchy—a camarilla is ruling over us. All is crumbling down. This is what the Emperor Julian said before dying: "Persuaded that the happiness of the people is the sole end of all equitable government, I have detested arbitrary power—the fatal source of the corruption of states." . . .

No courage, however great, will avail. The Japanese are at least defending their country, while the Russians are fighting for a foreign province which belongs to itself.

No persons are better aware than those who live under free forms of government, either republican, democratic, or monarchical, that all the virtues do not necessarily pervade communities liberally governed. But that no other system is possible for peoples who have arrived at a certain grade of intelligence is proved by experiment; only by some method of representation and self-government can be avoided a condition of cruel repression above and of misery and unrest below. Only thus can humanity work out its own salvation. With Japan following successfully the direction of freedom and progress, it is not in the nature of things that Russia can long linger in the region of nightmare and chaos. The Emperor and people of Russia have other lessons than those of war to learn from the Emperor and people of Japan.

ON THE GOOD CITIZENS YET LIVING

THE public testimonials to the worth of the late Mr. Baldwin, whose death was mentioned last month in these columns, have been very remarkable and significant. If that modest man could have known beforehand of this posthumous outburst of grief and of praise, he would have been greatly astonished.

Testimonials to living men are far from being unknown; they are sometimes rather perfunctory, sometimes overdone, sometimes superfluous, sometimes wrongly applied and misleading; yet sometimes useful, heart-warming, and exemplary. Perhaps, however, the best testimonial a good and unselfish man can have is in his knowledge of the respect, confidence, and good will of his associates and friends in business or in good works. If his good works cover a wide field, he is indeed happy if a still wider audience appreciates the disinterestedness of his service and the purity of his motives. Mr. Baldwin was fortunate in having such appreciation as we have just indicated while he was still laboring among us.

When a man like that drops out of the ranks of the willing workers for better things it is a good exercise, after doing all we can to fix his memory and exalt his example, to look about us in our respective communities, with the idea of taking cognizance of the living good men, whom one day we may be called upon to mourn and memorialize. This, in order to discover whether or not we are neglecting the opportunity of appreciating and supporting them while they are still in the flesh and needing our help in battling for a better world.

It must be an exceptional community that has not men and women who prominently, or with little publicity, are hard at work in an altruistic spirit. This big community of New York can boast a fair roll-call of such workers. Many of them will scarcely be heard of by the general public until they lay down their labors with their lives. Some will have monuments in bronze, or in useful and perpetual institutions; the names of others will be cherished only in the memories of loving associates and of those they have helped, and in whatever celestial records may contain to all eternity the names of those who have served, in humility, their fellow-men.

As we write, the faces come before us of good men and devoted women who in this great whirling world of New York stand for scruple, for civic righteousness, for undiscourageable helpfulness in a hundred good causes. They work in different ways: some in churches, missions, societies; some in hospitals; some in the homes of poverty and suffering, in courts, in prisons, and in "settlements"; some in local reform organizations, in civil service reform, in schemes for beautifying the city, for making it more healthful, for improving our tenements, for spreading education and the love of books among the masses through kindergartens or in the improvement of every part of the public-school system. They are business men, preachers, clerks, capitalists, physicians, lawyers, brokers, artists, teachers, workingmen, politicians of the better sort, journalists. Often the same man will be met with in tiresome committee work in widely different activities—for there is a tendency here as elsewhere to overwork the conscientious and the willing.

The city has not a few such citizens, and their number is increasing. Permanent institutions for political betterment, like the Citizens' Union and the City Club, help to bring out and make practically useful what often would otherwise be ineffective talents and fruitless good intentions. Not every one working in local charities and reforms is thoroughly admirable and unselfish, but many are, and it is a consolation and encouragement to realize that all our "good citizens," all our great-hearted leaders, are not in their graves.

Since this was written New York has been called upon to mourn the loss of James C. Carter—a lawyer of the grand, historic type, whose splendid talents were ever ready at the call of public duty.

"THE FUTURE OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,"—AGAIN

SO long ago as in THE CENTURY for April, 1884, we ventured some editorial suggestions as to the possible "Future of the Metropolitan Museum," outlining first the uses and objects of such an institution, and exalting "above all, the educational (in the highest sense), which in this country is the first object." We spoke especially of what the word "expert" means in the great European museums, and the necessity of having authoritative experts in the management of the New York institution. We added: "What has been said is to hint at the future that is open to the Museum rather than to criticize the past. Those who are old enough to remember the greatness of the impulse given to the study of natural science when Agassiz was brought to this country, can appreciate the force of the argument. The Museum needs, and should have, a munificent endowment; then, with the constant presence and advice of experts of the character described,—men of acknowledged authority in the realm of art, commanding the confidence of the entire public,—its present collections would form a valuable nucleus for the systematic building up of a truly educational museum."

There have always been, in connection with the Museum, in the board of trustees or otherwise, scholarly and expert men; but expertness and the artistic spirit have not ruled and permeated the institution. There is no doubt that Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke of the South Kensington Museum, now chosen as Director of the Metropolitan Museum, in whatever particular branch of art he may or may not be an expert, is an expert and successful museum director, earnestly devoted to the educational side of such institutions. He necessarily brings to his new position a high standard as to every detail of museum management, and as to authority in art knowledge and opinion. It is no wonder that his welcome by the world of art in America, coincident as is the beginning of his administration with the presidency of Mr. Morgan, has been widespread, cordial, and full of hopefulness.

OPEN LETTERS

French's Bronze Doors for the Boston Public Library

THREE doorways, placed side by side in the middle of the façade, are the salient feature which the Boston Public Library presents to Copley Square. A few months ago these portals were filled by three pairs of swinging bronze tablets bearing figures in relief, and in their art expression emphasizing with peculiar strength the simplicity and refinement of their architectural setting.

These tablets are Daniel Chester French's sculptured doors, which have been eleven years in the making, and are a departure from the conventional method of treating metal doors with stiles and rails, as though they were of wood, and filling the panels with decorative motives.

Mr. French has chosen rather to concede the nature of bronze, and to employ the whole surface of each half-door as a field for the display of his artistic conception. The result is largeness of execution, imaginative freedom, and artistic interest. Who has not felt that the art motive of the usual bronze door is smothered in decorative details?

As Mr. French's student days and early life as a sculptor were mostly spent in Boston, it is peculiarly appropriate that he should set the pitch of graceful seriousness for those who enter the portals of Boston's literary temple. Each of the six wings of the three doors (as may be noted in the key below) presents the figure of a woman, in classic drapery, bearing the symbol of an intellectual attribute or art. The wings of the first door, counting from the left of the observer, represent Music and Poetry. This door may be understood as to its details and its grace and feeling, and to some extent appreciated, in the full-page picture given on page 937. Knowledge and Wisdom are typified by the figures on the middle door; and Truth and Romance on the wings of the right-hand door. The key, though a mere outline, gives a suggestion of the harmony of effect produced by the three doors viewed as a group.

B.

Music
Poetry
Knowledge
Wisdom
Truth
Romance
SWEET MVSICK
POETRY
KNOWLEDGE
WISDOME
TRVTH
ROMANCE
SVCH SWEET COMPVLSION DOES IN MVSIC LIE TO ALL THE DAVGHTERS OF NECESSITY AND KEEP VNSTEADY NATVRE TO HER LAW
TRVE POETRY IS LIKE THE LOADSTONE WHICH BOTH ATTRACTS THE NEEDLE AND SVPPLIES IT WITH MAGNETIC POWER
BY KNOWLEDGE SHALL THE CHAMBERS BE FILLED WITH ALL PRECIOVS AND PLEASANT RICHES
THERE IS IN WISDOME A SMART SWIFT CLEARNE VIVEACE LOVING WHICH IS GOOD PVRE STEDFAST
TRVTH IS THE STRENGTH AND THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND THE MAIESTY OF ALL AGES
A ROMANCE TO REDE AND RIME THE KNOT AWAY FROM METRONOMETH BETTER PLAY THAN EITHER AT CHESSE OR TABLES

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

KEY TO THE THREE BRONZE DOORS BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH (SEE ALSO PAGE 937)

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Authors' Agency

'MID new inventions, none, I ween,
More truly fills a long-felt need,
Makes more for peace and joy indeed,
And self-respect, than this: I mean
The literary go-between.

Now may the Muse her plumage preen,
The poet wholly give himself
To loftier thoughts than those of pelf.
'Twixt such and him will intervene
The literary go-between.

His purse, alas! may still be lean,
But, O! the saving to his pride!
To ask and ask, and be denied!
All this is over. Blessed screen!
The literary go-between.

He 'll scan the tides with vision keen,
And angle where the sport is best.
We furnish bait, he does the rest;
O may his memory be green!
The literary go-between.

Julia Boynton Green.

Humor in School

IN school it is not always the dry bones of the valley; no day passes without its flash of humor or its touch of pathos. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and a humorous answer brushes away the cobwebs and relieves overstrained nerves.

Only yesterday a class of the average age of twelve was asked to define "sultan." With the exception of three, all the answers were normal. One of the three declared a sultan to be "a special kind of air-tight heater"; another thought it "a kind of Christmas raisin"; while a boy who has been there remarked feelingly, "Sultan is the kind of language you get took up to the police court for usin'."

A little girl in the same class declared, "A crusade is a war for a holy porpoise," the inference being that sacred "porpoises" may not tie up to a dock with all comers.

During the last smallpox scare, as the little people were marching in to morning prayers, a wee bit of a girl pulled her teacher aside, and, tiptoeing to reach her ear, confided earnestly, "Miss Maclean, mother says if the man comes to-day to do it, Johnny is *not* to be *baptized*." The little mother was assured that physically and spiritually Johnny was safe.

There is a directness about this that challenges contradiction: "The most important event of Queen Victoria's reign was the successful lying of the Atlantic cable."

In the "Evangeline" poem the representative of the King of England gathers the Acadians together in the old church, and before formally announcing their expatriation says: "To my natural make and my temper painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous." The class had been given certain quotations from "Evangeline" to place properly, telling who used the words and under what circumstances. Among the selections was the one quoted above. A small boy wrote: "To my natural make and my temper painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous—these words were spoken by the notary at the wedding feast when he was marrying Evangeline to Gabriel."

This is obvious: "The sense of sight is very great in the eye." And this: "Edward III claimed the French crown because he got his birth from his mother."

There is a finality about "Positive, sick; comparative, worse; superlative, dead."

But it is the subject of anatomy which furnishes most food for thought. "What are oil-glands?" "Oil-glands are little pipes filled with oil all through the body. They are for oiling the heart and the liver and the lungs so they can do their work smooth and slick." "You should not work either before or after eating." "Cohesion is something you take into the body to stick the particles together." "We should not drink hot water and then cold, because it cracks the tartar on the teeth." "The teeth should be washed after every meal to remove any articles that may be in them." "Round shoulders are caused by leaning on the stomach."

Politicians change their coats, but the youthful historian who writes, "The Indians in Canada walk long distances through the woods to the Hudson's Bay forts to change their hides," goes them one better.

Sometimes it is the mother who contributes to the gaiety of nations. "Please, Miss Gardiner, excuse Tommy for his absence and don't whip him when he ain't there."

Again it is the locally loyal janitor who, referring to a rival city, scornfully demands:

"And I 'd like you to tell me, Miss Cameron, what felicities for examinations they have in Vancouver!" When the basements were flooded from defective pipes, this same man explained that, "What you want is two large ducks in each basement—you won't be right till you get ducks." "Ducks?" I questioned. "What good on earth will the ducks do?" And then, as I spoke, it dawned upon me that he meant ducts. On prayer-meeting night, petitioning for a bereaved teacher, he supplicated, "O Lord, bear up our sister; O Lord, we pray thee, pour into her mourning heart the balm of Gilead and the ile of Patmos!"

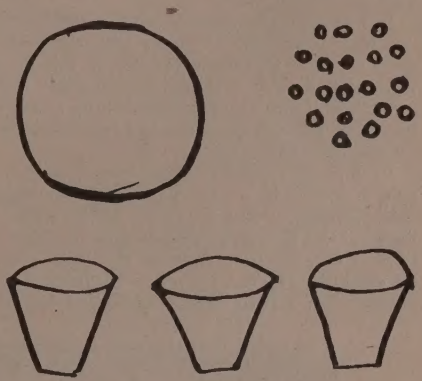
"When in doubt give good measure" was the motto of the little girl who answered the demand, "Name the different races of mankind," thus: "Red, yellow, brown, gray, black, white, and speckled; foot-race, horse-race; run, hop, and jump race; base-ball race, running race, pacing race, trotting race; Chinamen, black men, white men, Indian men, Spanish men, French men, Canadian men, Yankees, Japs, Laps, M-latter men, gentlemen, Duchmen, chain-gang men, half-breed men, quarter-breed men, jockeys."

A little half-breed Indian from the *rancherie* presented himself one summer for enrolment. "What is your name?" I asked. "Johnny," he replied. "Yes; Johnny what?" "Just Johnny." "What is your father's name?" "Johnny." "What do people call your father when they speak to him?" "Pretty Johnny." So the boy was duly registered, "John Pretty-John," a sweet enough cognomen surely, but one which for all-embracing wholesomeness cannot stand in the same presence with that of a bead-eyed little piccaninny in the cotton belt: "Predigested Hygienic Antiseptic Tissue-Renovatin' Non-Corrodin' Sterilized Stimulatin' Joyful Jones."

It was a pioneer town in the Canadian Northwest; the new teacher had issued a demand for geography text-books in the upper class. An irate mother met the pedagogue on the only street, and with a menacing fist demanded, "You want my Julia to get a joggafy, is it?" "Yes, Mrs. Malony, it will be necessary for Julia to provide herself with the required text-book." "Well, she won't get it, young man; she don't want no joggafy. You teach her figgerin', stick to the figgerin', teach her to make money, and if she has money enough, *she 'll find the stations.*"

Recently a lady stepped into one of our modern kindergartens where "nature-work" is the fetish. "Now, children, can't we do something to please Mrs. Wanderslee? Let us each try to imitate some animal." Immediately followed pandemonium—cocks crew, donkeys brayed, lambs baaed, and countless pigs squeaked under gates. One little girl alone sat in a corner quiescent. "Come, Mary dear, can't you *be* something?" "Please, I *am*, Miss Millie." "Why, what is little Mary being?" Mary (gravely): "I 'm a hen laying an egg—*after*, I 'll cackle."

The poem "The Old Oaken Bucket" was under discussion in a juvenile class. It had been read and its beauties pointed out with painstaking patience. Then, following the present-day fad of artistic development, the infants were asked to illustrate the poem. One youth handed in this diagram:



To the teacher it proved a "staggerer." "James, what does this mean?" "Why, ma'am," he carefully explained, "the circle is the well, and there are the three buckets." "But why have you three buckets, James?" "Why, one is the old oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well." "And the dots?" "They are the loved spots that my infancy knew."

The little Galician in Winnipeg who declared, "I haf no fader. I haf no moder. I am born off my grandmoder," is no relation to the Vancouver Island child who gravely asserted, "Elizabeth's parents were Spenser and Bacon."

Those blessed with impecunious friends would be glad to revive this old law, "The Petition of Right said no man should be asked for a loan without consent of the Parliament." From the same pen comes: "Magna Charta was a man who signed the Provisions of Oxford; but when King Magna Charta went home he fell down in a rage and chewed sticks and straws, and shortly afterwards died of fever." "The Interdict was draping the church with sackcloth and putting ashes on the roof." "The foundation of the House of Commons was the laying of the corner-stone."

One scarcely knows whether to laugh or cry when a set of examination-papers yields up such fruit as this: "A hemmisfere is the thing that gives us the different kinds of heat." "Steppes

means little holes in the sides of a mountain." "Geography is round like an orange, slitely flat at the poles and bulgin' out in the middle." "Largest desert is Sarah Nevady." "Language is talk." "Inflexion is when you don't want to." "The active voice is when you speak out loud and clear." "Climate is the source of light, heat, and cold." "Climate is a contrition of air and heat." (The implied repentance gives us hope.) "The Romans withdrew from England because the savages became so frequent."

It was an eight-year-old who contributed, "A map is a peace of paper with the earts drod on it." The older brother of this boy wrote, "Soliloquy is thinking of death." He was evidently of a morbid disposition, or perhaps the inhuman questions had broken down an erstwhile happy spirit.

In a Seattle public school a new teacher started a crusade on the popular joyance of chewing-gum. "Put that gum in the waste-basket," was the stern command, in a teacher-tone. "Oh, teacher," sobbed the little girl, "I would like to, but I can't." Thinking that perhaps too vigorous trituration had led to gummy entanglement, the teacher waited for further light. "Oh, teacher, I can't! This gum—*boo-hoo!*—b'longs to my mother!"

I cannot refrain from giving one against that specially bland type of teacher whose unction is an irritant. He arrived on the scene of his "new labors" on a Saturday, and was perambulating the streets with his hands behind his back and benevolence in his left eye. In front of the Smith mansion he stopped and beamed on Thomas John, Jr. "Ah, my little boy, you live here?" "Yes." "This is your home?" "Yes." "Ah! you 've lived here all your life?" But Thomas John had had enough. "Not yet," he returned, and went on with his whittling.

A single definition and I am done. It is the most soul-satisfying conception of a friend that it has been my fortune to meet with. May its ten-year-old originator find a David for his Jonathan. "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you, but likes you."

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Drawn by Boardman Robinson

NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING

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